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Frontier Times

September, 1969

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Frontier Times
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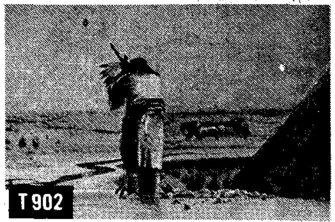
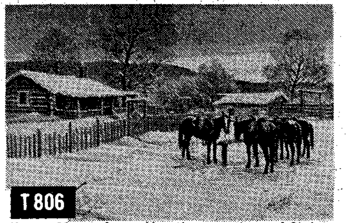

T 902

Offering the Pipe of Peace—May Peace be your Gift at Christmas, etc.—**EchoHawk**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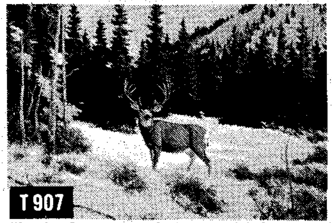
Happy Memories—May the warmth . . . of Christmas be with you all the Year—**Thomas**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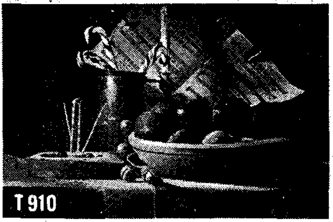
"In the Forest"—A Christmas wish for you and all the world . . . PEACE—**Peters**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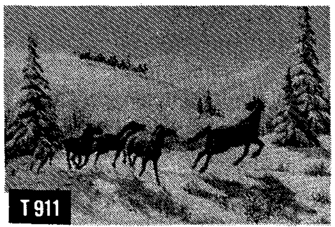
"Old days, Old times"—Wishing the Joys of an old-fashioned Christmas, etc.—**Swanson**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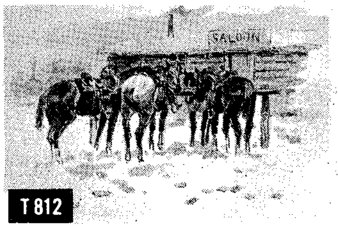
Sleighbells in the Night—Merry Christmas and Happy New Year—**Thomas**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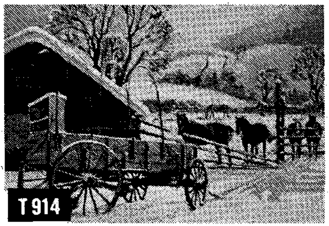
Waitin' at the Rail—Verse by S. Omar Barker, card by the great **Charles M. Russell**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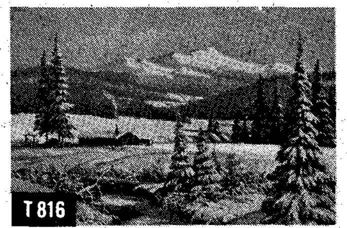
Friends—Christmas Greetings and Best Wishes for all the Year—**Hopkinson**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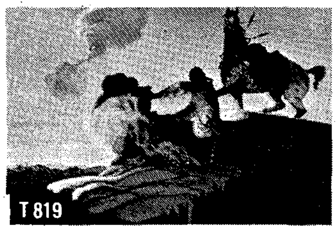
Christmas—May the meaning of the Season be deeper, as Christmas comes, etc.—**Thomas**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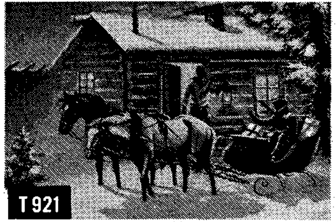
Signaling Merry Christmas—Heaps of Happiness in the Twelve Moons ahead—**EchoHawk**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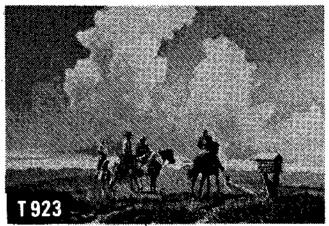
Welcome, Neighbor—May the warmth . . . of Christmas be with you all the Year—**Lenox**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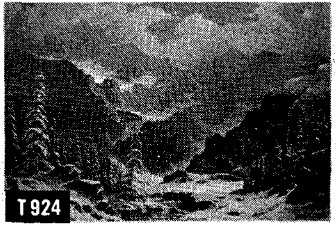
Waitin' for Christmas News—May the meaning of the Season be deeper, etc.—**Bender**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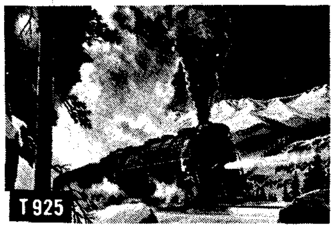
"Open Face of Heaven"—May the Joy of Christmas be with you, etc.—**Lowdermilk**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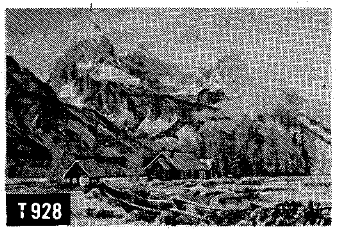
Night Run in the Rockies—May the Spirit of Christmas be with you, etc.—**Fogg**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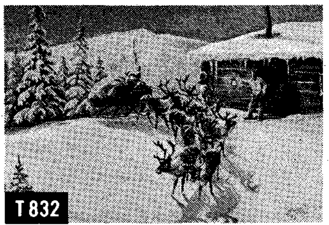
Little Church in the West—May the Spirit of Christmas Abide, etc.—**Schwiering**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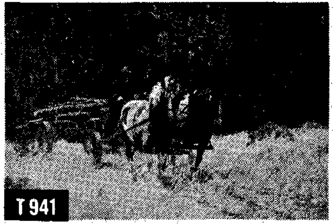
Midnight Stop for Directions—Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year—**Thomas**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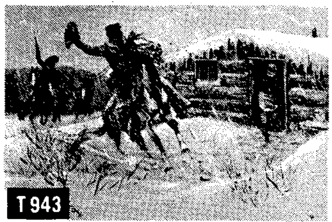
A Load of Logs for Yule Fires—May your Christmas day be blessed, etc.—**Meyers**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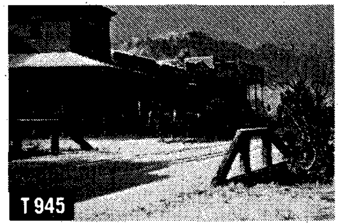
Home to the Ranch—Merry Christmas! Good friends, good times, etc.—**Hampton**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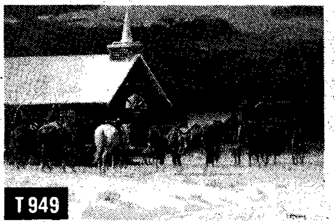
The End of a Holiday Journey—May your Christmas day be blessed, etc.—**Warren**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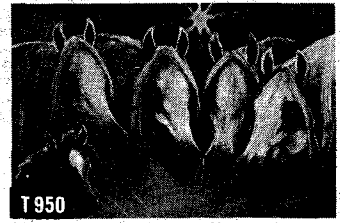
"A time to renew our ties . . ."—May you have the Spirit of Christmas, etc.—**Harvey**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Adoration at the Manger—May you have the Spirit of Christmas, Peace, etc.—**Touraine**

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FRONTIER TIMES

A Joe Small Publication

August-September, 1969
Vol. 43, No. 5
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True Stories of the West!

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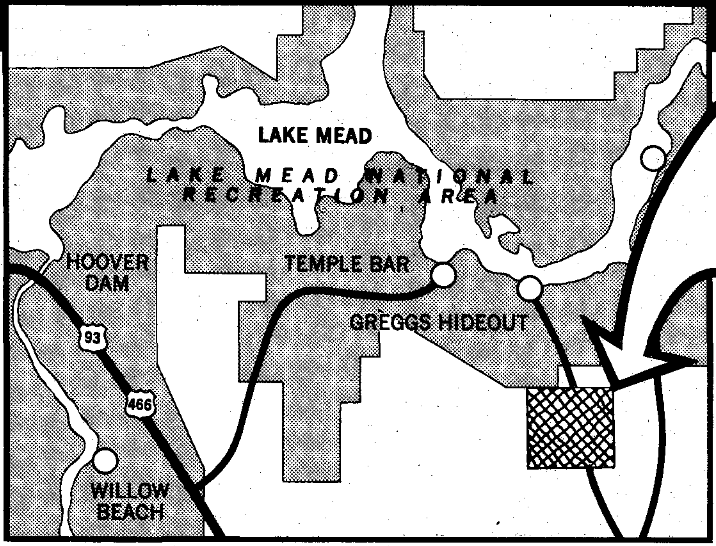

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F-3

FRONTIER POST

Strange Story

Dear Sir:

I was born about ten miles northwest of Spiro, Oklahoma in 1908, to John and Etta Ivy. My parents were divorced when I was seven years old, so I didn't know much about my father's folks.

I heard a lot of talk as I grew up about the old outlaws of Indian Territory, especially Belle Starr, and after I was married in 1923, my mother-in-law talked a lot about Belle, as they were both raised around Carthage, Missouri. My mother-in-law, Mrs. Elmorah McBride, was younger than Belle, as Belle was already making history when Mrs. McBride was a girl. She said she liked Belle but was afraid of her as she talked rough and cursed a lot. In those days there weren't too many women that used bad language.

Mrs. McBride said Belle came by to see her the day she was killed and played with her baby for a while, and said she was going to take him home with her. Mrs. McBride was young then, and was afraid Belle was going to take the baby, so she told her in a nice way she didn't want her to take him. She said she didn't want to make her mad as Belle had a violent temper.

Then she told Belle she had to see about her cornbread and Belle followed her into the kitchen. The bread was done so Belle cut a moon-shaped piece out of the corner, then she told Mrs. McBride she was just joking about taking the baby and got on her horse and rode off, eating the cornbread. Belle still had some of the cornbread in her hand when she was killed (shot). (Mrs. McBride made her cornbread and biscuits with yeast she made herself. It really was good, but I never learned how to make it.)

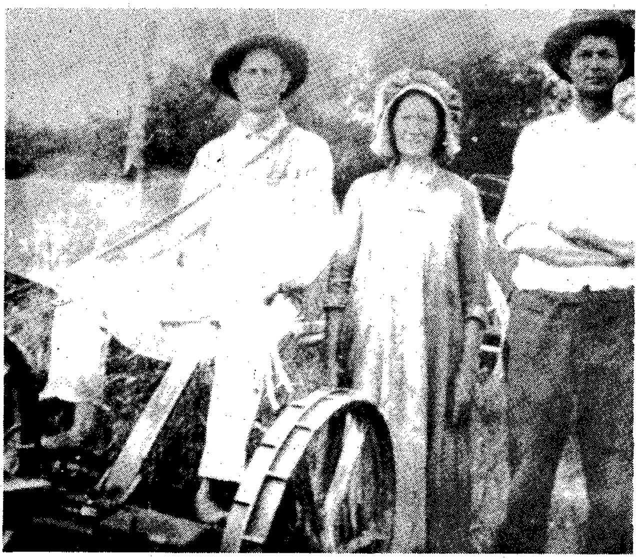
Mrs. McBride was talking about Belle one day and told me my Grandfather James Ivy killed Belle. She knew him, too, as he didn't live far from her. I asked Mrs. McBride why she didn't tell the law, and she said no one crossed "Old Man Ivy" and lived to tell about it. She said that the reason he killed Belle was that she threatened to tell officers where he was. I asked my mother about it and she said it was so, that Grandma Ivy told her about it after Grandpa died, but it all happened long before Mama and Papa were married.

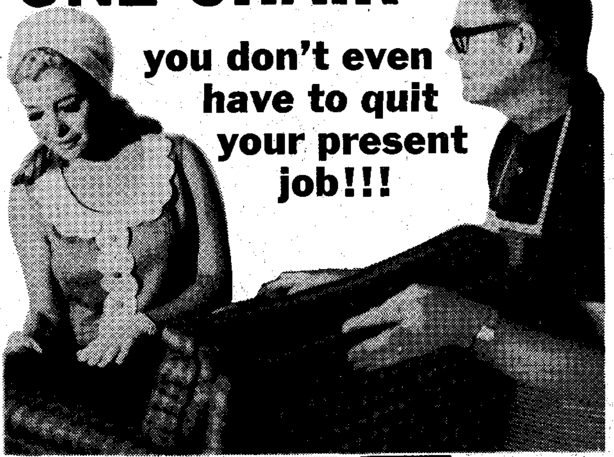
Mama said Grandpa killed a man in Missouri and moved to Indian Territory. He did something to make Belle mad and she told him she was going to write back to Missouri and tell where he was. Grandpa told Grandma Ivy he was going to kill Belle. Grandma tried to talk him out of it but he killed her anyway. Grandma was afraid to tell anyone about it until after he died. Grandpa left Grandma and the kids and scouted around for about three years. When he came back he was broken in health and died not long after with T.B. It was called lung fever then, or consumption. I forget exactly what year it was. Mama and Papa hadn't been married long when Grandpa died, and they married in 1897. But Grandma Ivy lived until 1927. Mrs. McBride died the 26th of August 1929. She was sixty-two years old.

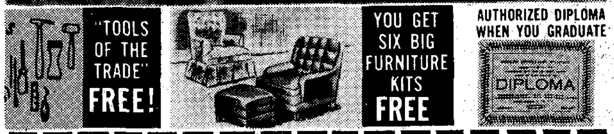
This was told to me by my mother and mother-in-law, as best I can remember it. I have no doubt that Jim Ivy killed Belle Starr. I didn't know him but my father was his son, and John Ivy was as mean as the devil himself. My father beat Mother and us kids for sixteen years. The last beating caused her to lose her baby at seven months.

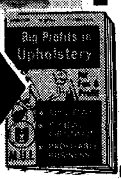
I used to own 130 acres of land about nine miles east of Eufaula, Oklahoma on Highway No. 9, but the government bought it when they built the Eufaula Dam. When I left Eufaula in 1960, a Choctaw Indian had Belle's tombstone in his front yard at Brooken, Oklahoma. I won't give his name as he may not like it. I know him very well, as one of his cousins is married to one of my daughters.

The small picture enclosed is Elmorah









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APPROVED FOR VETERANS

McBride and her two oldest sons. The one sitting on the mowing machine was the baby Belle played with, and the other one was my husband. All are dead now. The big picture is Jim Ivy's family, taken just before he died. The X in the picture is my mother and father, and the woman standing on the right side of my father is Jim's oldest daughter. The girl in front of her is her oldest daughter, and the two little girls in front of Grandma and Grandpa were born after he came back home.

I have read in different books where they thought first one then another had killed Belle Starr, even her son. One book said a man that was hung for stealing horses had killed her but I think this is a fact of what happened, as my mother and mother-in-law, Mrs. McBride, didn't have anything to gain by lying about it and as far as I know I am the only one alive today that really knows who killed Belle Starr and I am sixty-one so my time is running out.

I thought the public might like to know the truth about who killed Belle Starr.—Mrs. Vada McBride, 11408 Wood Street, Lamont, California 93241

Twin Springs' Spanish Gold

Dear Joe:

I have never been interested in buried treasure but I was intrigued by George Mitchell's "Twin Springs' Spanish Gold" (January 1969 FRONTIER TIMES). Sixty years ago I was in the country where Mitchell claims the gold might be.

I was visiting John Heath who was born and raised in Heath Valley southwest of Big Fork, Arkansas. John told me he had tried to locate the gold when he was in his teens but had failed. What interested me was a turkey track symbol carved in a rock. John claimed the imprint pointed in the direction of the buried gold. We decided to go see. After walking for an hour and a half, we came to the mark. Whoever carved it did a good job, even to the claws pointing to the east. While we viewed the track, John said he had seen another inscription about five miles southwest but its location had been lost. The lost symbol and the one we saw were both on the east side of the "Possumtrot" (Cossatot) River. The best I remember, we were about two miles east and a little south of Shady.

Close to the track was a very narrow vein of lead in a rock seam and a few feet from the lead was a seam of "garafite" (graphite). I am sure all old-timers living in the Shady neighborhood knew about the track, lead and graphite. Has Mitchell seen them?—A. G. Carter, 2284 Montecito Road, Ramona, California 92065

Dear Editor:

This letter has to do with—and perhaps completes—the story by George Mitchell on Spanish treasure in the Twin Springs area of the Cossatot River in Polk County, Arkansas.

On a recent, cold Sunday in January, three men (I call them men because in size they are—one boy fourteen, one boy seventeen, and the eldest forty-eight)—all with the same idea of finding buried treasure—left Cove, Arkansas headed for the Twin Springs area—country new and strange to them.

Leaving the car on a forest road they proceeded to climb "Little Mountain." After struggling to the top, they could see the Cossatot River below to the north running high and clear and a beautiful blue-green, testifying to the good pure water of this mountain area.

While on top of Little Mountain, one of the party discovered that they were standing in the area of an abandoned mining claim and by checking found it to be an old manganese mine.

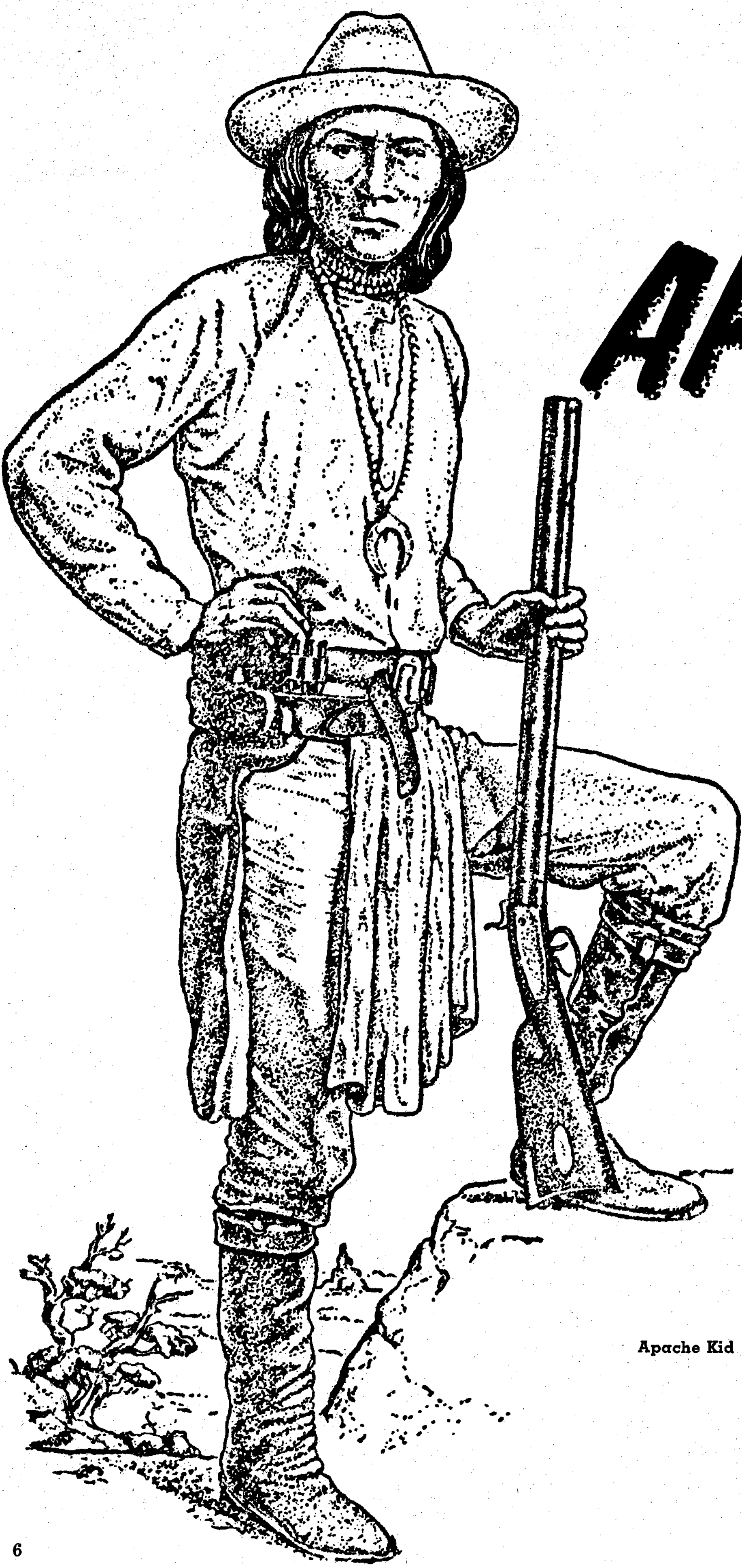
The three then started for the foot of Little Mountain and the Cossatot River. Slipping and sliding more than stepping, as the woods were wet from recent rains, they descended and found a symbol of what was very much like a snake carved on a tree with the head pointed downhill toward the Cossatot.

Upon reaching the riverbank, they found the Cossatot higher than usual but not out of its banks. Here the eldest of the trio used a "mineral rod" which had already proved it would pull to a gold or silver area.

The rod pulled up river and to the other side. So up the river to find a crossing, fighting their way through small brush along the bank, they made their way to where the mineral rod indicated the treasure was just across the river. By finding a ripple and removing shoes and socks and pulling britches legs as high as possible, the trio made

(Continued on page 66)

APACHE



Apache Kid

SUMMER had faded into autumn and, early in October, 1889, Sheriff Glenn Reynolds of Gila County, Arizona, sat in his office while Al Sieber paid him a visit. The sheriff listened to Sieber's versions of reported offenses committed by Apaches. The sheriff's office force was comprised of Jerry Ryan, W. A. (Hunkydory) Holmes, and Floyd Blevins, sheriff's deputies. Reynolds, a cattleman, had come from Albany, Texas, to Arizona in 1885 and settled on a stream in the rough Sierra Anchas Mountains, near the Pleasant Valley country, at a place later designated Reynolds Ranger Station by the United States Forest Service in honor of the sheriff. He was married, and besides his wife, Gussie, he had four children—two boys, Elmer and Watt, and two girls, Bessie and Augusta (Gussie). Born in Texas in 1853, Reynolds had been too young for service in the Civil War, but he did help guard settlements against Indian forays when older menfolk were away on war duty. After the war, he followed the trails of the large herds of cattle which were driven to eastern markets.

His parents and brothers, prominent cattle raisers of Albany, Texas, backed him in the cattle business and sent him with his family to Arizona. He combined his herd with the outfit of Jess Ellison, who also was on his way to Arizona.

The three thousand cattle and two hundred horses in this expedition were shipped by rail to Bowie, Arizona, where they were unloaded and driven to their ranges, some two hundred miles to the north. Reynolds crossed the San Carlos Reservation several times before the herd finally was located. On these trips he met top-ranking military men, Al Sieber,

Step by moccasined step a trusted scout became one of the West's most hated outlaws. The longest stride he made toward infamy involved the savage murder of Sheriff Glenn Reynolds and Deputy Hunkydory Holmes . . .

VENGEANCE

By JESS G. HAYES

Illustrations by Horace T. Pierce

Courtesy Bess Reynolds Hollowell

Sheriff Glenn Reynolds, 1886

Apache Kid, and other Indians and soldiers as he passed through the post at San Carlos.

Hardly had the Reynolds family settled in their new home until the long, desperate, and bloody feud, which claimed the lives of a score of men, broke out between the Tewksburys and the Grahams, a vendetta referred to as the Pleasant Valley War.

Although Reynolds was a cattleman, he leaned toward the Tewksburys, who were sheepmen. During the progress of the war, one of Reynolds' brothers came to Arizona to visit him but, due to the wild state of commotion, the brother was afraid to venture out to the ranch. He got as far as Globe but returned to Texas without seeing his relatives.

When the feud was at its peak, Reynolds' baby son, George, became seriously ill and it was necessary for someone to risk riding from the ranch to Globe for medicine. A rider was selected and mounted on a fast horse. The horse's feet were padded, and the rider's spur rowels were tied in place to prevent jingling. Everything reasonable was done to prevent the messenger's detection on the dangerous trail. Despite these precautions, the rider encountered a foe, got his arm blown off by gunfire blasts, and never returned with the medicine. The baby died shortly thereafter.

Once, when returning home from a mysterious mission, Reynolds had so disguised himself that his children were afraid of him. He became disgusted and told his wife that he would no longer live in a country that was so wild that one's own brother would not come to see him and that one's own children actually were afraid of their father. Consequently, he moved to Globe, where he was elected sheriff in November, 1888, defeating George Shute, incumbent, and B. F. Pascoe, former sheriff.

SIEBER, that day almost a year later, reviewed a number of new cases and some old ones, especially those of Apache Kid and the scouts. He put pressure on the sheriff to reopen these cases in the territorial court. Reynolds had already arrested Nah-deis-az, thereby establishing the precedent and giving Sieber an advantage which he was quick to press.

"How about Apache Kid; is he giving you any trouble?" Reynolds inquired.

"I see Kid occasionally when he comes to the agency for rations," replied Sieber. "He travels alone and no one has tried trailing him to his camp. Probably lives with a pick-up squaw. I don't know of

Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma Library

Apaches in line for their weekly rations at the San Carlos Indian reservation, 1880.

any crime he's committed since he and his gang shot me. As far as I'm concerned he's always under suspicion until something is done with him."

"And Ma-si. Anything new on him?"

"Ma-si's hanging around. Slippery as an eel. I think him and Kid run some together."

"You want me to arrest Kid and bring him to trial again, is that it, Sieber?"

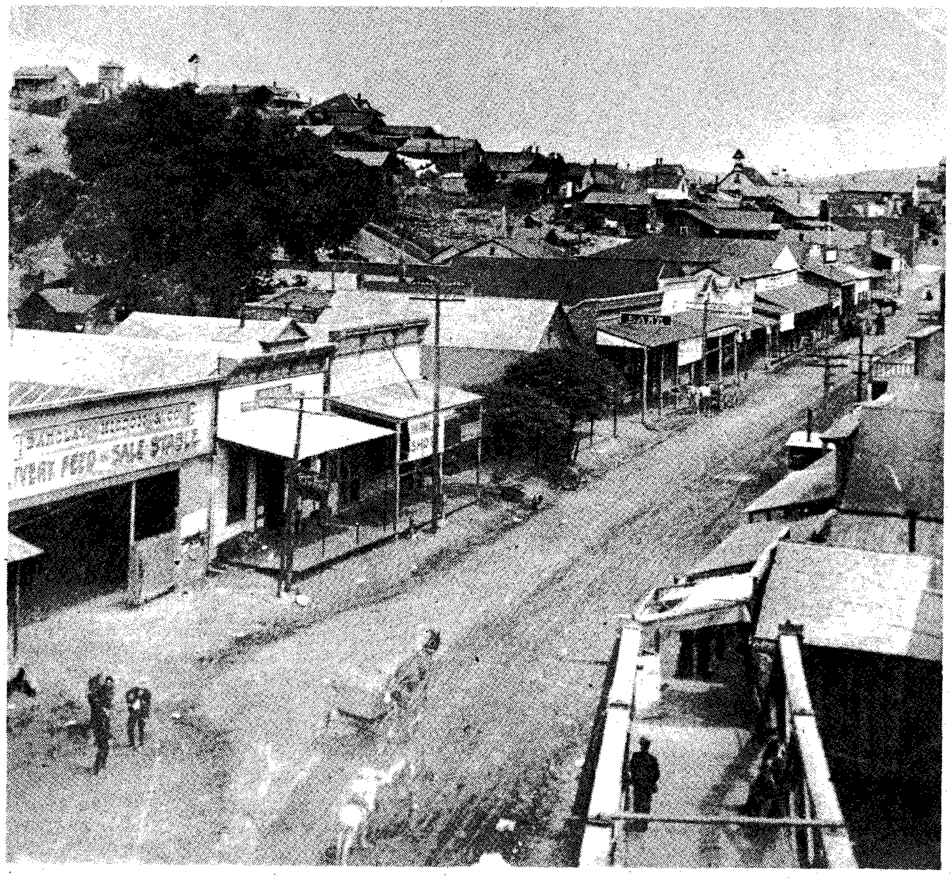
"Yes, Kid and the rest of 'em. Might keep in mind, Reynolds, that I'm appearing in the next term of court for my citizenship papers. I'll be handy as a witness." With this pointed remark, Sieber limped from the office, leaving with the sheriff a long list of Apache criminals, with the nature of their offenses and the alleged date and place each crime was committed.

Reading through the list, Sheriff Reynolds noticed such characters as Halam McGill, Bob McIntosh, Josh, De-le-chi-la, Kil-mar-zay, Hos-cal-te, Dess-o-la, Pi-ka-ta, Has-ten-tu-du-jay, Captain Jack, Te-te-che-le, Lah-ca-hor, El-cahn, Ma-si, and Al Sieber's scouts—Apache Kid, Pash-ten-tah, Say-es, and Hale. All were charged with crimes ranging from horse stealing to murder.

Ma-si and Apache Kid—in all the long list they were the two names that held the sheriff's attention. Three years had gone by since Ma-si vanished from the prison train carrying what was left of Geronimo's band to Florida, and at least one of those years must have been spent in an incredibly hazardous journey back over 1,500 miles of strange and dangerous territory—white man's country.

Looking up Broad Street in the early days of Globe, Arizona.

Courtesy Arizona Department of Library and Archives



"Slippery as an eel," Sieber had said. The sheriff's thoughts must have dwelt on the known facts about Ma-si since his reappearance around Globe: stealing the Shanley horses and the murdering of a woodcutter, practically within the shadow of the county jail. Reynolds knew neither Ma-si nor Apache Kid would be easy to take.

For several days the sheriff thought about Sieber's demands, the criminals involved, and the crimes charged against them. Finally he concluded that justice would be served if these Indians, who had been convicted in a wrong court, were brought to trial in a court having proper jurisdiction.

Not all the men on the list had been convicted before. Some had committed crimes and had not yet been arrested. It would be impossible for Reynolds' small force to invade the huge San Carlos Reservation and capture all these renegades. Apache Kid or Ma-si alone might be more than his force could handle. Since he would be the first sheriff to arrest Apaches *en masse*, he didn't want to take chances on getting an officer, or even a suspect, killed. He simply wanted to make the dragnet foolproof, take the accused without bloodshed, and bring them to trial before a proper jury to determine their guilt or innocence.

SHERIFF REYNOLDS entered the Globe telegraph office and sent a message to General Nelson A. Miles, commanding officer of the Pacific Division at the Presidio in San Francisco, informing him of his intention to arrest a number of Apache criminal suspects, including those who previously had been liberated from the Ohio penitentiary. He informed the general they would be brought to Globe for trial, and solicited the army's cooperation in arresting them.

Before nightfall an answer came from Miles stating that he had instructed Captain John L. Bullis, commanding officer who had replaced Captain Pierce, and Al Sieber, chief of scouts at San Carlos, to assist in the arrest of the accused men.

Early the next morning, the sheriff appeared before the justice of the peace in Globe and signed individual complaints against all Apaches whose names Sieber had given him. In this lot of complaints dated on October 14, 1889, was Case 157, "Kid (An Indian) versus Territory of Arizona," which read: "Complaint filed and duly subscribed and sworn to by Glenn Reynolds setting forth that the defendant did on the first day of June, 1888, assault with intent to murder one Al Sieber—warrant of arrest issued."

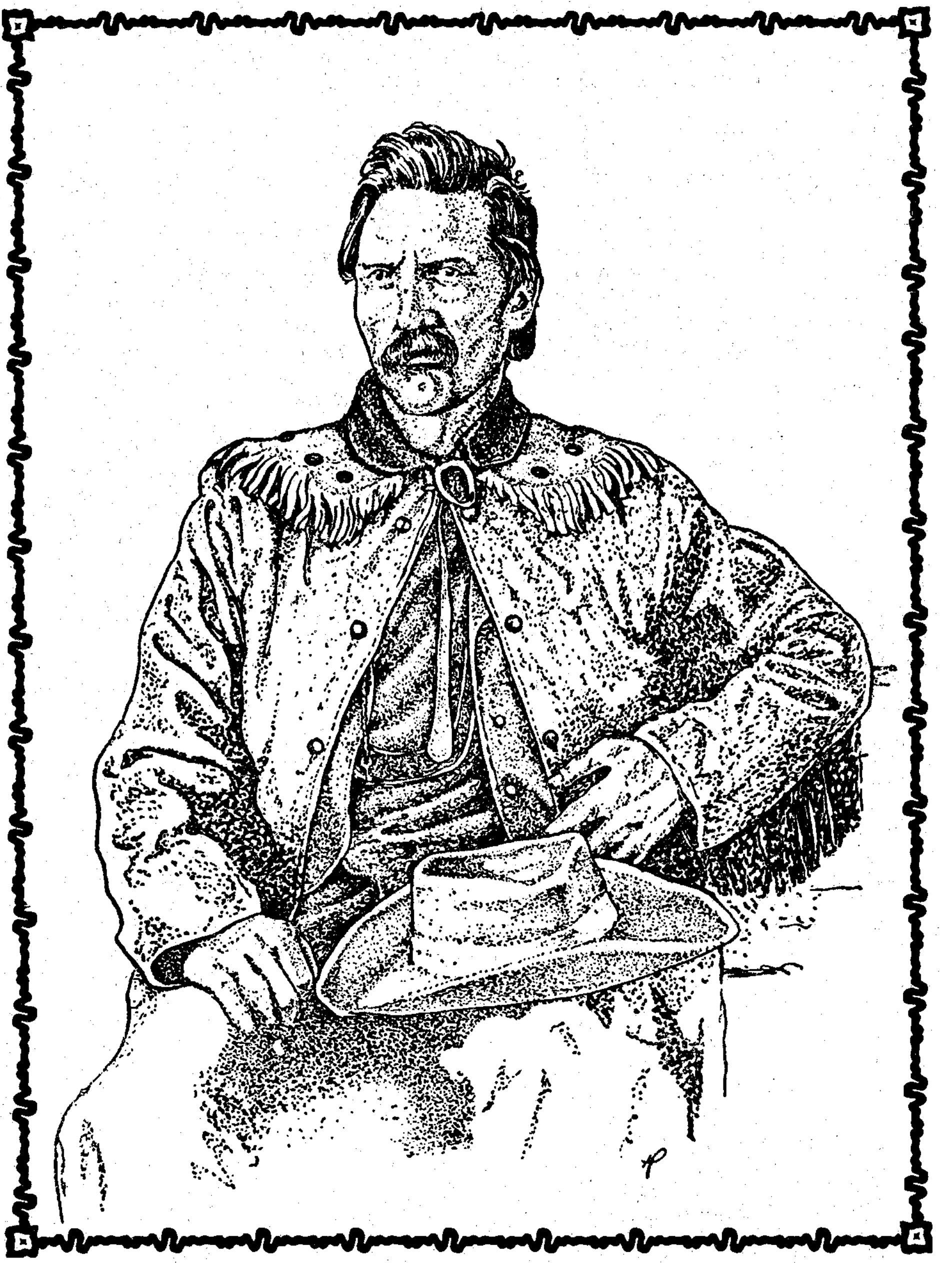
The die was cast. The sheriff held a handful of warrants. The mission might be dangerous, but above all, speed was essential as court would convene in ten days. The accused men had to be arraigned in preliminary court, their cases presented to the grand jury for action, and be ready to go on trial in this short period. Reynolds briefed his deputies. Chief Deputy Ryan was instructed to accompany the sheriff to San Carlos, while others of the force were told to stay in town and begin serving juror summonses and witness subpoenas, and handle other matters incidental to opening of court.

Luck favored the sheriff at the outset, for when he arrived at San Carlos, the army already had picked up several of the Indians. Word spread that special rations were to be given out, and when they came to get something to eat, they were caught in the trap. The philosophical Captain Jack, with his "makes no difference to me" attitude, offered no resistance. When Sheriff Reynolds arrested him, he nonchalantly remarked, "Big court where Great White Father lives say Capt'n Jack no stay in jail no more," referring to the Supreme Court decision in Washington, which liberated him from prison.

"Sure, Jack. I know. Maybe something like that will happen again for you," responded Reynolds, dropping a coin in the Apache's upturned hand.

After two days of maneuvering, all wanted Apaches were caught in the dragnet except Apache Kid and Ma-si. Sheriff Reynolds still held unserved warrants for them, and momentarily expected Kid to fall into the trap. Dowdy, an Apache scout, had sneaked into Kid's camp in a box canyon on the Gila River some six miles below San Carlos. Kid was not there, but Dowdy told a squaw to tell him that lots of food was being handed out to hungry Indians at the agency. Kid got the news and, knowing nothing about the roundup at the post, started for the agency.

Meantime, tension at the post was mounting by the minute. If they waited for Dowdy to report back on his mission some crafty friend of Kid's might find a way to warn him. Neither could Reynolds safely send soldiers or scouts to trail Dowdy in the hope of taking Kid at his camp. The outlaw was much too clever to be taken unawares by known enemies. There was only one man in the sheriff's party whom Kid did not know by sight. That was the young deputy, Jerry Ryan.



Al Sieber

NO ONE spoke, but Reynolds could feel Al Sieber's eyes boring into him as he stood with his watch in his hand, staring out of the window. He glanced once more at his watch and then in one decisive movement dropped it into his vest pocket and turned from the window. Time was running out.

"Let's go, Ryan." Without further words he and the young deputy walked quickly to the corral, mounted, and rode off up the trail. Ryan took the lead and Reynolds cautiously followed at sufficient distance to prevent being recognized by Apache Kid.

They had traveled about two miles when Ryan saw the young buck riding down the trail toward San Carlos. Kid saw Ryan too, but, as he said later, he thought he was some cowboy riding across country. Kid was out of tobacco and thought the stranger might give him a smoke. Ryan had no way of knowing whether Reynolds had sighted Apache Kid and he dared not risk even a backward glance. He kept his horse at the same steady gait but his heart was pounding as the distance between them grew shorter and shorter. When they met, Kid reined in and asked for a smoke. Ryan returned his greeting, pulled up and handed him papers and a bag of Bull Durham. He waited until the Indian's hands were busy making a cigarette. Then he drew his six-shooter and ordered him not to move.

This former sergeant of scouts was caught completely off guard. Fortunately for Ryan he was unarmed, for if he had possessed a gun he probably would have shot it out with Ryan in spite of his disadvantage. During the years when he was a respected scout, he had tricked his fellow Apaches with the same kind of tactics and he knew at once that Dowdy had led *him into* a trap. He was so disgusted with himself that he obeyed Ryan without protest.

To Ryan's great relief Sheriff Reynolds appeared within a few minutes and Kid was quickly handcuffed. With Reynolds and the prisoner riding abreast and Ryan as rear guard they rode the trail back to the agency post. As they started off, the sheriff took out his watch to check the time for his official report of the capture. The watch had been presented to Reynolds before he left Texas, by friends, in token of their esteem. It was a beautiful timepiece set in two gold cases. The interior case was engraved: "Glenn Ryenolds, Albany, Texas, 1884." On one face of the exterior case sheep were engraved and on the other were cattle, signifying that he was both a sheepman and a cattleman. It was Reynold's most valued possession. The handsome watch and elaborate gold chain gleamed in the bright sun, and Apache Kid remarked that he would like very much to have them.

"Not a chance, Kid," replied Reynolds. "They were given to me by good friends in Texas. Money couldn't buy them."

Deputy Ryan was to remember that incident.

With the capture of Kid, Reynolds had completed his mission, with the sole exception of Ma-si, who slipped out of the dragnet and probably took refuge again in the Pinal Mountains. Back at the post, Captain Bullis congratulated Reynolds for his efficiency; Reynolds thanked the Captain and the scouts for their assistance, and everyone—except the prisoners—was in high spirits.

The Pinals were purple against a brilliant sunset as Sheriff Reynolds, escorted by civilian officers and soldiers, brought his prisoners into Globe. It was common practice to ring the bell in the wooden tower of the Methodist church when bad Indians were in town. It was a signal for the menfolk to keep shooting irons handy. In this instance the criminals were in custody and the most cunning of them all was in handcuffs, but Reynolds was taking no chances. The last lock on the last cell block clanged shut as the tocsin began alerting the villagers against any outbreak while the criminals were housed in the county jail.

Only Ma-si had escaped the dragnet.

NOT ALL of the Apaches caught were brought to trial. Some were released in preliminary court; others were not held by the grand jury; but enough were indicted to keep court officials busy for a week. One Indian who had been caught previously was indicted for murder. He was Bi-the-ja-be-tish-to-ce-an, accused of murdering Freeman Cosper, a freighter. He had been arrested some eight months before by the army and held in jail.

Besides Sheriff Reynolds, other court officials were J. D. McCabe, district attorney; B. G. Fox, clerk of the court; and the Honorable Joseph H. Kibbey, judge. Kibbey, a new arrival from Indiana, had been appointed by President Benjamin Harrison to preside over the Second Judicial District. He had succeeded the veteran judge, W. W. Porter, and many of the townspeople were eager and curious to see how the young jurist from the East would perform on the bench.

On the morning of October 23, 1889, the courtroom was crowded, and every spectator craned his neck to get a better view when Sheriff Reynolds brought in the prisoners. With the possible exception of Apache Kid and Nah-deiz-az, the Apaches were a sorry looking lot wearing shabby clothes, needing haircuts, and appearing generally ill-fed and seedy.

The first group to come to trial was Al Sieber's former scouts who were indicted by the grand jury for assault with intent to commit murder. Apache Kid was accused of firing the shot that hit Sieber; and Say-es, Hale, and Pash-ten-tah were held for "aiding, abetting, assisting and encouraging" Kid in the assault. They were asked if the names under which they were indicted were their true names. All answered in the affirmative except Pash-ten-tah, who said his name was Bach-e-on-nal. He has also been referred to by some writers as Wash-a-lan-ta, but he was indicted in this case under the name Pash-ten-tah and that name was retained in official records.

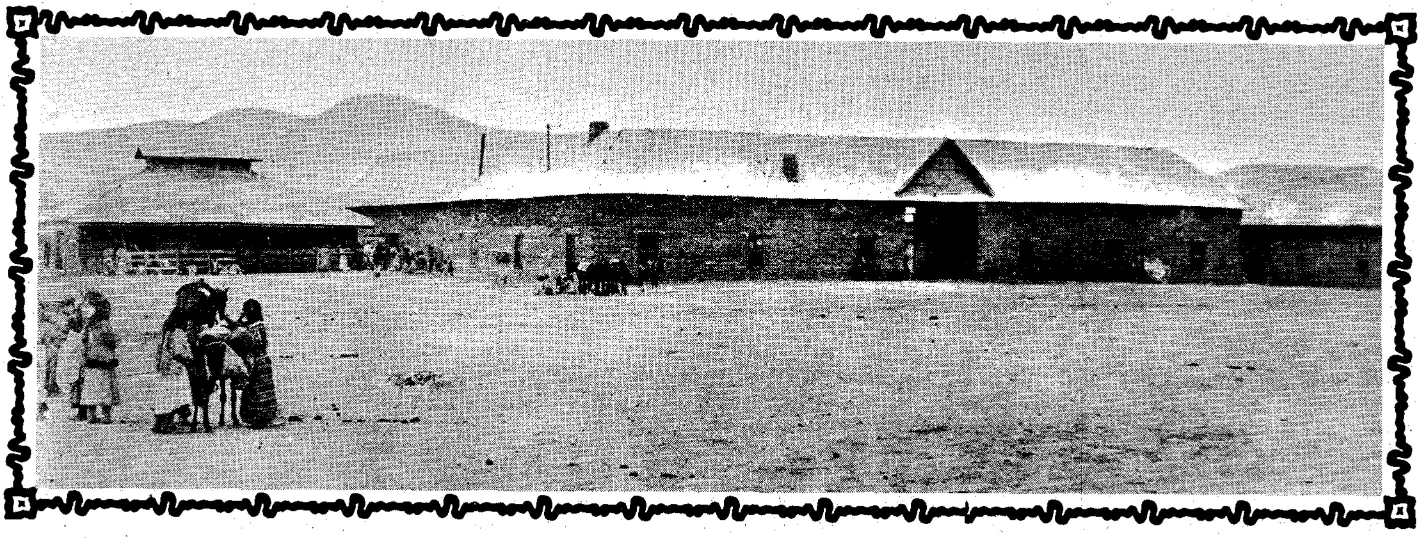
District Attorney J. D. McCabe represented the prosecution; E. H. Cook and Mills Van Wegenen, court appointed, represented the defendants. A jury was quickly empaneled to try the case, and Merijilda Grijalba was sworn in to act as interpreter.

Al Sieber, star witness for the prosecution, was first to be called. This was the moment he had waited for since the day the Apaches had gained their freedom. He told of events which led up to the assault and described the actual shooting, flatly naming Kid as the one who fired the shots and identifying the other defendants as the three scouts who were present at the time. His testimony was given with only an occasional perfunctory interruption by counsel. It was precise and completely damning.

Other prosecution witnesses sworn were: Frank Porter; Curley, an Indian scout; Antonio Diaz, a Mexican who worked in the commissary; Fred Knipple; and Baca-shee-viejo. Adroitly questioned by the prosecutor, their testimony gave further credence to Al Sieber's story.

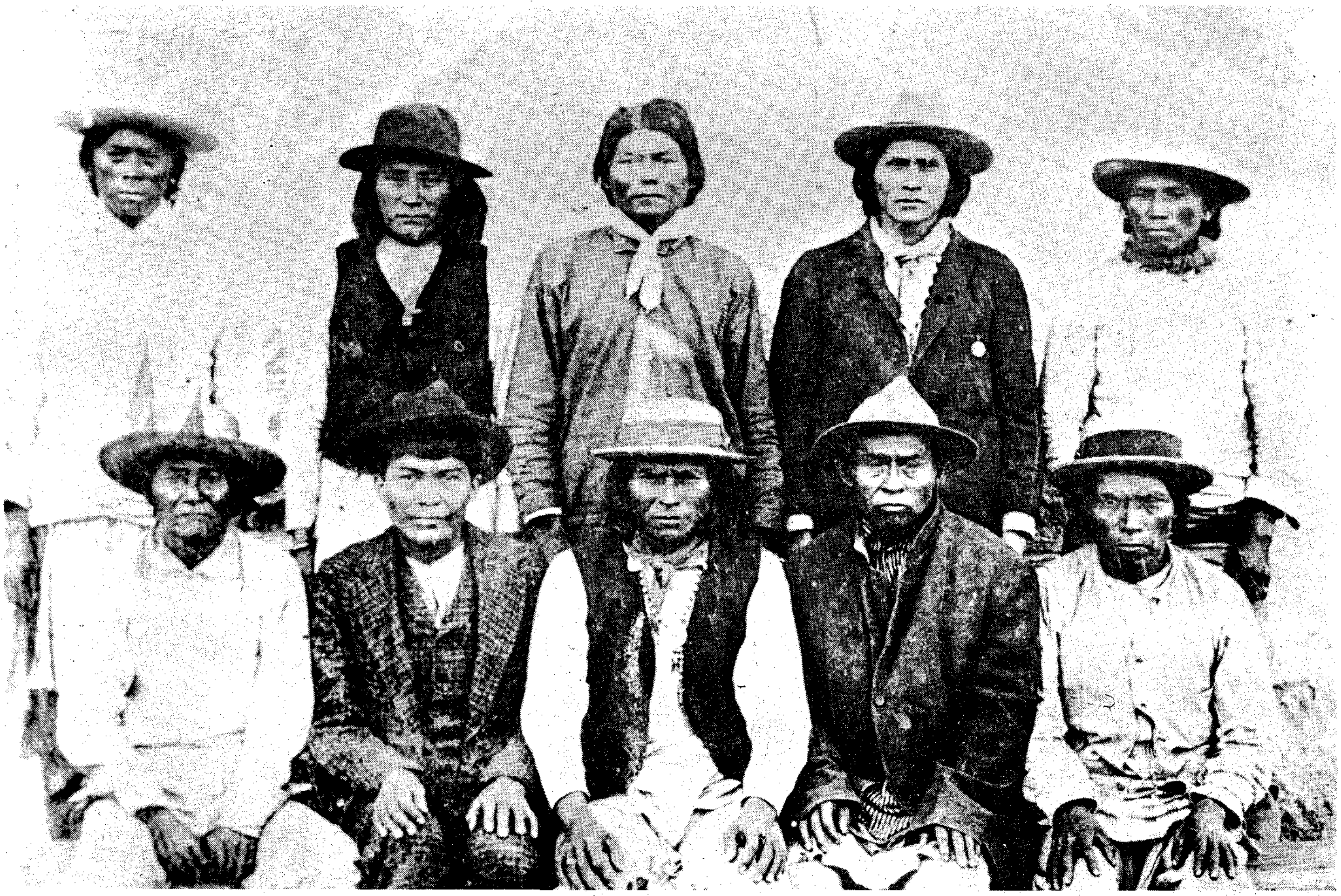
The territory rested its case and the defense took over. Defense counsel's cross-examination of territory witnesses had been feeble and their only strategy now was to keep the three easily confused co-defendants off the stand and base their case on Kid's testimony. Spectator interest had waned during the testimony of the five territory witnesses who had followed Al Sieber, but when Defense Counsel Van Wagenen stepped to the bench and called Apache Kid to the stand there was silence in the crowded room.

For a brief moment Kid remained still, as if he had not heard. The guard standing by him dropped his hand on Kid's shoulder. The Indian's eyes flicked across the counsels' table and rested an instant on Al Sieber, sitting beside the prosecutor; then he rose and walked to the witness stand. The normal stirrings of a crowded room were heard again; it was as if the spectators had held their



San Carlos Indian Agency, 1883.

Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma Library



Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma Library

Left to right, top row: El-cahn, Hos-cal-te, Say-es, Apache Kid, and Bob McIntosh. Bottom row: Has-ten-tu-du-jay, Nah-deiz-az, Pash-ten-tah, Bi-the-ja-be-tish-to-ce-an, and Hale.

collective breaths for that brief moment and now were settling back, at ease, ready to hear what the accused could possibly say in his own defense.

THERE WAS nothing in Apache Kid's manner that suggested either guilt or fear. But fear, at least, must have been gripping his heart, for he well knew the odds against him and his co-defendants in this trial by a jury of white men. The W-shaped tattoo on his forehead stood out grotesquely above his fathomless eyes as he faced the crowded room.

The formalities were soon over and counsel instructed the witness to give his version of the affair that ended with the shooting of which he stood accused. With only an occasional assist from the interpreter, he told his story.

He and the other three scouts, he said, had been out on strenuous duty and, returning to the agency, had gone at once to the commissary for rations. He alleged that Antonio Diaz, the clerk, had given them a handful of flour, a small quantity of coffee, some dried beans, and a little sugar. Nothing else. His men were tired and hungry, the rations were inadequate and the quantity insufficient. He protested. Diaz was stubborn and an argument developed. Curley, another Indian scout, entered the dispute, ranging himself alongside of Diaz.

At this point defense counsel interrupted to question the witness about Curley. Kid answered each question simply, without hesitation. Yes, Curley was the same Indian scout who had just testified for the territory. Yes, he was an enemy of Apache Kid. He was jealous; had always resented Kid's position as Al Sieber's special favorite. Yes, there was more to it than that. Curley was jealous of Kid's popularity with the Apache maidens, especially one particular maiden. Counsel seemed satisfied that he had made his point and instructed the witness to continue his story.

According to Kid, the argument drew a crowd of curious Indians who gathered in front of the commissary. Meantime, someone had slipped over to headquarters and reported the disturbance. Sieber and Captain Pierce came storming over and attempted to disperse the crowd. They reprimanded the scouts for their impudence and agreed with Diaz. During the commotion, a gun was sneaked out of the arsenal, which was housed in the commissary, and fired at the officers. Kid emphatically denied shooting Sieber himself and when asked if one of his co-defendants did the shooting, he answered, "No."

Upon further examination he revealed that, besides Curley, two other scouts who were present at the commissary when the shooting occurred were not taken into custody—Halam McGill and Josh. He concluded his testimony by saying that he believed Curley, for personal reasons, did the shooting with the obvious intention of getting him in serious trouble with Sieber and the military.

Two Apache men witnesses, Toney and Na-tlish-say, testified for Kid, but the surprise witness for him was an Apache maiden, Na-sha-shay, whom the white men called "Beauty." Undoubtedly she was the particular maiden to whom Apache Kid referred in testifying to Curley's jealousy. She testified as to Kid's good character.

The defense rested its case and District Attorney McCabe promptly recalled Sieber as a rebuttal witness. Sieber asserted that Kid's testimony was a complete fabrication told for the sole purpose of clearing himself and his cohorts. It is significant that there is no record of the prosecution's attempt to shake Kid's story by cross-examination; Sieber's refutation was, apparently, considered sufficient to discredit the prisoner.

Regardless of which story is correct, there are indications that Curley and other scouts actually were implicated in the assault, but since Curley was the territory's witness he was in no danger of being prosecuted. Defense attorneys, in their arguments to the jury, repeatedly stressed this point.

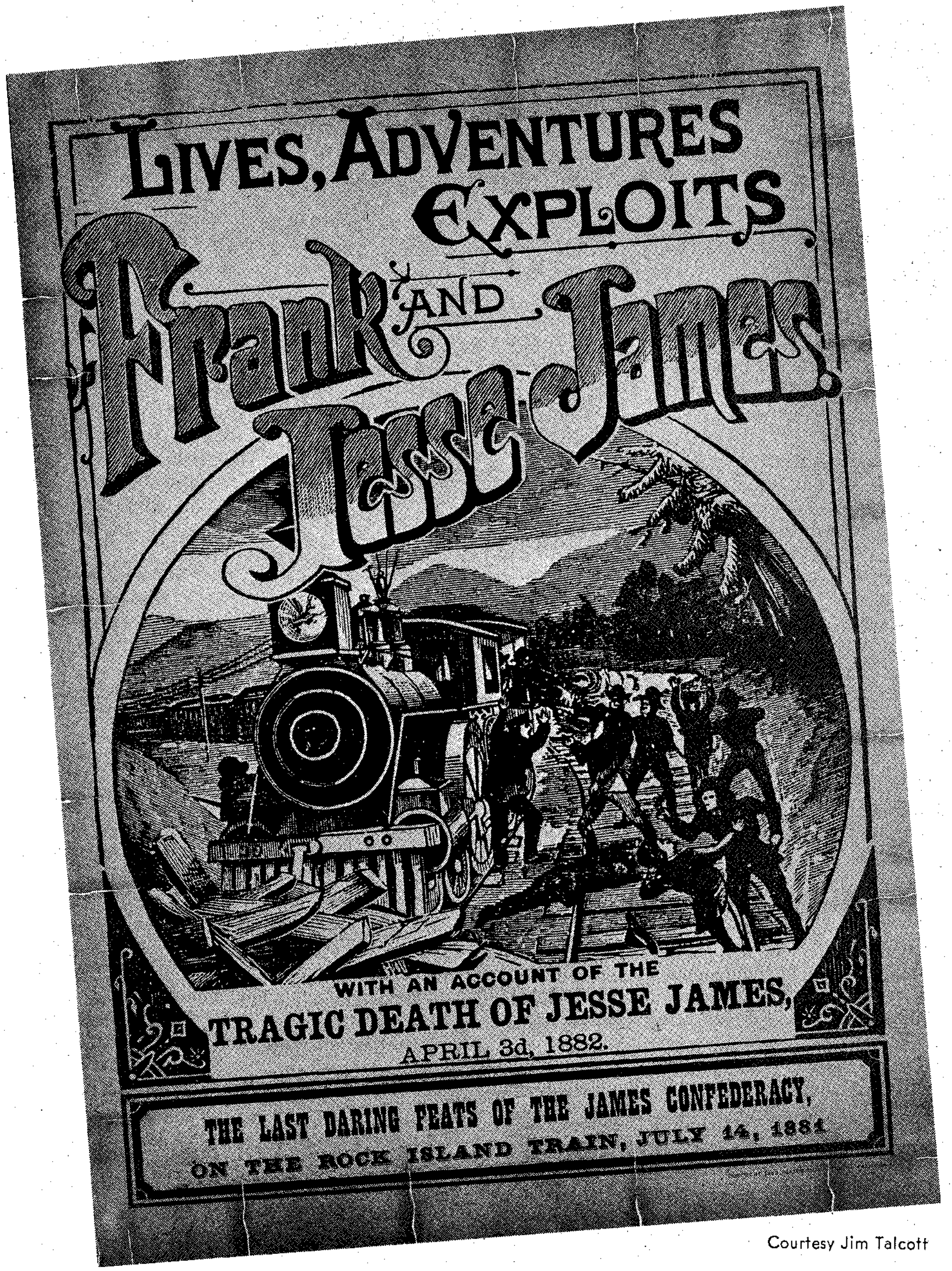
Attorneys on both sides finished their arguments. Judge Kibbey instructed the jury and called a recess while the jury was out. Defense counsel had made a

(Continued on page 23)

JESSE,

Some memories of the famous trio when they were more flesh and blood than legend

By ALBERT S. GILLES, SR.



LIVES, ADVENTURES & EXPLOITS

Frank AND Jesse James.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE

TRAGIC DEATH OF JESSE JAMES,

APRIL 3d, 1882.

THE LAST DARING FEATS OF THE JAMES CONFEDERACY,

ON THE ROCK ISLAND TRAIN, JULY 14, 1881

Courtesy Jim Talcott

DAD made it a practice to come home for his noonday dinner early so he could be back at the elevator when most of his men would be off eating. One windy spring day in 1882 he had just reached the front of his house in St. Jo, Missouri where he, mother, and the two older boys lived (I wasn't born until six years later), when a neighbor boy, horseback, came racing down the hill.

The boy pulled his horse to a near stop and shouted, "Sim! Jesse James was just killed in the white house," pointing up the slope. "I'm going for the sheriff!"

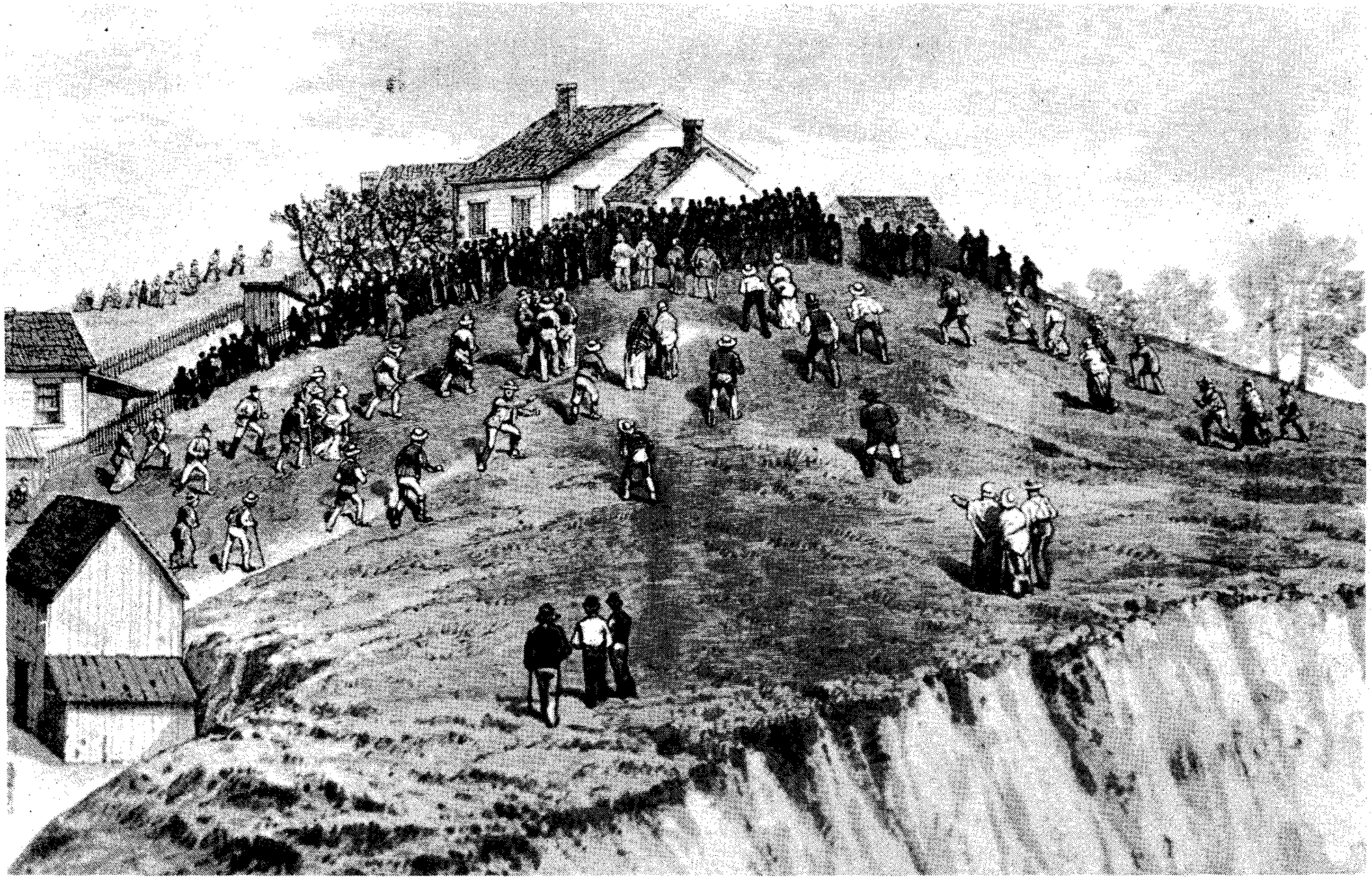
The house he referred to sat just on the crown, or highest part, of a low hill. It was about a block away, but there was no other house between it and Dad's home. Dad tossed his coat over the fence into the yard, and kept on going. As he told it, he found only a policeman in the yard and two neighbor women were leaning on the fence, curious as to the commotion.

The policeman told Dad he lived a few doors down the west side of the hill, and a woman who said she was Mrs. James had come to his house for refuge. She said her husband was Jesse James, and he had just been killed by Bob Ford. The officer had come immediately to the James home, closed and locked the doors, and sent the neighbor boy on a horse, to notify the sheriff.

The policeman unlocked the front door so Dad could see if he knew the dead man. The body was lying on the floor of a front room, and there was a bed in the room. Dad had seen the deceased a couple of times but didn't know his name. There was a tobacco store in the neighborhood, and Dad had seen him of a Sunday morning, when they were each laying in their week's supply of tobacco.

Dad's stay was short. He had his dinner to eat and he dared not be away from the elevator long at a time. It was a sizeable steam-powered operation. They received grain in carload lots only, and sieved, cleaned, and graded the grain. Then it was loaded on river barges to be towed down the Missouri, then down the

FRANK and COLE



Courtesy Mercaldo Archives

The house in which Jesse James was killed, from a drawing made the day after the shooting.

Mississippi to New Orleans. At New Orleans it was reloaded onto ocean-going freighters for export.

THE NIGHT following the killing, the undertaker allowed the public to view Jesse's body. Mother said Jesse was a fine looking man. He wore a full beard about six inches long. She, Dad, and the two boys, four and two years old, went to view the remains. The sight was a little too much for the younger, Harry. He and several nearby viewers regretted they had come. (Harry is now past eighty-eight and lives at Talmo, Kansas.)

I recall Mother saying that between the time of the killing and Jesse's funeral, the town filled up with roughly dressed men. Mostly they were bearded, and many carried their long Kentucky muzzle-loading rifles. People were a bit fearful they were friends of Jesse's and might take revenge on the town.

Shortly after Jesse was killed, an auction was held of his effects. This was the expression used in those days when you spoke of chattels left by one who had died. I remember hearing Mother describe the auction, when it was still fresh in her memory, and it had numerous humorous twists.

Some of the articles brought fabulous prices, but I remember only two things well enough to tell, now. The plate Jesse was supposed to have eaten his last breakfast from—dried egg yolk and molasses sticking to it—brought $50. The pickets from the white fence around the property brought a dollar each. Since Jesse was a tenant, the sale of the pickets was probably contested by the owner.

One middle-aged woman, claiming to have been a friend of Jesse, slipped a pair of scissors from her pocket and cut a hole in Jesse's corn shuck mattress. She put a handful of the shucks in her pocket, saying, "I'll have something of Jesse's to sleep on, anyhow."

I BELIEVE it was in 1937, the 45th anniversary of the James' killing, that an accountant named Conell, officing in what is now the Craven building in Oklahoma City, gave an interview to a local news reporter concerning recollections of the bizarre killing of Jesse James. I called on Mr. Conell the next day, told him of my interest in his story, told him Dad's version, and Mr. Conell told me his story.

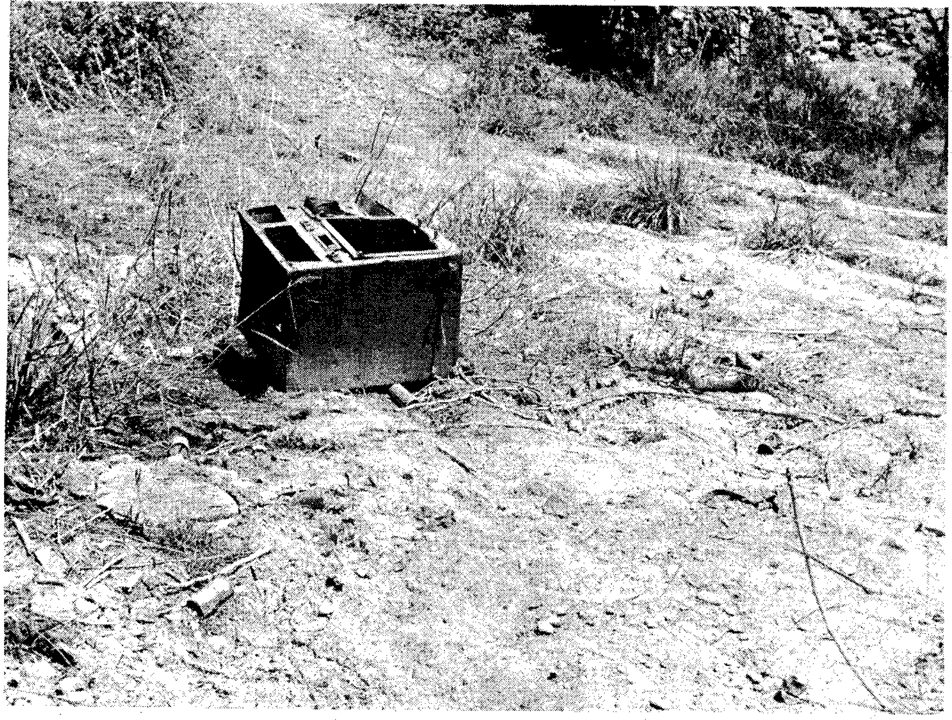
His father had been a real estate man in St. Jo. Conell said he never had any time off like other boys. He had to report to his father's office directly after school, and on Saturdays and school holidays also. That gave his father a chance to get out on the street, meet people, and tend to outside business.

(Continued on page 46)

When the saloon's iron box took off down the flooding Stanislaus River it was carrying most of the money in town. Where did it finally sink?

By MAURICE KILDARE
Photos Courtesy Author

GOLD–FILLED SAFE OF KNIGHT'S FERRY



Some local citizens tell tourists yarns that this is the long lost safe. It can be found near the old jail.

FOR ten years Knight's Ferry on California's Stanislaus River had been the county seat. Then in 1872 raging waters swept down the river, overrunning the high banks and flooding the lowlands of Stanislaus County. A large number of buildings at Knight's Ferry were washed away and broken up, and one of them contained a large iron safe filled with gold from local placers and the mines around Sonora and Columbia, thirty miles northeast.

When the rushing waters receded, citizens dug out of the wreckage and discovered the gold-laden safe to be missing. From that day, over a century ago, hundreds of men have hunted for it diligently but without any luck whatsoever. The asserted value of the missing gold varies from $50,000 to $500,000, depending on the teller.

Records support the story of *some* gold lost in the safe—unlike the folklore surrounding Arizona's Walnut Grove when a mining company dam on Hassayampa Creek broke apart in February 1890, taking a safe into nowhere. This safe also supposedly contained a great fortune; however, the reputable bartender of the saloon in which the safe reposed declared that the silver in it was merely some loose change, and all the gold it contained was his own stem-winding watch!

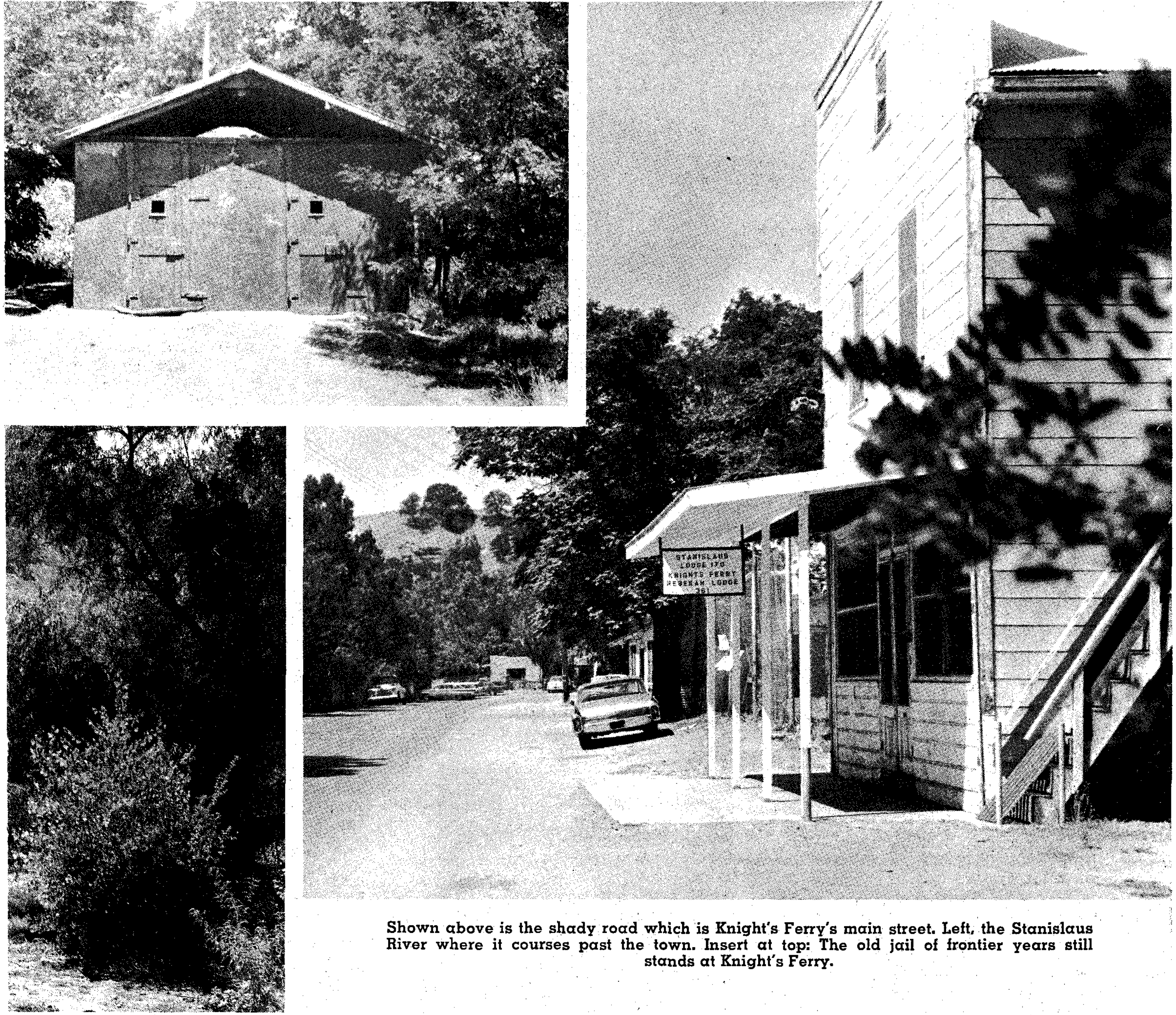
Nevertheless and despite his truthful statement, men still search for Arizona's lost iron box.

The Knight's Ferry safe was most certainly *loaded.* The only points of difference about it concern the value of the gold it contained and whether it was hurtled downstream with a ramshackle store building or with a saloon of the same temporary construction.

AFTER the hills, the rivers and the creeks had been panned out, old "Go-'long" Prathers showed up around Knight's Ferry. Not even the oldest inhabitants could recall how many years he had lived as a seldom-seen recluse in a shack in the surrounding hills. They called him Go'long and few ever knew that his front handle was Claude. They had no idea what he used for money to live on; he was sometimes seen prowling along the river and at the mouths of its tributaries—a not unusual pastime for a relict of the long dead past.

While I was trying to track down "Mono" Bill and his grandson, the "Death Valley Kid," (neither ever known by any other name in 1926) George Turk, a cowman at Coarse Gold, put me on Prathers' trace. He said that if anyone knew Mono Bill's whereabouts, it would be Go'long. In bygone years the two men had been prospecting partners.

The river timber was taking on the picturequeness of fall when I drove over



Shown above is the shady road which is Knight's Ferry's main street. Left, the Stanislaus River where it courses past the town. Insert at top: The old jail of frontier years still stands at Knight's Ferry.

the covered wooden bridge into Knight's Ferry. The population was then claimed to be eighty, but a few stray dogs must have been enumerated also. Despite prohibition, a small bar conducted a refreshment business in the back of an 1850s building facing the one through street on the high side of the river. Naturally the well informed, the gossips and loafers, gathered there. Among those in the room drinking tepid beer of doubtful origin was Rick Mason, then a bachelor and about forty-five years old.

On my inquiry as to where Go'long might be, it was he who replied (others in the bar did not appear to know Prathers), "In his shack back in the hills beyond where there's been some new land put to the tractor plow."

Mason was black headed, about five feet ten inches in height, and wore the rough, serviceable clothes of the outdoor man. As I found out shortly, he owned a piece of ground near the ghost town of Sonora but spent his time piddling around the "cricks." Up to that time he had been a wanderer all his life, never able to settle down despite making the successful gold find which enabled him to buy some land.

Intruding into our conversation was the wispy bartender who swore his beer never gave a man a headache because he always dropped two aspirin tablets into the bottle before filling them! So Mason and I had another—and bought four for Go'long—and drove to the plowed ground where a rutted road ended. After walking nearly two miles through the hills we came to Go'long's shack. It was constructed of old boards and flattened-out stovepipe and gasoline cans.

When we found the old man gone Mason drawled unconcernedly, "Well, I guess he's out some place prowling."

Back to town we went, where I got a bed in the aged rickety hotel. Various species of vermin made sleep impossible, however, so I dressed and went back to the bar. Sitting at a table against the wall with Mason was a bearded, short man who couldn't have weighed more than 110 pounds. In his eyes was the wisdom of a long and adventurous life.

Following our introduction Go'long asked, "Well, I reckon you're interested in the lost safe?"

"No, I'm trying to check out Mono Bill and the Death Valley Kid. Do you know what finally happened to them?"

Questioning me in a roundabout way, Go'long learned that I wanted to put them into a western fiction story. That being okay, he launched into what he knew about his former prospecting partner. Mono Bill was dead and he did not know where he had died. Probably the Death Vally Kid was alive but Go'long had not heard of him in many years. We

This old building on the Sonora road from Knight's Ferry is said to be almost like the one which disappeared with the gold-filled safe in the flood of 1862.

talked until two o'clock in the morning. In parting Go'long said, "Come over in the morning. Got something you might like to see." Then he and Mason left together.

WHILE not at first interested in the lost gold-laden safe, Go'long's account proved so interesting that it kept me all week in Knight's Ferry. The story is so little known that in lost mine and treasure hunting books it occupies single paragraphs, and is barely mentioned elsewhere in the annals of California's goldfield country.

The ferry was established by William Knight in 1852 on the Stockton road where it crossed the river. Knight enjoyed a good business there until a covered bridge was constructed in 1862. During the early 1850s the town knew many famous characters, among them Mark Twain and Bret Harte.

Also in the 1850s appeared the brothers-in-law of Ulysses S. Grant, Lewis and John Dent. Supposedly Grant visited them in 1854. At that time he designed the covered bridge which went in later and still stands today. For a while the settlement was called Dentville, but later reverted to its original name, Knight's Ferry.

Go'long asserted that the gold-loaded safe had been in a shack saloon upstream from the ferry and on a high mud flat—something like a bench. When the flood rolled swiftly and suddenly downstream all habitations on the flats and most of those on the banks went with it. He had heard tales of the flood when he reached California from his native Ohio in 1874. Even then the story of the safe's contents was enormously exaggerated. To Go'long it was just another rumored tale until 1887. That year in Downieville he ran across an aging man who claimed to have been a partner in the saloon when the safe disappeared in the flood, and who said he escaped from the building only after it began breaking up while hurtling downstream. This man had slept in the small back room where the safe was located to prevent anyone breaking through the flimsy wall to rob it. According to what he told Go'long, the large iron safe was so filled that not another poke of dust or a small sack of coin could have been crammed into it. The door locked with a key. However, as to the total value he could not even make a guess.

Most of the gold had been put there for safekeeping, the pokes tagged with the owners' names, or otherwise marked for identification. These acceptances and the ounces, or amount, were entered in an eight by fourteen-inch account ledger. The rest of the gold in the safe belonged to the saloon.

The bartender was quite positive that the safe and its contents weighed at least 600 pounds. When the floor broke up and fell into the river, that much weight could not possibly have been carried any distance. In his opinion it tumbled into a hole, either in the main channel or in a flat. The hole then filled up with mud, gravel and rocks as angry waters receded. Just how deep it lay buried could be only a guess. So strong had been his belief in this theory that he had spent two summers prodding and digging test holes in likely places. The trouble was that he could not remember exactly where he escaped the building and swam to shore. If he could have figured that out, he would have been close to where the heavy safe went down.

At the same time, many others had been searching the river. Immediately after the flood considerable property was recovered. Boards and other items had been found many miles downstream, caught in drifts or lodged against the shore line.

AFTER Go'long's two unsuccessful attempts to locate the iron safe, he prospected in Nevada where he located a silver lode. He worked it for awhile before selling out for $50,000.

Financially secure, Go'long had returned to Knight's Ferry and lived along the river all the following years.

In the autumn of 1892 he had found a safe in a mud flat a mile below town, but it was small and did not fit the description of the treasure-laden one. In the safe was slightly more than a thousand dollars in assayers' slugs, and $1,500 in gold dust and nuggets. There was no local story accounting for this mystery strong box, but it must have been buried by the same big flood.

One late winter Go'long went to San Francisco. On his return in the spring he found a woman and two men living in a rented house and looking for the missing treasure. They had been asking questions of local residents. In a few weeks they hunted him up, disclosing that they owned a map to the purported location of the safe. This surprised him. He could not understand how it was possible. They wanted him to guide them along the river, since he reputedly knew every foot of it, especially the location of the former mud flats.

Subsequently, Go'long went out with them several times. Their map, on a large piece of paper, appeared to be the section of an official government survey map. It had been superimposed with inked lines and wording. Very cautious, none of them ever allowed him to examine it closely.

Little by little some of their story emerged. The woman's brother, one Elrod McKimmy, also the brother-in-law of the two men with her, had lived around Knight's Ferry in 1870-1872. Hearing about the gold-laden safe, he did some hunting in his spare time. One day he found the rusted corner of a big iron safe projecting a few inches out of a flat off the regular river course. He shoveled down deep enough to definitely identify it as the one which had held the treasure.

He told them that the safe originally had belonged to Wells Fargo and Company. An obsolete type with a key lock, all such models had been disposed of when the company replaced them with a better type. At least that was the brother's story, and he claimed to have read the lettering on the iron door.

Knowing that a large number of local men were industriously seeking the safe at the time, he feared to disclose his find. He might be robbed of the contents, and he considered it likely that the real owners were still somewhere around. Surely the saloon owners would claim it as their property. There was no way he could get it out without being discovered, or so he thought.

For these reasons, asserted the woman and the men, he had covered it up better than before and disguised the spot. He reasoned that the day would come when the safe would be forgotten and he could contrive to lift all the treasure for himself. For some months he waited impatiently, hoping the interest of other treasure hunters would die down. This didn't happen, however, so he left Knight's Ferry.

Later he outlined on the map where the safe was concealed. Above the site on a low, gravelly bank stood a large gray stone weighing several tons. On the face he had carved an eight-inch arrow pointing straight upward into the sky; the blunt end pointed directly to the buried safe. All the searchers had to do after finding the marker was to step off five paces due south.

DURING his many years of poking around on the river, Go'long had never seen such an inscribed rock. Supposedly it was about a mile and a half downstream from the bridge on the north side. This placed it below where the cable-suspended footbridge once crossed the river. Both sides were then, as today, covered with brush and timber. It would be possible to walk within touching distance of the rock and never see it through the thick undergrowth. But Go'long sincerely doubted that he had done so, being careful to search every possible spot along the river course. Perhaps the rock had been broken up and used as building stone many years before.

Tiring of fooling around on what he considered a wild goose chase, Go'long told the strangers that he wanted to go back into the hills looking for gold, and did. He considered the McKimmy story pure fabrication. Not so, the people he had been guiding. They continued their search, hunting farther out from the main channel and downstream. In a few instances they were ordered off by irate land owners and cautioned not to come back. One or two of the local citizens, professing a knowledge of the treasure, offered to study the map and take them to the right place for a share of it. All such propositions were refused.

Not too smart in some ways, the three disclosed the existence of the alleged marker by asking too many people if they knew the whereabouts of a gray rock chiseled with an arrow. Pretty soon there were so many searching they got in each other's way.

THAT FALL after the disgruntled trio had departed, Go'long made cautious inquiries and looked through the county records at Modesto. The McKimmy name was not on any document. Two or three old-timers at Knight's Ferry recalled the name but knew nothing of what he did in or near the town. The fact, however, that there had been such a man lent some credence to the story.

Not long afterwards, in the timber almost opposite the present townsite, Go'long found some rotted boards sticking out from a thin cover of soil. They were planed hardwood and had once been an under-the-counter drawer. Inside was a thick mass of rotted paper wrapped around an old account ledger. The back cover and some ten sheets were still in fair shape, although the ink on them had spread from dampness. Packing the stuff home, Go'long spent several nights around his oil lamp carefully taking them apart and deciphering the entries.

On reaching this point in his story he went to an iron reinforced wooden chest in the far end of the shack. From it he produced the tattered fragments of the old ledger.

"This here is the saloon's account book," he declared, spreading the papers out.

Corners of the pages had rotted off. The leaves still clinging to the stitching were brittle and broke easily. Some of them had been pasted back with flour dough, and these had been chewed up by field mice.

A good many entries were plain enough. For instance one man had been credited with twenty ounces of dust, another a mere five, and still others with more, up to fifty ounces. Mention was also made of coarse gold—nuggets.

An occasional entry credited someone with having on deposit several hundred dollars in assayer's slugs. As I recall, most were those of private San Francisco assayers appointed and authorized by the federal government to cast such gold coins. Some few entries were followed by a date.

"Them fellows," explained Go'long, "got their pokes returned on them days. These others—their gold is still in that iron box." Long ago he had totaled the readable figures. "This here shows that at least $72,000 in valuables was in that safe."

Go'long talked about the treasure in a slow, calm manner. No trace of excitement showed such as is usually the case with a man convinced he is poised on the rim of discovery. He had lived with the legend a long time. If he found the safe, all right; if not, he had an interest in enough other prospects to keep him occupied for the rest of his life. He was convinced that the treasure would be found some day. The Stanislaus ran less acre-feet every year. Irrigation and power dams on its course and tributary streams decreased its flow year by year. Ranchers and farmers were crowding in. These fertile acres were being cultivated, some planted in orchards, almost to the water's edge. This narrowed the search area greatly.

"Some day a man is going to hang up his tractor plow on that safe," Go'long predicted, "unless I find it first!"

GO'LONG had worked out a system of deep boring with a steel rod having an auger bit welded on it. Already he had inspected numerous spots where a large iron safe might have been buried. Finally, he theorized that the safe was not close to Knight's Ferry although how such a heavy object could roll over and over any appreciable distance puzzled him. Of course the saloon floor boards, pegged to heavy logs, might not have broken apart until downriver some distance.

Considering that fact and working ahead of old floodlands being cleared of timber with machines, Go'long's boring device struck metal at a depth of five feet. The object seemed to be approximately three by four feet in size—quite possibly the dimensions of the lost safe. He waited until night to try to dislodge it. The soil was not rocky and he dug down to what turned out to be a flat sheet of iron. How it got there and where it came from was a mystery.

The year I knew him, Go'long was stove up, getting around with some difficulty because of his age. Several times he had been ordered off land on which he squatted. Only recently he had been given notice, with a threat of legal action, to dismantle his shack in the hills. Only livestock ran there, the cabin was hidden by trees, and he harmed no one, but too many people had come to "the land of milk and honey" and the old free and easy California was disappearing. Go'long had been offered another place to live but thought he might take over a small abandoned house in town. This he

(Continued on page 65)

The covered bridge designed by Ulysses S. Grant while visiting his brothers-in-law at Knight's Ferry.

Photos, clockwise, starting from left: Exterior of a sleeping car, rear platform of an observation car, typical passenger train, and an early Colonist car. All photos are circa 1908 with the exception of the photo of passengers in the old Colonist car which most likely is of an earlier period. However, that car probably continued in use until about 1910. The upper berth in the car was like a shelf and could be pulled down for sleeping. Passengers traveling on excursion and immigrant trains, because of the low fare involved, were required to provide their own blankets.

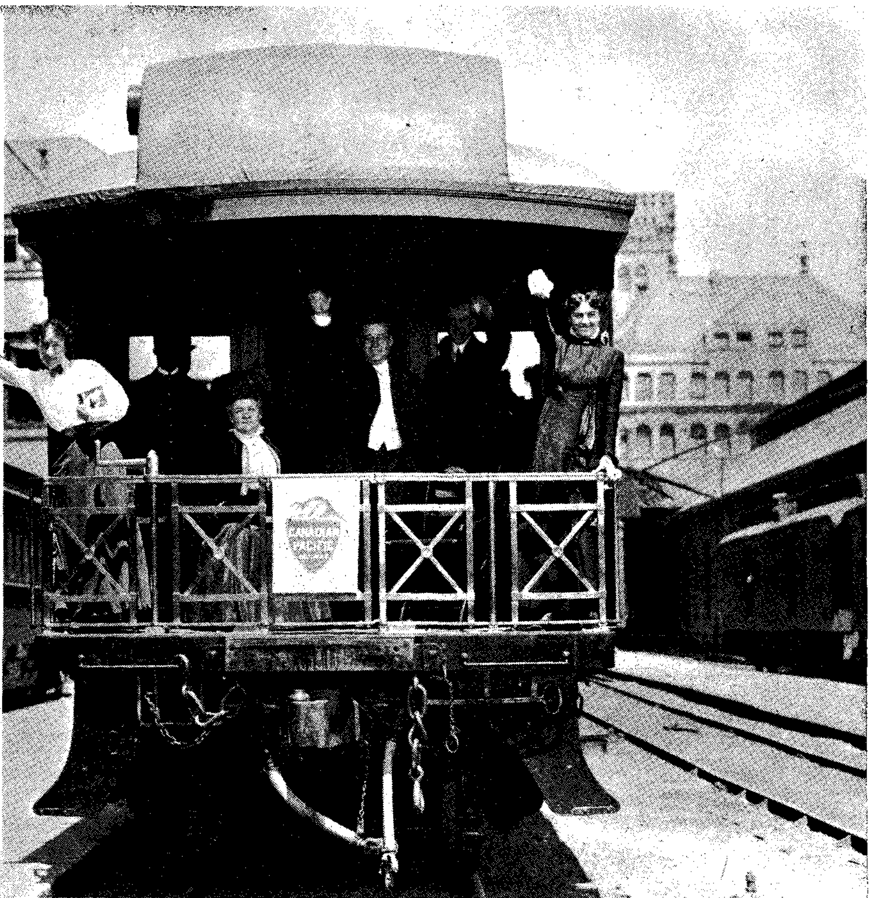
TERROR

By OLIVE PARNABY
as told to
BARBARA KEEVER

Photos Courtesy Canadian Pacific Railway

There were enemies within and without—all bent on making the "Harvest Excursion" the nightmare ride of all time!

ON A TRAIN



WE drove twelve miles by buggy to the Benton station—my mother, my two brothers who were thirteen and three years of age, and I who was nine. Papa had been gone a whole year, working in the lumber industry on the West Coast; now he had sent for us.

The journey would be long from our home in New Brunswick completely across Canada to Cranbrook, British Columbia, but fortunately that is all that caused us dread at the beginning. And Papa would be waiting; we would be together again. It was 1908.

While still in New Brunswick, we changed to a "Harvest Excursion" train, the second that fall. It had come from Nova Scotia and was crowded with coal miners who would make up the major part of the passenger list. They too were on their way to the Coast to work in the harvesting of wheat and other grains. The coach we were assigned to, the last on the train, was set aside for families only. The remaining cars would be occupied by these single men. They strode about the platform with supposedly-concealed guns, as parts of the West were still considered wild, and they were going prepared.

Taking advantage of the reduced fare—excursion rates—were others from eastern New Brunswick, for the most part families who would join relatives in the West. Our seats were of wooden slats, but would make passable beds for sleeping. Additional bunks could be lowered from above. We stowed away our luggage and settled down for the journey. My brothers and I enjoyed the novelty of boxed lunches for we had to take our own food. Our mother heated water for tea on a cookstove which sat at the rear of our car.

There was talk around us of dissension among the railroad workers over salaries and working conditions. But with little incident, we traveled through Bangor, Maine to pick up more recruits, then on to Quebec, crossing the St. Lawrence River over the highest bridge I had ever seen. In Ontario, our first sight of the Great Lakes was an excitement that eventually passed into monotony as we were days in passing them due to so many stops and starts.

At one of many unanticipated stops the conductor and other train personnel rushed forward past our windows. We remained in our places, wondering, until word was sent back that a pile of ties lay in a barricade across the tracks. We had stopped barely short of striking them. The male passengers jumped from the cars and ran ahead to help clear the tracks, and we were able to proceed. The

Courtesy Olive Dow Parnaby

Above, left: Olive, Harold and Orville Dow, a short time after moving to Cranbrook, British Columbia. Above, right: The author, Olive, stands with her brother, Harold, for a photo taken at the time of the unforgettable journey.

thought of what could have happened was a bit upsetting, but our peace of mind soon returned.

My younger brother was playing in the aisle when Mother grabbed him to keep him from falling, as we were unexpectedly halted again. This time, hulking directly in our path, was a huge boulder. It was generally agreed that it must have been rolled onto the tracks by the dissenters. The boulder presented a more imposing problem than the ties, and crowbars had to be brought to pry it up. Many hands sent it lumbering off the tracks. We still did not realize this was just a sample of the nature of our journey.

AS THE trip progressed, laborers were lined up along the tracks and pitched rocks at the train. We learned we were following in the wake of raids and lootings of stores and saloons by rowdy passengers of the train ahead. We were being retaliated upon for their actions.

We passed locked businesses with armed men standing guard. At one small town, a saloon sat on the station platform. Boards were nailed over the windows. The proprietor stood stolidly before the entrance gripping an axe. Our fellow passengers, the new harvest hands, had come a long way. They had anticipated the conviviality of the saloon and were now an unhappy, complaining bunch. They burst from the train and swarmed onto the platform forcibly relieving the man of his weapon. With great pushing and scrambling, they shoved their way inside.

We waited, genuinely afraid now, not only of what was, to us, the enemy along our route, but of the uncontrollable element inside our own train. We would not think of leaving our car. My mother, with feigned calmness, spread out our lunches. After the meal, she put my small brother down for his nap. He was awakened a short time later by the loud, besotted voices of the returning harvest hands. As the train started up, they trooped into our car. We kept well out of their way and they paid little attention to us. They were busy filling all the train's water containers with whiskey.

Lack of water, after this, added to our worry. The knowledge alone made everyone thirsty. We were miles from a scheduled stop. My mother could hardly have felt as composed as she managed to appear in the situation, and we children were not above showing what we felt. The harvest hands who had put us in this position showed no concern. They were in fine spirits.

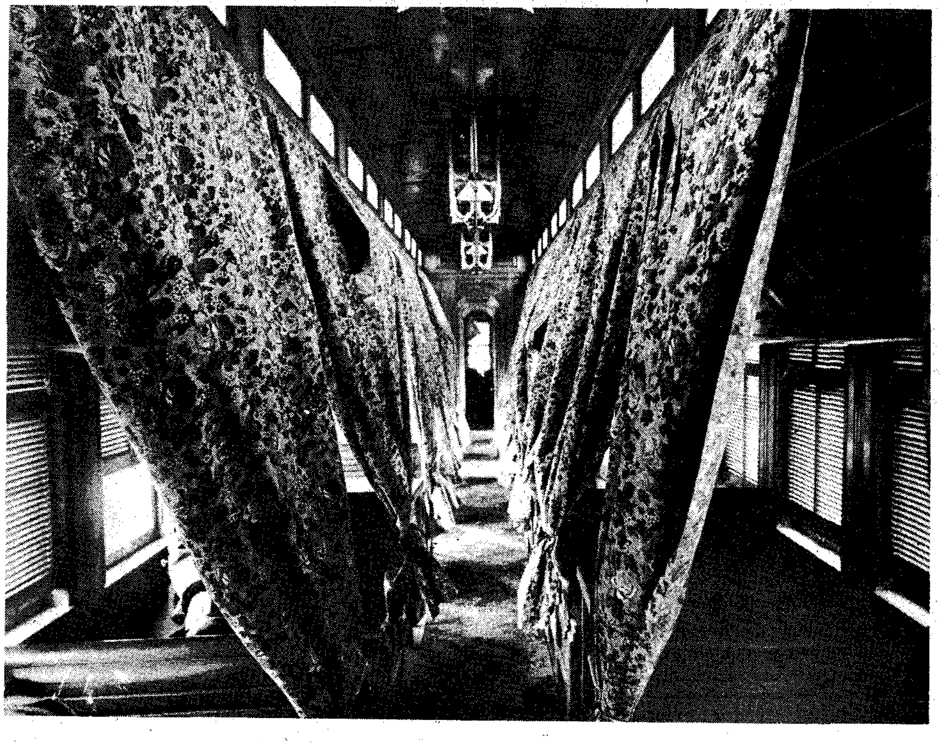
The fresh water springs we saw through the windows could not be used as there was a likelihood of their being poisoned—by man, not Nature. Someone among the trainmen recalled that along this stretch, far back in the woods, there was a clear stream. When we reached the approximate spot, the train was halted and a crew set out with empty containers. After a long, uneasy wait on our part, the men returned with enough water to see us through to the next town.

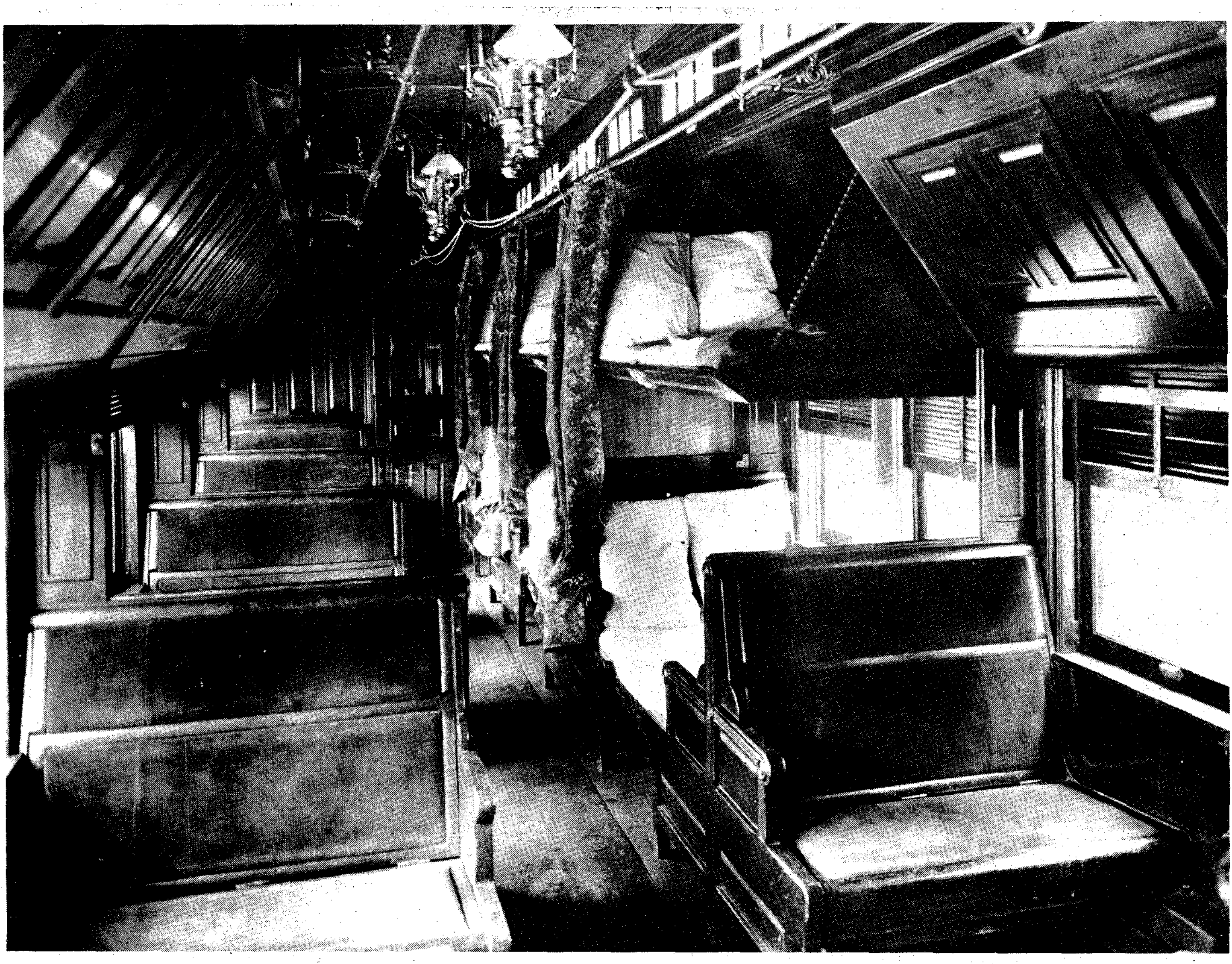
AS THE journey progressed, we felt the danger must surely be behind us. Our trip was more than half over. We watched the landscape fly past, every mile bringing us closer to Papa. My mother told us how he would be waiting in Cranbrook and would take us to our new home. It sounded pretty good—safe and secure.

We were hungry. We had brought enough food to last for a week, the usual length of time required for the journey, but due to our many delays, the trip was stretching into the tenth day. Our supplies were dwindling. When we paused at a small settlement, Mother instructed us to stay inside while she tried to buy some food. It seemed our entire trip had been made up of waiting, but this few minutes with my mother gone were the longest I had yet endured. All three of us watched anxiously from the window—three faces pressed against the glass—until we saw her returning. A few cans of tomatoes had been the best she could do. Though she herself did not completely trust canned goods, we children had no complaints. Our diet had been meager and monotonous and anything new looked good. We ate the tomatoes dripping, right from the cans.

Along our route we encountered spots where long strips of rail had been ripped from the tracks. Repairs were made each

Early Colonist car made up as a sleeper.





Above, a first-class sleeper car, 1908. At right, a coach like this could have been used for harvester travel in 1908.

time and the train managed to continue. The journey's end was all we cared for now. We were tired, we were grimy, and the trip had been anything but what we expected. We strained our eyes to what appeared to be a fairly large town which lay before us. We were always looking ahead.

Suddenly the conductor rushed through our car, hurriedly ordering everyone to climb to the upper bunks, calling out that it looked like real trouble ahead—trouble with section hands. Mother boosted my little brother up first, then saw that my older brother and I were safely in before she climbed up herself. A quick look out the window showed a series of dark faces peering out of trenches which had been dug adjacent to the tracks. One young man in our car stood nonchalantly beside an attractive girl he had been playing up to the entire trip. He chose to ignore the orders of the conductor—until the window beside him broke with a crash, with glass flying everywhere. He then wasted little time in scrambling to safety. His face dripped blood from glass fragments. Another window crashed, then another. Bullets, rocks and bricks flew into the car, all at once.

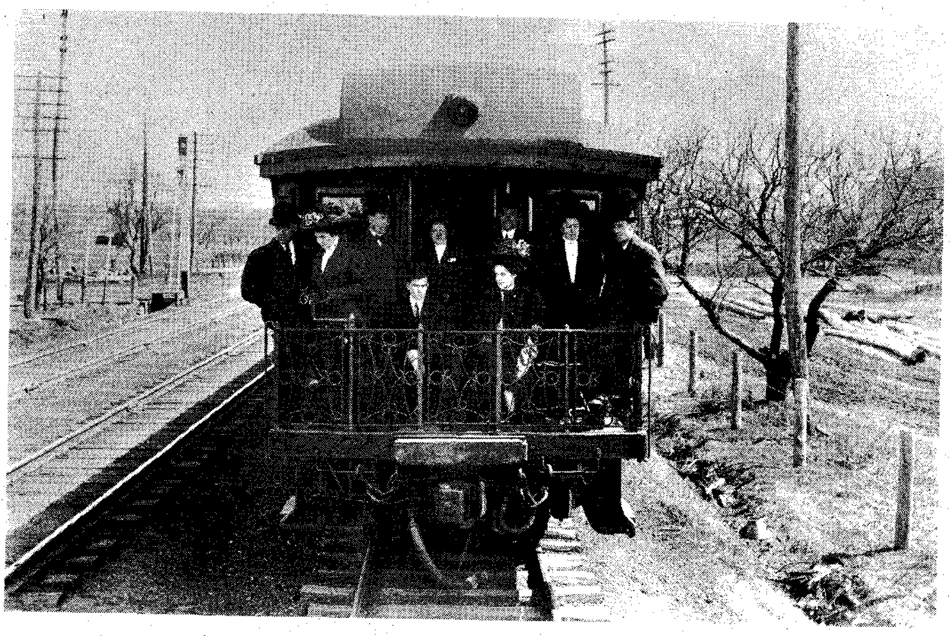
Suits to coveralls, straw hats to caps—many types of men took passage on the Harvester Special.

The harvest hands in the front cars returned the fire of those around the station. For a few minutes the air was full of the terrifying roar of gunfire, with bullets ricocheting from the sides of the train, screams, and crashing, splintering glass. Mother had pushed my younger brother low; still, a rock burst through the top window and hit him beside the eye, cutting him badly. I crouched trembling against my older brother and buried my head as deeply into the corner as I could get it. I pressed my hands over my ears and prayed. With guns still blazing, the train roared away, leaving the horror behind us.

My mother dressed my brother's injury. The young swain mopped at the blood on his face. A wounded passenger was carried into our car. Though an innocent observer, he had been struck in the mouth by a brick and was missing several teeth. He moaned in obvious pain through the ensuing miserable night. The man was finally removed at a stop within reach of a doctor.

IN THE CAR ahead, most of the men were drunk. There was more than one occasion when they captured a railroad laborer. If a mere fight followed, the fellow was lucky, for a few found themselves tied by rope to the rear of the train, often by the neck. When the train started up, their screams were heard, and the train ground to a halt with the frustrated crew running back to release them. At one time a laborer was wounded by a bullet. The story swept through our car that the miners had kidnapped a schoolteacher and she was imprisoned in their car.

Observation car, circa 1908.



The telegraph had gone into action and at the next town railroad detectives advanced through the cars. They confiscated all weapons and restored peace so we could proceed to Winnipeg. At the station there, the passengers were marched into a basement waiting room. The adults were questioned and many of the men were taken into custody. We were told later that seven of those arrested were sentenced to twenty years in prison for their assorted crimes. The remaining passengers were dismissed. We climbed a short flight of stairs and were again outside on the platform. Before we boarded our train, my mother was able to purchase a few small apple pies. Nothing ever tasted so good! We devoured them quickly, before taking our seats for the final stretch.

A period followed of comparative calm, broken only by the confiscation of a gun from a passenger who shot an owl off a fence. Our attention was on the country we were traveling through. In Western Alberta the Rockies appeared as a blue line. I watched them loom larger, waiting for the color to change but they seemed to remain a constant blue.

Our whistle sent its signal ahead. A smoky haze was discernible in the distant sky. About fifty miles from our destination of Cranbrook, we arrived at the town of Fernie. But Fernie had been destroyed by fire. We rolled over still-smoldering railroad ties. A few fires could still be seen in town. It was little consolation that this calamity had no bearing on the railroad situation. It only

(Continued on page 42)

Apache Vengeance

(Continued from page 11)

reasonably good try but the jury's deliberations were brief and the verdict surprised no one—"Guilty as charged."

The following morning, court reconvened and again the spectators' benches were crowded. Conspicuous among the townsfolk were the uniforms of grim-faced soldiers from the San Carlos post, fellow officers of Lieutenant Mott, whose murderer went on trial that morning, for the second time.

Frank Porter, F. B. Fowler, the obliging Al Sieber, and Dr. T. B. Davis, who had attended Mott, were called for the prosecution and, in spite of the two-year lapse of time, their memories were clear —their testimony was detailed and damaging.

Nah-diez-az, the accused, was the only witness for the defense. He faced a courtroom packed with hostile—or, at best, indifferent—spectators, an unsympathetic judge, and a self-assured prosecutor. Again, as he had done two years before, the Apache told the story of his relocation by the government and subsequent trouble with the military about the possession of his small patch of ground. Of the fateful visit of Porter and Mott to evict him, he said that he was afraid Porter meant to harm him and he fired in self-defense. That the shot missed Porter and struck Mott was, of course, pure accident. His story had all the elements of tragedy, but to those present in the courtroom in that day of territorial settlement, being pushed around was not considered reasonable provocation for an Indian to raise his hand against a white man.

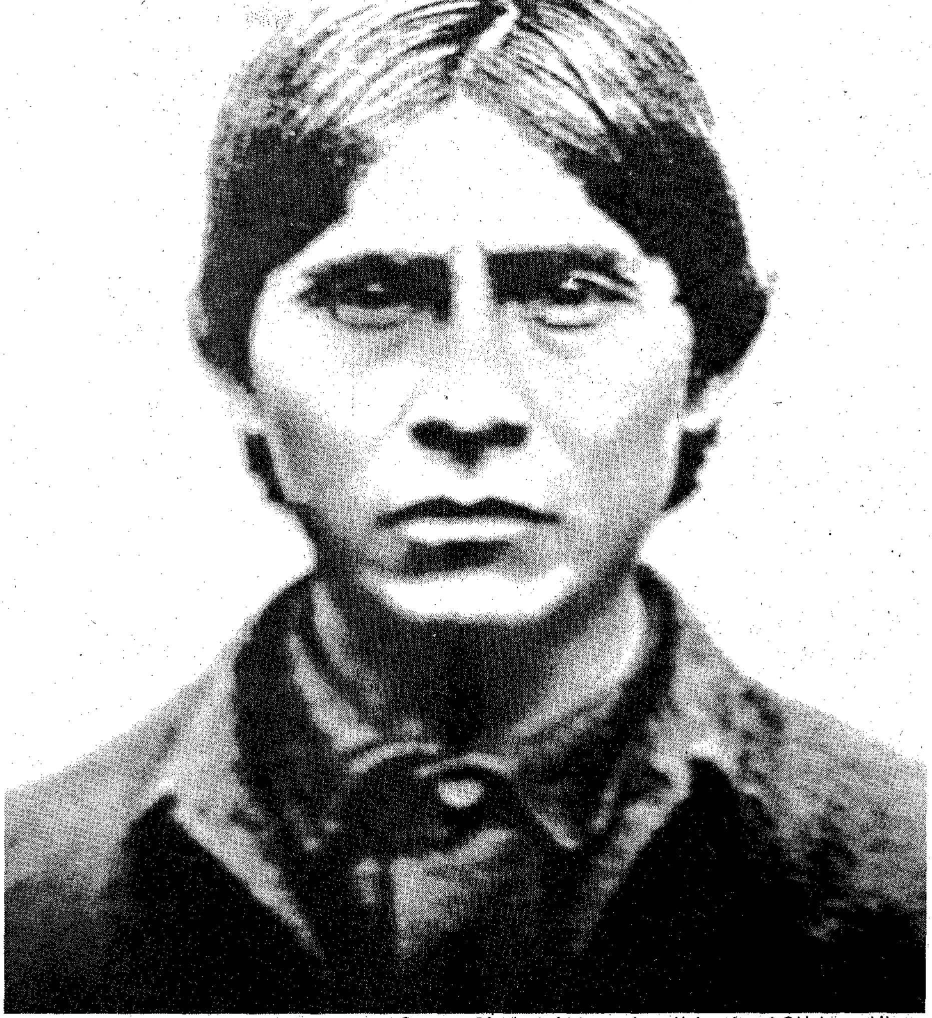
Defense Attorney Van Wagenen made an eloquent plea for mercy but the result was never in doubt. The jury returned a verdict of murder in the first degree, and Nah-deiz-az was remanded in the custody of the sheriff until judgment was pronounced upon him.

The main events were over; Apache Kid and Nah-deiz-az were back in their cells awaiting sentence. There still remained the trials of those Apaches indicted for three murders, and a horse thief to be disposed of. The proceedings against Bob McIntosh, charged with stealing a horse belonging to Dr. T. B. Davis, were stopped when it was discovered the alleged offense was committed in Graham County. However, the court ruled that he be held in custody until proper authorities were notified. Jesus Avott, a Mexican, convicted himself by pleading guilty to a charge of embezzlement. He sold a friend's horse for $50 and kept the money for a celebration.

Of those indicted for murder, Bi-the-ja-be-tish-to-ce-an was convicted of murder in the first degree for killing Freeman T. Cosper. Hos-cal-te was convicted of murdering a fellow Apache by the name of Goo-de-hoy-ee. Captain Jack, El-cahn, and Has-ten-tu-du-jay entered pleas of not guilty to a charge of murdering Nasson. The court appointed Attorneys E. H. Cook and H. V. Jackson to defend them.

After the prosecution presented its witnesses, including Al Sieber, the defendants took the stand in their own behalf. Before the defense counsel closed their arguments to the jury, they attempted to show that Captain Jack had nothing to do with the killing, but merely looked on. Apparently these arguments impressed the jury, because it returned two separate verdicts, to wit: "Territory of Arizona vs. Has-ten-tu-du-jay, Captain Jack and El-cahn: We the jury find the defendants Has-ten-tu-du-jay, and El-cahn guilty of murder as charged in the indictment. Signed, H. Ellis, Foreman."

Then, "Territory of Arizona vs. Has-ten-tu-du-jay, Captain Jack and El-cahn: We the jury find the defendant Captain Jack not guilty. Signed, H. Ellis, Foreman."



Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma Library

Apache Kid

ON THE MORNING of October 30, 1889, all of the convicted were brought before Judge Kibbey for sentence. Handcuffed and escorted by armed guards, the culprits were a sorry looking lot. Even Apache Kid and Nah-deiz-az were scarcely more presentable than their unsavory brethren.

Apache Kid was the first to be called up for sentencing. Judge Kibbey ordered him to stand up, and put the usual and quite superfluous question—did the prisoner have any legal cause to show why judgment should not be pronounced? The prisoner did not. Kibbey then read his prepared judgment: "That whereas the said Kid having been duly convicted in this court of the crime of assault with intent to commit murder, it is therefore ordered, adjudged and decreed that the said Kid be punished by imprisonment in the territorial prison at Yuma in the Territory of Arizona for the term of seven years, the term of imprisonment to commence from this date." The judge then turned to Kid and completed his pronouncement, "You are remanded to the custody of the sheriff of this said Gila County to be by him delivered into the custody of the proper officer of said territorial prison."

With the precision of a liturgical service, Say-es, Hale, and Pash-ten-tah were called separately and each was given the same sentence as Kid. It may reasonably be assumed that Al Sieber, at least, was well pleased with the new judge from Indiana.

The sentencing of Nah-deiz-az was next on the judicial agenda. The murderer of Lieutenant Mott was ordered to stand up and the usual rite began.

"Do you have any legal cause to show why judgment should not be pronounced upon you?" Nah-deiz-az looked quickly at Sheriff Reynolds for support but Reynolds' eyes were on the judge. He turned again to the court and answered the prescribed "No."

Judge Kibbey's voice cut through the sudden stillness in the crowded courtroom. "You, Nah-deiz-az, have been duly convicted in this court of a crime of murder. It is therefore considered and adjudged by this court that you, Nah-deiz-az, suffer death." A groan escaped from the prisoner's lips as the judge continued, "At a time to be hereafter appointed, not less than thirty nor more than sixty days from the date hereof, you shall be taken by the sheriff of this county to a place within the walls or yard of the jail of this county and there be hanged by the neck—"

The sentence was interrupted as the condemned man cried out, "No! No! Me good Indian. Me good—"

"Nah-deiz-az! Nah-deiz-az!" Sheriff Reynolds reprimanded, "Let the judge finish!"

"—until you are dead, according to law. The sheriff of this county is charged with the execution of this judgment."

The death decree, which was discretionary with the court, shocked not only the condemned man but his fellow Apaches and the sheriff. The thought of hanging was oddly disquieting to Sheriff Reynolds who, unlike a number of notorious frontier law officers, was reluctant to kill.

Other sentences pronounced by the Court were: Jesus Avott, one year; El-cahn, eight years; Hos-cal-te, twelve years; Bi-the-ja-be-tish-to-ce-an and Has-ten-tu-du-jay, natural life.

Locked again in their cells below stairs the condemned Indians were variously sullen, angry, or numbed with despair. But two things the ex-scouts and Nah-deiz-az must have shared in like proportion—the feeling that they had been unjustly tried and sentenced for crimes for which they already had paid penalty, and a deep and bitter contempt for Al Sieber.

The Indians knew the horrors of confinement in the rock-hewn Yuma prison; too many of their kind had died there of consumption, and Nah-deiz-az himself had spent some months of his original sentence in Yuma before being sent to the federal penitentiary in Illinois. Despite the anguish he was now suffering he could not but agree with his fellow convicts that his was the lesser punishment after all, for his death would be quick and relatively painless.

IT WAS dinner time for the convicts. Sheriff Reynolds had not lingered in the courtroom and was prowling the corridor in the cell block, wanting to say something to the dejected Indians and not quite knowing what or how. He was relieved when Onion Jack, the Chinese cook, came through the outer door pulling his little red wagon. He greeted the old Chinese with more than his usual heartiness.

"Jack, Old Timer, come in—come in! What you got for chow today?"

"Velly good chow fo' unhappy mens," replied Onion Jack, his incredibly seamed face crinkling with good humor. "Beef, glavy, potat', coffee, blead, and velly fine apple pie."

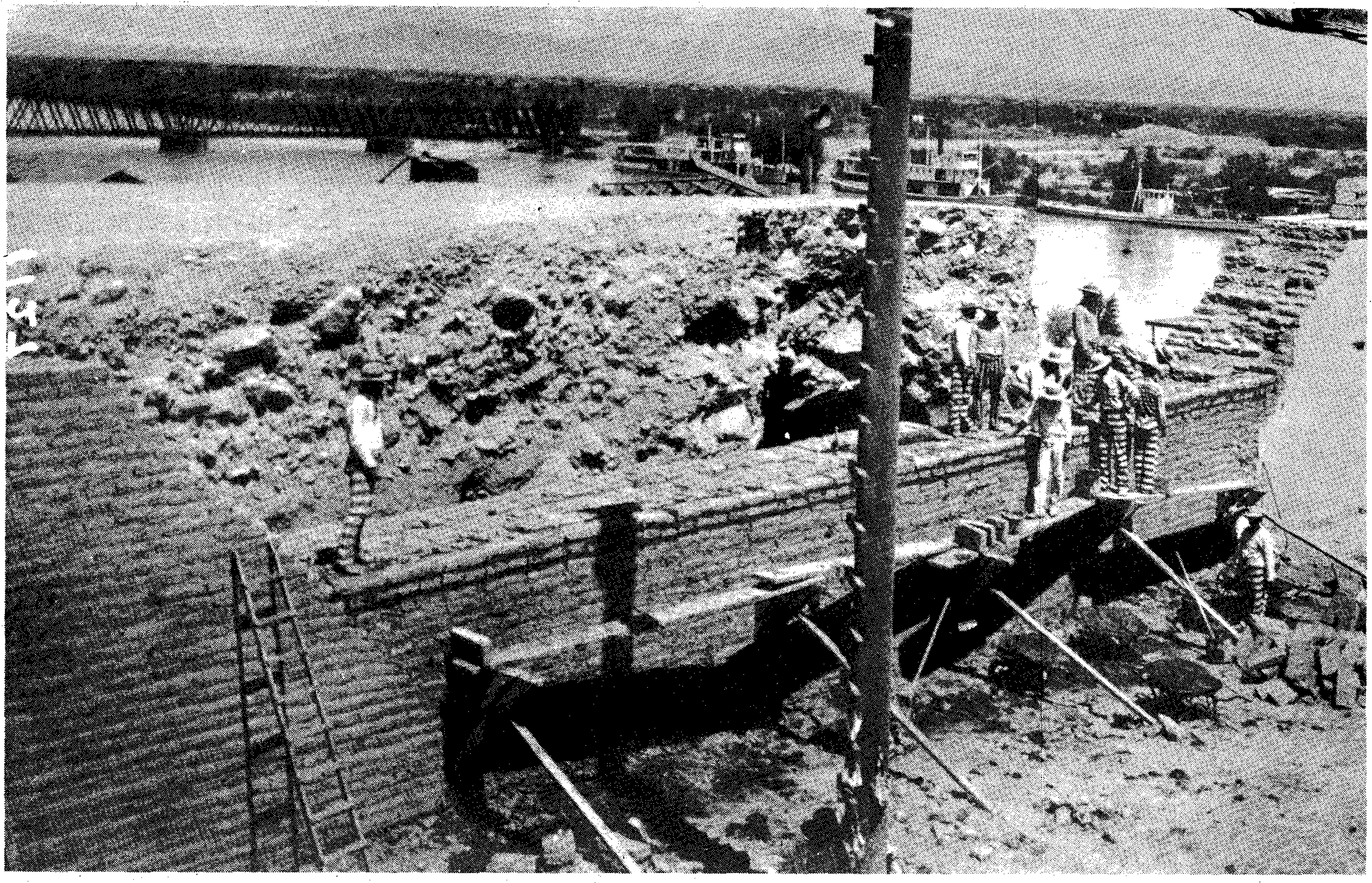
"Sounds good, Jack. And Jack, give 'em all they want while they're here. They've got a long, hard trip ahead of 'em." Onion Jack grinned and bobbed his head in understanding as he trundled his wagon to the cell block.

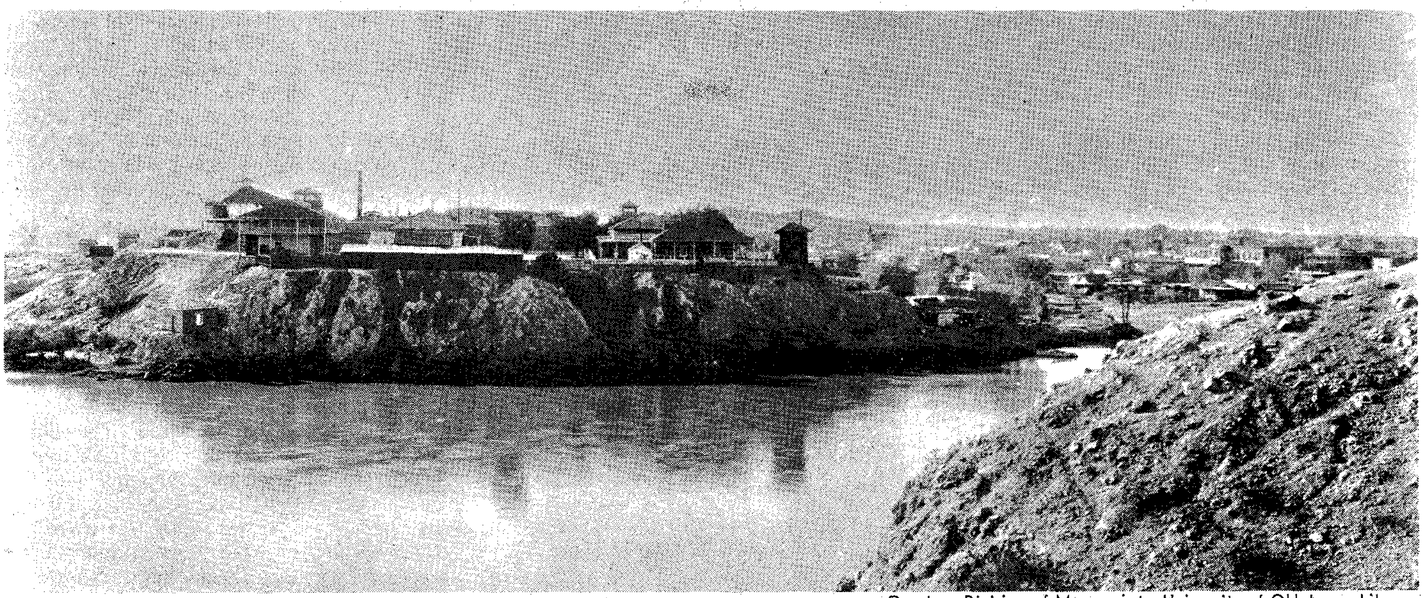
Reynolds turned away and walked slowly to his home close by, where his family and their own good meal awaited him. His conversation at dinner that day, later commented upon by his wife, indicated that he was remembering the pressure Al Sieber had put on him to round up the men whom he had heard that morning sentenced to death—one by hanging and nine by unmerciful confinement. He remembered Al Sieber's words, "I will have my naturalization papers and be a handy witness at the trials." The sheriff knew for a fact that Sieber had voted regularly in Gila County without benefit of naturalization. And he certainly had been a "handy witness" for the prosecution, without the foundation of citizenship, before the trials.

Sheriff Reynolds was a plain man, unsubtle and unimaginative and not one to brood, but this particular day produced overtones of emotion that even he could not fail to register. There was something unpalatable about the ceremony that began in the courtroom, even as the clacking of the cell locks was heard as they closed on the nine convicted Apaches.

Convicts repairing a break in the wall of the Yuma Penitentiary caused by the flooding of the Colorado River.

Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma Library





Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma Library

Old view of the Yuma prison where the Indians were to be taken to serve their sentences.

Judge Kibbey had not left the bench and many of the spectators who had crowded the scene for the sentencing had remained for the event—the naturalization of Albert Sieber, soldier. Reynolds did not stay for the ceremony, but it is all in the official records of Gila County.

During the few days of life that were to be allotted to the sheriff, he mentioned several times that conferring American citizenship on Al Sieber that morning was somehow not just the most fitting climax to the proceedings of that judgment day.

IT IS KNOWN that Reynolds dreaded the trip to Yuma. It was a tedious journey at best, and beset with real hazards, but the sheriff had made up his mind to see through to the end this clean-up which he had started. He made his plans quickly, determined to deliver his prisoners without delay. On the afternoon of the day sentences were pronounced he assigned Deputy Holmes to accompany him to Yuma. Deputies Ryan and Blevins would be left on duty in Globe with special orders to keep on the alert for Ma-si. The sheriff collected the convicts' commitment papers from the county clerk, and $400 from the county treasurer for expenses of the trip.

The *cause célèbre* character of this mass trial and conviction is indicated by the fact that on that same afternoon all of the Apache prisoners were marched out of the jail and lined up in front of the courthouse for group pictures by an enterprising newspaper photographer.

With final instructions to have guns, shackles, and handcuffs ready at dawn on Friday, two days hence, Reynolds turned his attention to the most important job of negotiating for stage and driver to make the hazardous journey. The trip involved about three days' travel by stage and train with a stopover for one night at Riverside Stage Station on the Gila River. The second day's travel ended at Casa Grande, from which point travelers completed the journey to Yuma by train.

A number of firms operated stages over this line, including the Texas and California Stage Company and the Idaho Stage Company, but Reynolds' choice was the Eugene Middleton Line which had just purchased a new, heavy-duty Concord coach, a sturdy, roomy vehicle with a body paint job of forest green and bright yellow wheels.

No one in all Arizona understood better than Middleton the cunning, treachery, and viciousness of the Apache of that day. In the early 1880s, a number of Coyotero Apaches had made a savage assault on the troops and killed Captain E. C. Hentig and seven of his men near Cibecue. These same Apaches later went to an isolated ranch where Middleton's father, mother, and six younger sisters and brothers lived. Posing as friendly Indians, they asked for food and got it. Sizing up the premises, these warriors noticed the members of this family and paid particular attention to two men visitors, George Turner and Henry Moody, whom they believed would offer the most resistance should they decide to attack. They also cast covetous eyes upon some fifty head of horses in the corral. At a given signal, the redskins opened fire, killing Turner and Moody and wounding one of the Middleton boys. The bullet which pierced Turner's body also struck Hattie Middleton, one of the older daughters of the family, cutting off a lock of hair. Other Indians swooped down from the nearby hillsides and drove off all the horses. The panic-stricken family had to take refuge among the bushes and rocks.

At another time Eugene Middleton was out on an Indian chase with a company of rangers. He and his men camped for the night and staked and hobbled their horses to graze. The next morning at daylight, Apaches made an attack and wounded two rangers. During the exchange of fire, other warriors cut in and drove away all the rangers' mounts. The surprised white men were obliged to pick up their wounded and walk some twenty-five miles to Globe. Reynolds remembered these events and knew that Middleton might flatly refuse the job. He found Middleton in the stage office.

"Howdy, Gene!" greeted Reynolds. "How about hauling the convicts to Casa Grande in that new stagecoach? There'll be eight Apaches and one Mexican."

"Apaches? No sir-ee! I might be fool enough to make the trip with the Mexican, but Apaches are a jinx to me," Middleton replied.

"But your experiences have been with that band of Coyoteros from the Fort Apache Reservation. These convicts are practically all of the San Carlos tribe. We'll have them handcuffed and shackled and there'll be two of us guarding. I'm taking Hunkydory along. You'll get paid well for the trip, Gene."

"Mebbeso, Sheriff, but never in my life have I had anything but grief from Apaches. I don't want any deals them devils are mixed up in."

"I kinda thought you might help me out now. But, of course, if you don't want to—" the sheriff's words trailed off and Middleton cut in.

"Dang it, Sheriff, you know I'd like to haul 'em for you. When do you want to leave?"

"Day after tomorrow at daylight."

"I'm a fool and I know it, and I wouldn't do it for another livin' soul. Don't you misjudge renegade Apaches, Sheriff. Whether they're of the Fort Apache, Coyotero, or San Carlos breed, an Apache is an Apache. Remember, I'm hauling them only because of you."

"Thanks, Gene, you're a real friend, and it's just like I've always said, there isn't an Apache living I'm afraid of!"

ALL ARRANGEMENTS for the trip having been made, Reynolds spent most of the next day with his wife and children and made his personal preparations for departure the following morning.

It was Friday, November 1, 1889. An hour before sunup Sheriff Reynolds arose, calm and refreshed after a restful night. While his wife prepared breakfast he went to the stable and saddled his best horse, Tex, which he would ride as far as Riverside Station. He saddled another horse for the Mexican convict, Avott, in order to lighten the load of the stagecoach on the steep, rough mountainous grades.

Mrs. Reynolds' fear for the safety of her husband was very real. When he got out in the desert wilds, he couldn't have the army and Al Sieber to help him. Could only he and Holmes handle all those convicts? When her husband came back into the kitchen for breakfast she appealed to him once more to change his plans.

"Honey, let's not go over all that again." The sheriff spoke gently and with no impatience at her insistence. "I'll make it all right. You just keep the pot boiling and the children happy, and don't worry about me."

Reynolds kissed his wife goodbye and led the saddled horses the short distance to the courthouse. In the pre-dawn darkness he could see Middleton's stagecoach and horses outlined by a yellow shaft of light shining from the jail office window. He tied Tex and the extra horse to the hitching rail and entered his office to pick up the commitment papers and expense money.

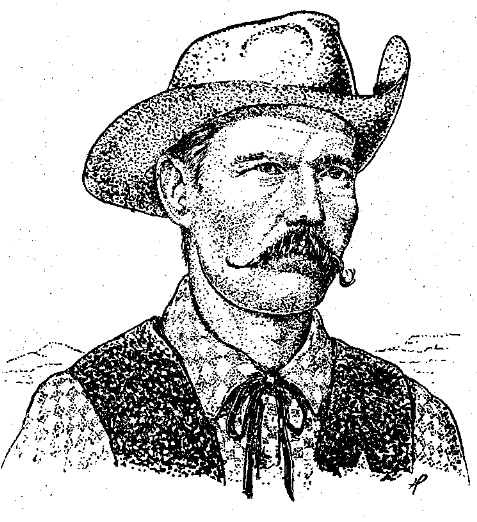
The prisoners had been served breakfast and the deputies and Stage Driver Middleton all were on hand when Reynolds entered the jail. The sheriff was pleased and his voice was brisk but genial. "Good work, fellows. We'll get the prisoners and load them in the stage now."

"Hold on there, Sheriff! I'm not going after any Apache prisoners!" declared Middleton. "I'll just climb up in my seat on the stagecoach and wait there while you load 'em. If you need any help with them out on the road, I'll be ready, but until that time comes, I'm takin' care of the teams and stage and you herd the Indians."

Reynolds grinned as Middleton strode out and, picking up the jail keys, ordered Deputies Blevins, Ryan, and Holmes to follow him to the cell block. One by one, handcuffs snapped around wrists and the Apache convicts were marched into the hall. Watching this procedure in the dim lantern light was Nah-deiz-az, left behind to await his execution. In the Apache language, and paying no heed to the Mexican prisoner who still occupied a cell, he bade farewell to his Apache brothers. The cool November air was piercing when the men went out of doors, and they drew their worn dirty coats closer around their scrawny bodies. They remained stolid and unresisting while they were being loaded into the stagecoach. When all were seated, shackles were locked around their legs.

"How about this *hombre*, Reynolds? Will he ride inside with the Indians?" Holmes asked, as he brought the Mexican embezzler from the jail.

"That boy isn't dangerous, he's just a spendthrift," said the sheriff, but in a more serious tone added, "The Mexican will ride on this extra horse alongside me. Holmes, you ride in the coach behind the Indians." As Ryan helped the hapless Mexican to mount, Reynolds quietly surveyed the whole scene, mentally checking his arrangements. Middleton carried a pistol. Holmes possessed a lever action Winchester rifle and a six-shooter, and he himself was armed with a .45 Colt and a double-barreled shotgun, loaded with buckshot. Each man being an expert marksman and fast on the trigger, there appeared no chance for the convicts to commit foul play or even try to escape. Satisfied, he mounted Tex, motioned the Mexican to precede him, and called to Middleton. "All set, Gene. Let's move."



Sheriff Reynolds

Middleton tightened the reins and the prison-bound stage, drawn by four bays, rumbled out of Globe as the sun broke through the November mists over the mountains.

THE FOUR-MILE run south from Globe to the 66 Ranch was made in record time. Here the stage was stopped at the gate which gave access to the Globe-Pinal Summit Toll Road. The gatekeeper reckoned the charge at $7.00—twelve people at 25¢ each, six horses at 50¢ each, and $1.00 for the stage. Eight pairs of greedy Apache eyes watched Reynolds take out his leather pouch and thumb through a roll of bills to pay the toll.

The management of the Globe-Pinal Summit Toll Road kept a colony of monkeys at the gate to entertain the wayfarers. The presence of these hungry-looking and curious little animals stimulated the sale of peanuts and candy, which were offered by the management. While the gatekeeper was reckoning the toll charge Reynolds bought a bag of peanuts to feed the chattering monkeys. He felt a tug at his gold watch chain. "No, you can't have that, you little thief," exclaimed the sheriff. "That is my most valuable possession, next to my wife and my children." Once again the monkey reached for the chain as it glittered in the early morning sun. "Hey, no monkey business, little fellow." He handed the monkey a paper bag half filled with peanuts. Laughing at the would-be thief, Reynolds walked over to the candy stand and purchased several bags of sweets for the prisoners and his assistants. After passing out the candy the sheriff paid the toll and gave the command to move on.

The toll road clearance signal was given, and the gate opened. Middleton released the brake shoes. The bullwhip cracked, the horses lunged forward, and the chain traces jingled until the slack was picked up. Cacti and mesquite soon disappeared and scrub oak, mountain laurel, manzanita, and cedar and pine trees appeared, as the prison-bound party climbed slowly toward Pioneer Pass. Before reaching the summit they stopped to rest their horses where a number of lumberjacks were felling trees. Sheriff Reynolds waved and spoke to the lumberman who approached him.

"Sheriff, I'm mighty glad to see you!" exclaimed the foreman of the lumberers. "Thar's been an Apache molestin' our camp for a right smart spell and has packed off nearly half our grub."

"Might have been a skunk. These mountains are full of them," suggested the sheriff.

"It was a skunk all right, one of them Apache kind," the lumberman continued. "I laid eyes on him last night fer the first time, trying to steal my saddle horse, Thunder. He nearly got away with it, but Thunder is plenty smart. Recognized my whistle and came running towards me. I shot three or four times but guess I missed him."

"Ma-si!" Reynolds gasped. "When he sneaked out of the dragnet at San Carlos, he probably came back to this area."

"Sounds like that killer," Holmes confirmed, speaking from his seat in the stagecoach.

"Send one of your men to town and report this to Chief Deputy Jerry Ryan," instructed Reynolds. "Maybe this time my boys'll bag the slippery devil."

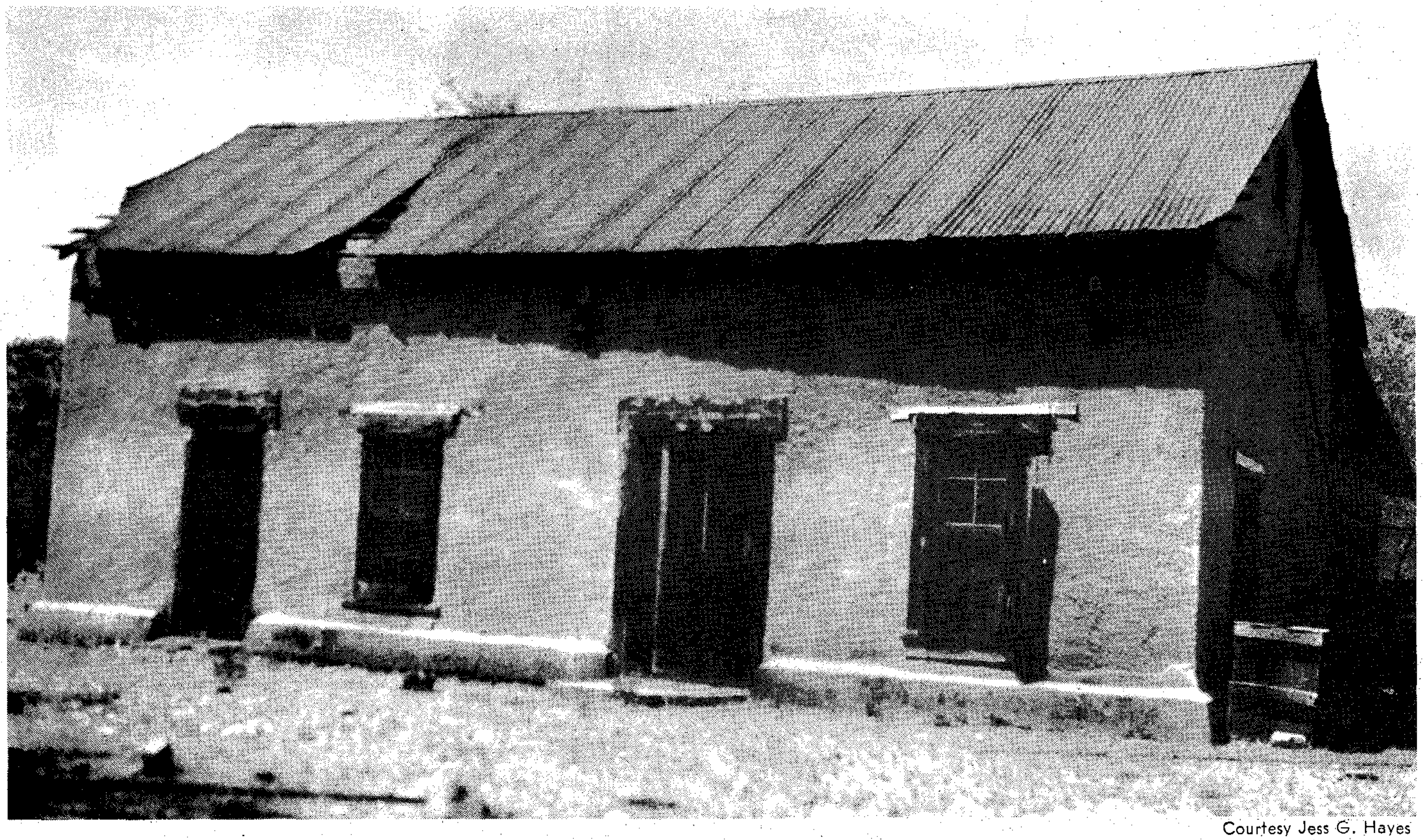
"I hope that redskin stays away from us, Sheriff. We got plenty of 'em as 'tis," Middleton shouted and, without waiting for Reynolds to give the order, cracked the whip and started the stage up the rutted road.

The officers and stage driver rode without speaking. Their eyes glanced nervously from time to time to huge boulders, large clumps of bushes, big tree trunks, and overhanging vines. Once, when a deer darted across the road, Middleton felt his heart skip a beat.

PINE-SCENTED, COOL, and invigorating air helped the straining bays pull the heavy stage over the summit of Pioneer Pass. Brakes were set, and the stage made a gradual descent to the mining camp of Pioneer.

The arrival of the stage caused the little camp to bustle with activity. A crowd gathered around and watched the officers as they released the Apache prisoners from their leg irons. Handcuffed in pairs, they were taken to the dining room. As the prisoners and their guards ate dinner, hostlers changed horses and greased the stage.

An old prospector who had seen every stage come and go for a number of years watched the procedure of handling the convicts. Sauntering up to Sheriff Reynolds, he asked in a cracked, high-pitched voice, "How the devil did ja catch them Apaches in one bunch, Sheriff? I re-



Courtesy Jess G. Hayes

Riverside Stage Station as it looked in 1945. The station later burned.

member some of 'em! Officers brought 'em right through here a while back, taking 'em to Casa Grande."

"We just rounded them up, Grandpa," explained Reynolds, as he smiled and looked at the old man. "Then the judge did the rest."

"Them redskins are still wild and mean," the prospector said. "Better be extry keerful with 'em. I heard thar was a bad Apache causin' a lot of hell with them lumbermen up in the Pinal Mountains."

"So they told me. I think he is Ma-si. We'll pick him up before long, I hope," said Reynolds, mounting his horse just as Middleton started to pull out with the prisoners.

Traveling up one hill, then down another, the passengers bounced and rocked as the weaving stage reeled off the miles, finally reaching the deep, irksome sands of Disappointment Valley, now called Dripping Springs Valley. At this point, the Indians seemed to relax. They became less sullen and began to talk to each other in their own language. The apparent easing of the tension in the stage was a relief to Deputy Holmes. The spruce old fellow was a poet of sorts and a born entertainer, and the sullen mood of his fellow-travelers in the stage had begun to tell on his nerves. Now that the Indians had, seemingly, decided to be a little friendly, Holmes relaxed and let loose with some of his rollicking "poems." Glancing into the stage periodically, Reynolds saw that the Apaches apparently were enjoying Hunkydory's performance.

Holmes was going through his repertoire happily as the stage started up an incline known as Chalk Hill, about two miles long. This was one of the steepest pulls and the horses were rested frequently. During these rest periods, Sheriff Reynolds demonstrated his marksmanship by drilling holes in prickly pear cactus with his .45. By mid-afternoon the party had reached the top of the hill. Storm clouds were gathering in the west. The sheriff put his six-shooter back in his belt holster and buttoned his overcoat. Riding alongside the stage driver, Reynolds shouted to Middleton, "It's getting colder and looks like a storm's coming. We'd better crowd the teams, Gene, and try to make Riverside before it opens up."

Middleton trotted the horses down the last seven-mile grade, endeavoring to reach the Gila River before the drizzling rain broke into a downpour. Finally, they arrived at the river's north bank, and Middleton and Reynolds made a survey to determine if it would be safe to cross the stream. During high water, stages did not attempt to ford the dangerous stream but waited for stages coming from the opposite direction. Passengers, mail, and cargo were conveyed across in a box running on a cable which was stretched across the channel high above the water. After the exchange was made, stages turned around and went back to their terminals. This procedure, although necessary at times, caused delay, inconvenience, and more work on the part of stage operators and passengers alike. Just a short time before, a passenger by the name of William Murphy had lost his life here. When the box was about halfway across Murphy got dizzy from looking at the swirling water and fell into the river. His body was recovered the next day about a mile downstream. The incident was fresh in everyone's mind and again there was an ominous silence in the stage.

Middleton concluded it would be just as safe to take a chance on crossing the stream in one group as it would be to transfer the prisoners across one at a time. Furthermore, Middleton's distrust of the Indians was profound; and Reynolds' confidence did not displace his fear that the three white men were no match for the renegades, despite handcuffs and shackles. He chose to risk the river hazard.

At the crack of the whip the horses plunged into the Gila, dragging the heavy-laden stage behind. The water was belly deep on the saddle horses, so the sheriff and the Mexican convict held their feet high. "Better hold your feet up too, Hunkydory!" Reynolds shouted to Holmes. "The water is running through the stage!"

By the time the travelers crossed the river, without incident, the heavens had opened up, raining harder and harder. The Apaches sat huddled in the stage, cold, miserable, and too moody to talk. The horses needed no urging as they neared the end of their run, sloshing along over the muddy road.

LIGHTS WERE springing up in the station when they rounded the last slight bend in the road. Riverside, a station stop situated on the Gila River some forty miles south of Globe, was established to serve traffic. A hostelry with a good well of cool, fresh water offered accommodations to travelers who ventured into this rough and isolated section of the Arizona desert. Its post

(Continued on page 34)

NUGGETS

THE OLD ROCK FENCE

By C. W. Wimberley

THE craft belonged to the old-timers. Built without the use of mortar, the old rock fence was held together by the thrust of the weight of each well-placed rock in its structure. Although there were many miles of such fences built on old surveys around Wimberley, Texas, Gay Harris is the only person I know of who could build one from scratch or, for that matter, do a commendable job of repairing one of them. His old daddy taught Gay the craft while there remained a considerable open range north and west of Wimberley.

Back some years ago, W. T. Rogers expressed his sentiments on the matter. He and his son Orlen had finished repairing an old rock fence which skirts the lower slope of Point's Peak and were looking at the results of their labors when the elder Rogers spoke: "We have lost something here. It will never be the same. The blamed goats have torn this old fence down and we can't rightly put it back together again."

Today this old fence is all that remains of John Nimrod Scott's labors in taming the raw land he had come to settle during the 1850s. His orchards and fields are cow pasture now. The dug well is dry and filled with rubble. The cedar cribs and log barns have long since been reduced to fence post or kindling wood. Taking a host of pioneer treasure with it, fire destroyed the house—a home where tired circuit-riding preachers came, welcome to spend a day or week or months before journeying on; the place where cattle buyers came to leave their money belts of gold and saddle bags of silver lying on the porch while they traded in the hills to make up their trail herds of longhorns; and the doorway where at night during the Civil War Old John stood, shotgun in hand, to defy renegades who tried to lure him into the darkness where he could be murdered as they had some of his more docile neighbors. All are gone. Yet, after these hundred years, sections of his old fence stand without change except in the aging color of the rocks and in low places having caught eroded soil to its height.

Horse high, full strong and pig tight, the rock fence met all requirements in protecting the pioneer's crop land from livestock. And where patience and perseverance prevailed, miles of these fences crossed hills and valleys to enclose range for grazing. This was the first truly successful fence to appear on our frontier in these hills.

A section of an old rock fence built by pioneers in Wimberley, Texas.

Courtesy Raymond Czichos

Down on Texas' coastal prairies, the McCarty rose has turned acres of lowlands into thorny jungles to mark the only lasting results of the missionary padres' early efforts to grow hedgerows of this plant introduced from Formosa. The Bois D'Arc you have observed growing in motts along old fence rows on the blackland prairies or out on the plains are the only remains of early Anglo pioneers' efforts to divide the open range with hedges grown of this timber. In its many forms, the rail and picket fences well served the purposes of Eastern farmers and stockmen who raised their livestock by the inherent English methods of herdsmen. But in Texas, the cradle of American ranching methods, these fences found limited use on the western range. Here these types of fences did yeoman services in enclosing cultivated lands and were developed into sturdy corrals for handling range cattle.

BARBED WIRE brought an end to the era of construction of the old rock fence, and the introduction of Angora goats to the area made those standing obsolete. By playing atop them, goats have ruined more rock fences here than all the latter-day rock masons have destroyed in their search for suitable building stones to be used in modern structures. Tons of rock that the old-timers laboriously carted by oxen to fence sites have since been trucked to distant points in Texas, as can be attested by John E. Harris, the Oldhams, Bill Smith, the Hughes tribe from Great-uncle Emory to Cousin Curlo, and too many local masons to mention.

Many boyhood memories center about these old fences: of twisting cottontails out of the fence where Tip and Chum had treed them; of robbing bumblebee nests of their goblet-shaped cones of honey; of killing a big rattler in a fence without the use of a gun at a time when most people felt duty-bound to kill every rattlesnake they found; and of Mell Greene's not exactly face-to-face encounter with a civet cat as he tried to see what his dog had found in a fence on the Old Summie Allen place—his bawling: "I'm goin' blind!" and giving away his gun and other things useless to the blind while he was being led to the creek where he promptly forget the whole transaction as soon as the musk had been washed from his eyes.

Defamed as snake harbors, packrat nests and polecat dens, the old rock fence remains a neglected landmark lost in the hills.—Extracted from *The Wimberley Hills: A Pioneer Heritage*, by C. W. Wimberley, Published by Von Boeckmann-Jones, Austin.

THE TROOPER'S VALENTINE

By George E. Stewart

IN A SMALL cove, in a barren waste, is the Valentine of the Trooper. It is not known for sure how it came to be there, but it is easy to guess. According to the date the valentine was made seventy-nine years ago by some "Boy in Blue."

The Meeker massacre had occurred some years before, but twice since then skirmishes had taken place along White River between the settler and the Utes. There was fright and nervousness whenever Indian bands went out on their hunts. Finally it was ordered that the Utes must be kept on their reservation in Uintah Basin and away from their old hunting grounds in Colorado. This, it was concluded, was the only way further trouble could be prevented between stockmen and Indians.

Fort Duchesne, in eastern Utah, was only four years old when a troop of cavalry rode out one day to keep watch on the Ute bands leaving the reservation along the age-old trails to the east. The troop's mission was to turn all hunting parties back before they reached the domain of white cattlemen. The cavalry crossed Green River at Ouray and proceeded up White River, following the trail. The outfit arrived in the proper area and selected a place in the wild country sheltered on all sides from prying eyes and searching bullets.

On the southern side of the campsite, a high, clay butte rises from the plain. Stationed on the top of the butte, a man with field glasses can see for miles in every direction. No movement by horsemen, up or down the river, can go undetected from watchful eyes on the high hill. This was the place selected by the soldiers for their guard duty, that day long ago.

It is presumed that a constant watch was kept by the troopers from the crest of the hill. Two men at a time kept the weary vigil—two hours on and four hours off. They probably were there for many days.

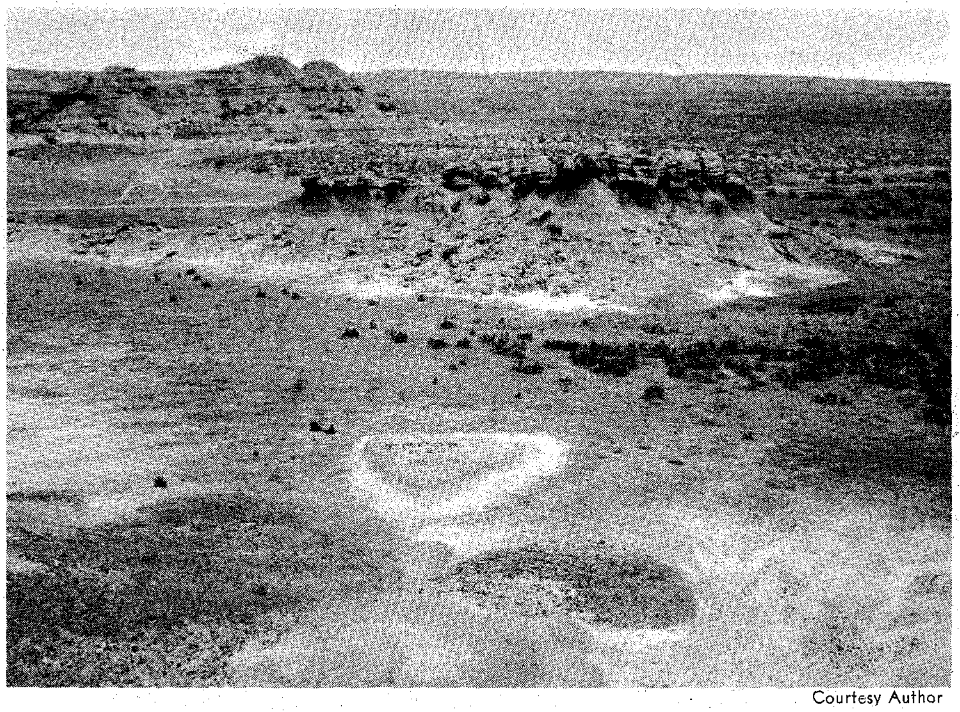
Among the men who spent time on the hill was one with a seeing eye and an artistic heart. As he looked down from his eyrie, he noticed a peculiar, natural feature of the terrain. It was a small elevation which water and wind had eroded into the shape of a valentine. Not only was the elevation heart-shaped, but around its edge was a white border like paper lace.

When the off hours grew long and monotonous, the soldier gathered small black stones and with these he made an inscription inside. It reads:

TROOP
U. S. C.
1890

Few people have ever seen the valentine. It is possible to walk by the inscription without noticing the arrangement of the rocks. You must look from above to see the message the soldier left and the best place to view it is from the top of the butte.

Who the trooper was who carefully set these small stones in place may never be known. But whatever else he gave to posterity, it is certain he left us a message from the heart on the desert floor.



Courtesy Author

The soldier's valentine photographed from halfway up the butte.

NORTH DAKOTA TRAGIC PRAIRIE FIRE

By G. W. Patterson

THE NORTHERN STATES, including North Dakota, are noted for the cold winters that each year take a toll of lives. In the late summer and fall this state has great areas that are open to the ravishing appetite of rip-roaring prairie fire, another instrument of death.

One does not class the fire of 1914 with the great fire of Hinckley, Minnesota, which in September 1894 left 413 people dead, but the seven lives lost in the Billings County fire near Belfield, North Dakota was enough to stun that community.

Normally, homesteaders protected their places as best they could by plowing firebreaks around their claim shacks and feed supplies. By plowing fresh furrows and starting backfires, the on-coming flames could often be diverted.

It was on November 6, 1914 that the Melvin Greenwood threshing crew was finishing up work at the John Adamson farm in what was called Rocky Ridge Township. It was a very windy day for threshers to be working, but the season was late and the run had to be completed before winter. The crew finished at the Adamson place about noon. After dinner they started moving the rig to the next farm, which was Carl Hupke's. As the steam engine was pulling the threshing machine across a small draw, a spark from the smokestack ignited some dead grass.

The crew fought this fire and had it almost whipped when it started up again from glowing embers. Fanned by high wind, this blaze grew into a large fire which the threshers could not stop. About a mile down this same draw was the Rocky Ridge School, then called the Davis School. The children and the teacher watched huge clouds of smoke which appeared to be coming toward them. The size of the fire was increasing each passing minute. It was time to start afternoon classes and Miss Gladys Hollister, the teacher, rang the bell. It was soon evident, however, that the children were more interested in the smoke than in classwork, and Miss Hollister gave them permission to go to the window and watch.

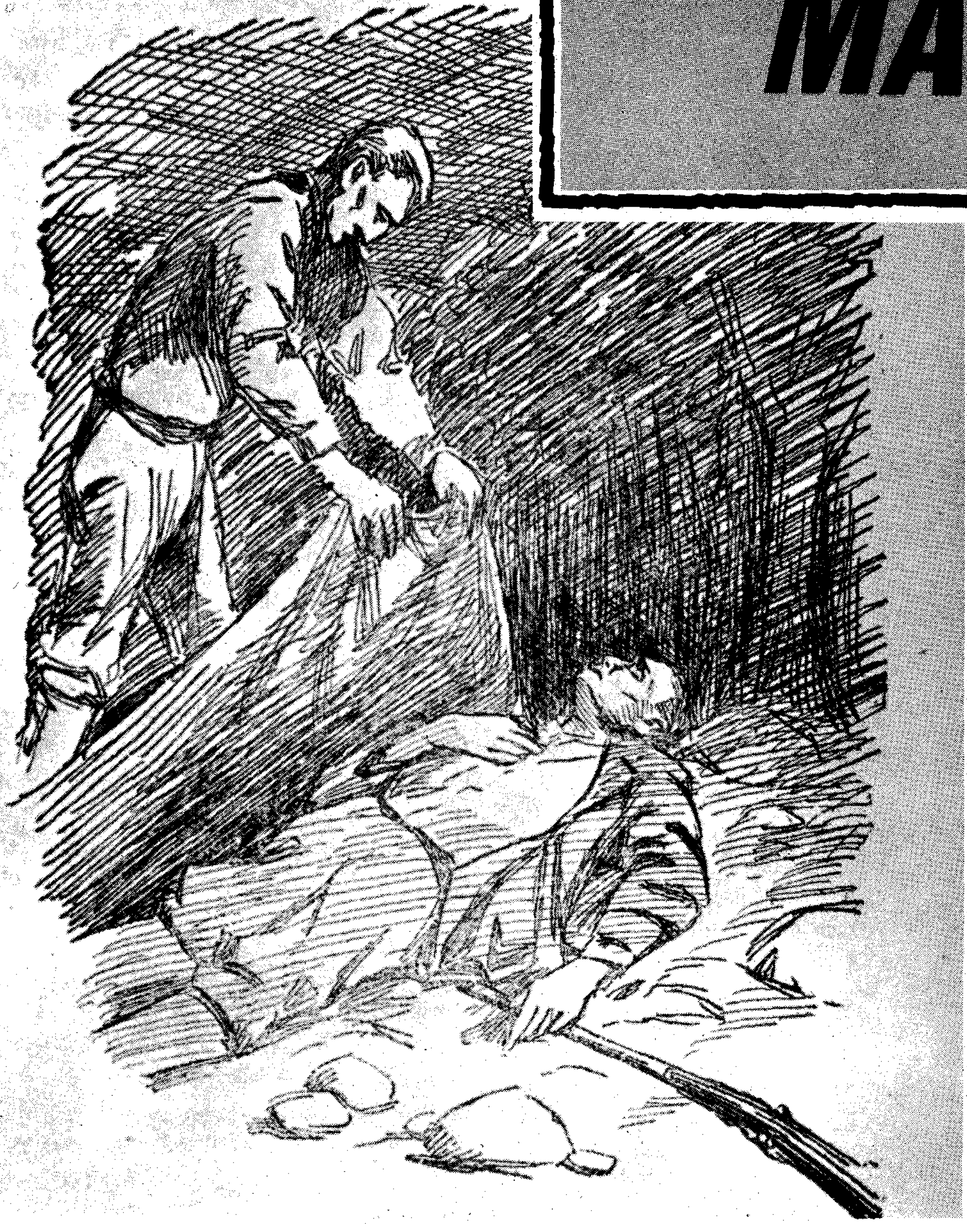
By this time it was growing dark about the schoolhouse. Smoke was beginning to penetrate the room and the fire became visible as it came over the hill. Someone yelled, "Prairie fire! Let's get out of here and hit for the fall plowing!" Several of the pupils knew of this recently plowed field which lay to the east of the school. No doubt at that moment it would have taken more power than Miss Hollister could have mustered to keep thirteen pupils in a schoolroom filling with smoke but it was tragic that she didn't insist. The children grabbed their coats and other belongings and ran out the door.

(Continued on page 48)

MASSACRE

By RUEL McDANIEL

Photos Courtesy Guido E. Ransleben, Sr.

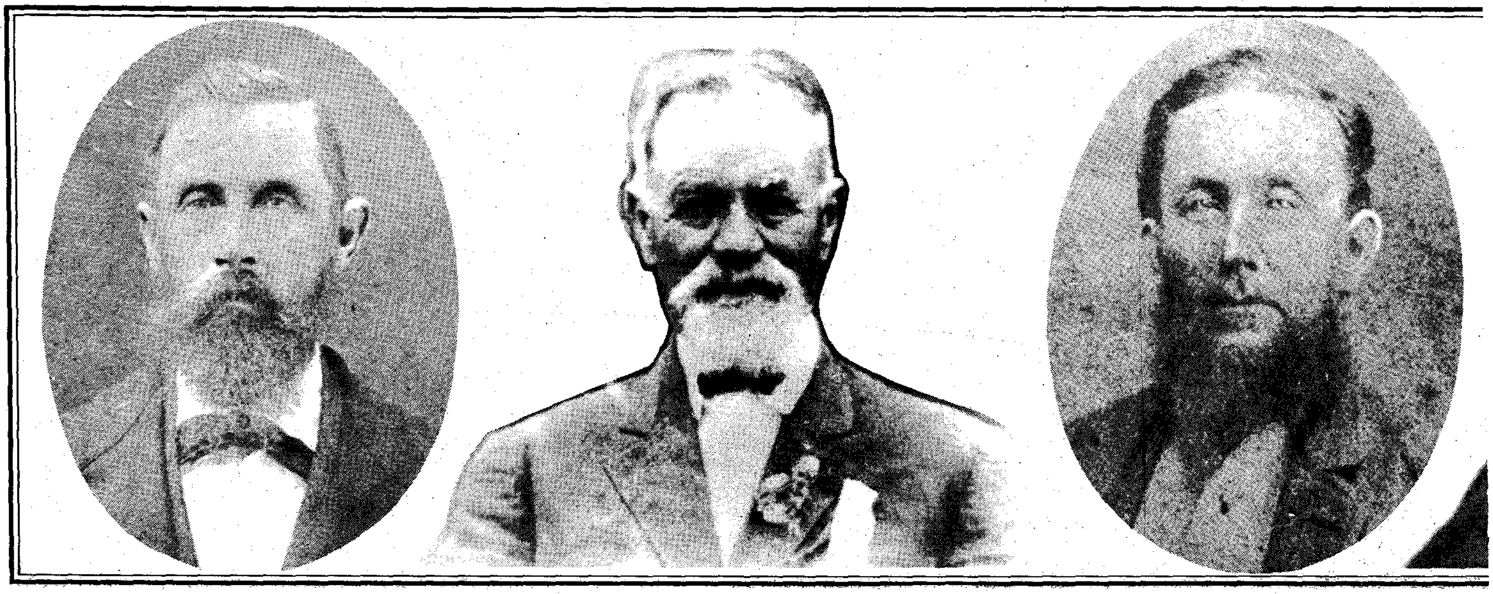


At left, Sansom covers a victim of the battle with a blanket. The old sketch was drawn by an unidentified artist from Sansom's description.

AT THREE o'clock on the morning of August 10, 1862, Captain John W. Sansom, late of the Texas Rangers, stirred fitfully on his pallet under the branches of a large cedar on the west bank of the Nueces River in western Texas. Then he bolted upright, listening to the night sounds.

A horse snorted in the near clearing; an owl hooted down by the river. In the mellow light of a full moon, he saw other men sleeping, their collars open, their sleeves rolled up to ease the August heat. Sansom rose to his feet, pounded his boots against the limestone earth to restore circulation, then moved toward the sentry post about sixty yards west—toward the Rio Grande and Mexico.

Strange and tragic circumstances had brought Captain Sansom and the sixty-one other men in the party to the far bank of the Nueces, on their trek to Mexico. When Texas voted to withdraw



BY WHITE MEN

It was called the "Tragedy of the Nueces." But it was more than that— it was senseless murder...

from the Union and join the Confederacy in February 1861, many Texans were against the Ordinance of Secession, and among them was Captain John Sansom, a native of Alabama who had moved to Texas with his family in 1838 when he was four years old. He grew up looking upon General Sam Houston as one of the world's great men and he was influenced greatly in his thinking by General Houston's views and utterances.

Sam Houston fought futilely to prevent Texas' secession. But even though he was a beloved hero and governor of Texas when the vote on secession was called, his voice went unheeded by the majority. John Sansom had heeded it, however, had journeyed to Austin and personally offered his services to the governor in whatever capacity he might be needed. Houston gave him a fine-tooled Colt's revolver and instructed him to keep the gun until he called for it.

Below, left to right: Some of the survivors of the massacre who lived out their lives in the vicinity of Comfort, Texas: Carl Vetterlein, Henry Schwethelm, Charles Telgmann, and Richard Doebbler.

Other Texans opposed secession for different reasons. In four or five Southwest Texas counties hundreds of German emigrants had settled. During the decade between 1845 and 1855 Fredericksburg, New Braunfels, Boerne and Comfort were German towns; some stopped in San Antonio. All came to Texas for one basic purpose: To find greater opportunity. They had found both under the protection of the United States and Texas. They were not slaveholders and their vehement belief in freedom of the individual forbade their acquiring slaves. Hence most, but not all, Germans were fiercely loyal to the Union. Among those who favored going along with Texas was Captain Charles Nimitz, grandfather of the famed World War II Admiral Chester Nimitz. He organized a company and offered its services to the Confederacy.

WHEN THE Confederates' conscript law went into effect, those who opposed joining the Confederacy knew a crisis was in the making. They could not conscientiously swear allegiance to the Confederacy and yet it became increasingly obvious that neutrals would not be tolerated. The majority of Germans had no desire to fight either for the Confederacy or against their neighbors who were loyal to the Union. They wanted to go on with their task of building homes and cultivating the land.

Some of the younger men left Texas and joined the Union forces; some joined up with the South. This soon left the sparsely-settled country unguarded and at the mercy of Indians. Hence, those who were opposed to joining either side met, by invitation of Major Fritz Tegener, and organized the Union Loyal League. The avowed purpose of the league was to defend the frontier against Indians and to maintain internal order, but each member also took an oath that he would not bear arms against the United States. They hoped that the Confederacy would allow them to band together for mutual protection and not force the issue of conscription.

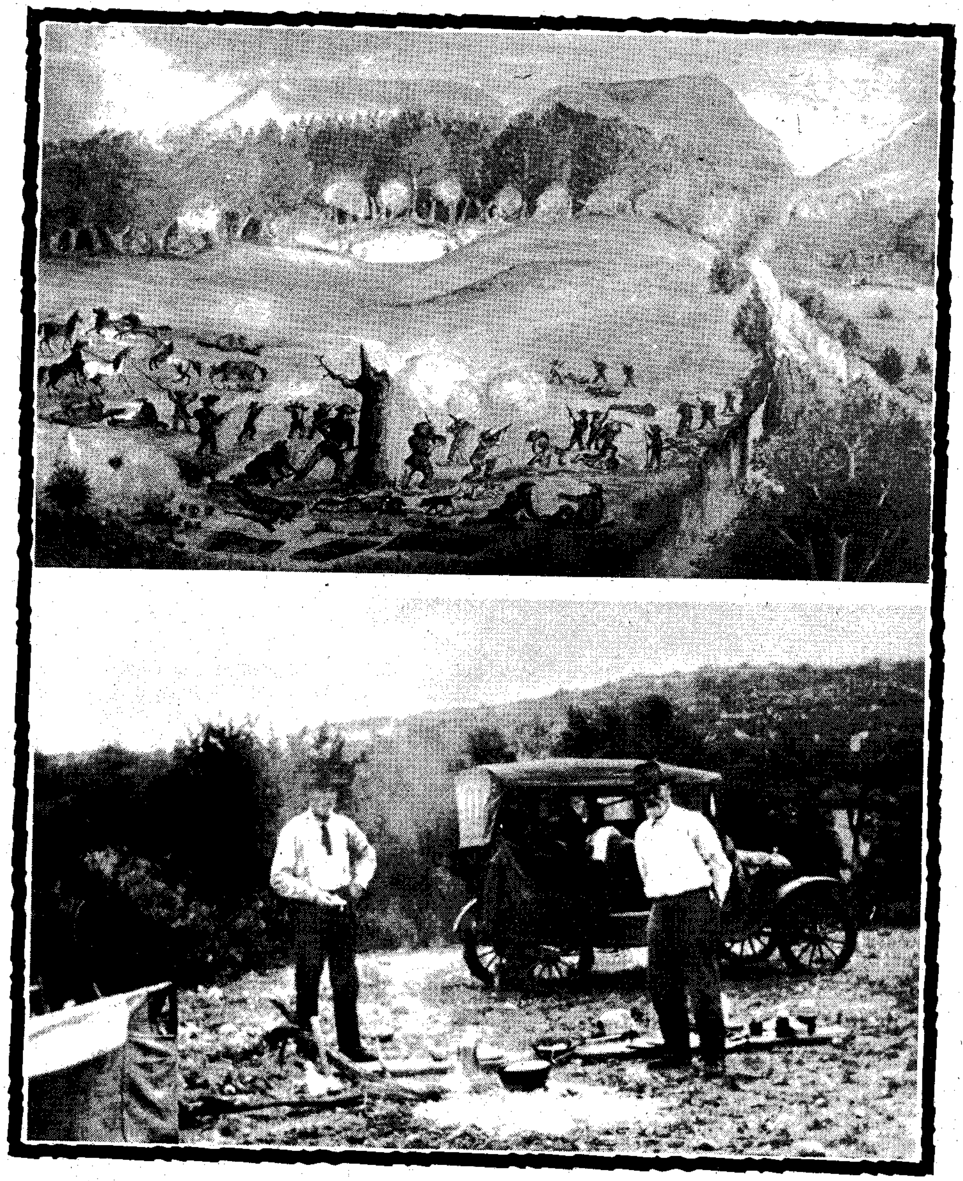
The three companies organized by the Union Loyal League came to the attention of Confederate General Hamilton Bee, stationed at San Antonio, who understandably took a dim view of the situation. He declared Gillespie, Kendall and Kerr Counties in rebellion and ordered the immediate disbandment of the Union Loyal League. At the same time he ordered Colonel James E. Duff with two companies of rangers in the service of the Confederacy, to put down the alleged rebellion. The colonel found no rebellion, of course, and as soon as the Leaguers learned of the order to disband, they held a final meeting and did so.

However, this did not deter Colonel Duff. With a zeal seemingly inspired more by personal glory and gain than loyalty to the Confederacy, he moved into the German settlements and instigated a systematic campaign of terror against those who had not sworn allegiance to the South. With an arrogance born of sudden authority, he burned lonely farm and ranch homes and whole isolated communities. He took livestock and any other property of value and turned it into cash which lined his own pockets. Anyone who resisted was murdered.

When the State Military Board at Austin issued a proclamation directing that all citizens either take the oath of allegiance to the South or leave the state within thirty days, Major Tegener sent word to several former leaders of the disbanded Union Loyal League to meet with him on Turkey Creek near Kerrville for the purpose of organizing a retreat into Mexico. Edward Tegener, one of the leaders in the League, who was a neighbor of Captain John Sansom, rode over and told him of the meeting and invited him to be present if he wished.

Captain Sansom already had determined that he must leave Texas or fight against the United States, the latter course so abhorrent that he did not once even consider it, but had planned to evade the Confederates and ride into Mexico alone by a different route. So he met with the group at Turkey Creek on July 31. Present were eighty men,

Above, Captain John W. Sansom, Texas Ranger, Civil War veteran, and well-known stockman. Below is a photo of a painting of the battle of the Nueces which hangs in the Comfort museum and is the work of C. H. Clauss. It was painted in 1888 from descriptions Clauss received from survivors. He presented the painting to Peter Ingenhuett, some say in payment for his saloon bill. At the bottom is a 1923 photo of survivors Captain Henry Schwethelm and Richard Doebbler who were revisiting the battleground in a model-T.



all German-born except five native Americans and one native of Mexico. Major Tegener outlined his plan, and at noon on the following day sixty-one of those present set out for the Rio Grande with Major Tegener in charge.

ALTHOUGH THERE still remained about two weeks of the thirty days allowed those who refused to join the South to get out of the state, rumors were rampant that Colonel Duff and his soldiers were on the prowl in search of the group which had chosen to leave. Captain Sansom and Major Tegener were puzzled as to how Duff knew of the meeting and the plan to ride into Mexico, until ultimately they learned—too late—that one of their members named Burgeman was a spy for the Confederacy.

"We made no particular secrecy of our plans," reported Captain Sansom. "It is true we were armed, but that was for protection against Indians and to hunt game. We assumed that the thirty-day period allowed us to leave the state or swear allegiance to the Confederacy would be honored by Colonel Duff, in spite of his harsh treatment of German settlers. So we left early on the morning of August 1, and traveled leisurely toward the Rio Grande."

Major Tegener posted a skeleton guard each night, mainly to watch the horses. Early on the morning of August 9, the party reached the Nueces River, crossed the shallow brackish stream and pitched camp about 150 yards beyond the west bank. "We'd better rest up here today," the major decided. "The horses need rest and the grass is good. There's plenty of shade. We'll push on to the Rio Grande tomorrow. It's nearly forty miles. A hard day's ride."

Just before dark a hunting party returned with game and a report of seeing two strange riders in the brush south of camp. A few minutes later, two other members of the hunting expedition rode in and listened to the report of the strange riders. They laughed heartily. "Them riders was us!" one said.

Captain Sansom called Major Tegener aside. "Are you convinced that the hunters didn't see any strangers?"

"Of course I'm sure," answered the major. "Why?"

"Well, if there were any strangers, it could mean trouble. Duff could be on our trail."

After dark the major talked over the possibility of their being pursued, and of the advisability of resuming the trip that night rather than waiting until morning. The consensus was that no danger existed, that horses and men needed rest, and that the party should remain and follow its original plan.

But Captain Sansom was still not fully convinced that they were not being pursued, and when he lay upon his pallet under the stars, he slept fitfully. Finally he was unable to sleep at all and decided to relieve Ludwig Bauer, one of the two guards.

"Ludwig," he called, "it's Sansom. I can't sleep, so I'll relieve you."

A burst of gunfire poured from a clump of nearby cedar, and Bauer went down, gasping. Captain Sansom sprawled to the ground. Crawling the few feet to the fallen sentry, he saw that the man was dead. He saw also that a bullet had torn through his own shirt and had creased his stomach. The captain rose to a crouch and dived toward a mesquite thicket. Gunfire roared and a bullet pinged off his gun-butt and creased a finger.

This fusillade in the early hours of August 10, 1862 marked the beginning of the massacre on the Nueces. It was an event that shamed the Confederacy; an event that Texas tried to forget.

Captain Sansom returned the fire. Flattening himself upon the ground, he saw about sixty Confederates spring from the low brush and sprint across an opening toward a cedar brake some sixty yards from where the guard had been killed. The shot which downed Guard Bauer had aroused the camp of the Unionists. They grabbed up guns as they sprang from their blankets, and began firing at the men swarming across the open area. The other guard, Ernest Bosler, caught between the two firing groups, fell and whether a Confederate or a Union bullet killed him was never determined.

Captain Sansom slithered along the ground toward his men while the attackers rushed toward the abandoned camp. The Unionists, partially concealed by thin bushes and the shadows of approaching dawn, repulsed the first onslaught. Major Tegener immediately ordered a counterattack. As the Unionists poured out of the shadows the Confederates drew back, but they fired as they withdrew and Major Tegener fell with three wounds. Two other members of the party also stopped lead.

The Confederates withdrew to the comparative safety of the cedar thicket and the Unionists drew back to their own original positions. Only a few random shots were fired during the next hour.

Courtesy William Swanson, Sr.

Wagontrains from Fredericksburg on High Street in Comfort, Texas, 1893.

CAPTAIN SANSOM, who had been pinned down between the two lines of fire, realized that his position was extremely precarious. If he tried to approach his own party, he would be fired upon before he could identify himself, and certainly the Confederates would cut him down if they spotted him between the lines. He decided to take advantage of his position to reconnoiter.

Skirting the cedar thicket where he presumed the Confederates were waiting, he made an estimate of their position and strength, then made a silent circle and headed for the German camp.

Sansom crept into a small grove of cedars about sixty yards from his own camp and was about to stand and hasten his pace when he saw a squad of Confederates almost within touching distance. He stood motionless and silent for a moment and accustomed himself to the darkness of the thicket.

The men wore handkerchiefs around their heads instead of hats. Silently Captain Sansom eased his own hat to the ground, tied his handkerchief around his head, straightened up and started backing away. He glanced over his shoulder and saw some of the men looking toward him, but the captain subdued his impulse to run. He moved on until he saw a clump of brush, then eased down and crawled into it. There he checked his bearings, located what he believed to be the position of his friends and slithered noiselessly to within hailing distance of the Unionists. After identifying himself, Sansom walked into camp.

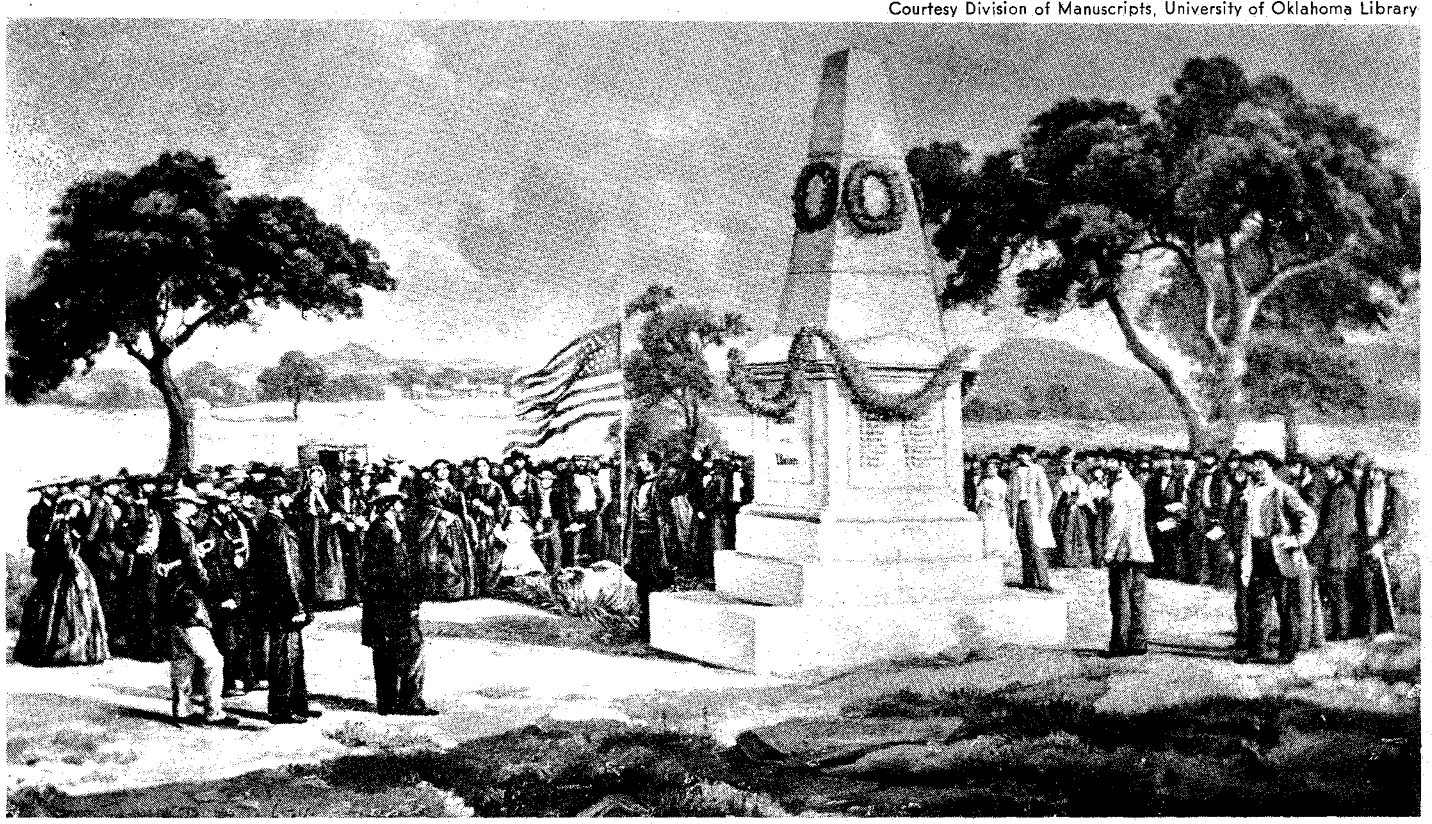
"They have at least a hundred men," the captain reported, "and they're well armed. The logical thing for us to do is to withdraw at once. Their position is far superior to ours. They can remain concealed and pick us off, one by one. We should retreat to a better position. Or better still, we may be able to grab enough horses to carry us on to the Rio Grande."

The Unionists were poorly armed, having only muzzle-loading shotguns and small hunting rifles. Two or three of them had no guns at all. They had not set out on this journey with any intent to fight a battle with Confederates. Yet

(Continued on page 52)

Unveiling of the monument at Comfort, August 10, 1866, to the victims killed by Duff's Confederates.

Courtesy Division of Manuscripts, University of Oklahoma Library



Apache Vengeance

(Continued from page 27)

office served ranchers living along the Gila and San Pedro Rivers, two streams making their confluence some fifteen miles above the station. Just as Middleton's stage stopped at the station, the Globe-bound stage from Tucson also pulled in for the night layover.

"Howdy, Gene," greeted S. C. (Shorty) Sayler, driver of the Tucson stage. "This sure is a night for Satan and his imps!"

"Hi, Shorty," responded Middleton, wrapping his reins around the brake lever. "Can't speak for Satan, but we got his imps with us in this load of Apache convicts!"

"You have!" Sayler shouted in surprise. "Well, redskins enjoy a night like this, and I'm not unloading my passengers until I know it's safe." At this point, Sheriff Reynolds rode up to Sayler's stage, assuring him that the prisoners wouldn't molest anybody.

While hostlers took care of the saddle and work horses, the prisoners were unloaded and taken into a large room for the night. Built of adobe, the room contained a long table, wooden benches, chairs, and a pot-bellied stove. This was the dining and waiting room. On this particular night, after passengers had been served their meals, it would be used as a sort of jail. The woodbox was piled high with mesquite, and a couple of lanterns hanging from the ceiling threw out their dim light.

Served by the management in this room, the tired convicts, officers, and stage driver feasted on Irish stew, rice pudding, bread, and coffee. After supper, Sheriff Reynolds made plans for the night watch. A couple of cots were set up so the officers could alternate in getting a little sleep. Middleton was to sleep in one and be close by in case he was needed. The Apaches sat at the table placed cornerwise with their backs to the walls facing their guards. They were securely fastened in irons, so any sleep they got would have to be in a sitting position. Avott was allowed the privilege of sitting in a chair without being handcuffed. Sheriff Reynolds had explained that on tomorrow's trip the saddle horses would be left at Riverside and all twelve of the party would continue in the stage.

"If you catch that four o'clock afternoon at Casa Grande for Yuma, we should leave here not later than five o'clock in the morning," Middleton told Reynolds. "Up the road a spell, there's a steep grade, heavy with sand. My four horses can hardly pull an empty stage over it, so your passengers will have to walk up it to lighten the load."

"I remember the hill," the sheriff said. "Last spring when I brought some prisoners over this way, we all had to get out and push. I believe the sand was a foot deep. None of the wagons can make it without some help."

"You won't have to push—just walk. That's the reason I've got my four best horses on this run. Once we hit the flat desert country, my blacks will make good time," Middleton concluded.

The Indians jabbered in Apache, but neither Middleton nor the officers understood them. The prisoners had one advantage over their escorts, inasmuch as they could piecemeal their guards' conversations and knew what the next move would be.

Middleton didn't rest much. He was up and down all night long watching closely the eight Apaches in the same room with him. He would breathe easier when he knew these redskins were behind bars at Yuma.

The rain had stopped, the temperature gradually dropped to near freezing, and the valley at Riverside remained pitch dark. The hours passed slowly for Sheriff Reynolds during the first-trick watch. The apprehension, trial, and conveyance of these convicts had been a physical and mental strain. All day he had maintained his composure without effort but during the dismal hours on guard over the dark, hunched figures he could not but have felt some apprehension. Apache Kid and Hos-cal-te seemed never to take their eyes off him even when it meant shifting their uncomfortable positions to follow his pacing about the big room. It is not unlikely that he remembered his wife's whispered "May God be with you" as he left his home in the early dawn of that day.

Holmes was to relieve him at two o'clock and Reynolds paused beside the turned-down lamp to look at his watch. Apache Kid's voice came out of a shadowed corner, "Givem watch—me keep time."

"Never give up, do you, Kid?" replied Reynolds as he replaced the coveted watch in his pocket.

The voices aroused Holmes and Middleton, who were up in a flash. They suggested guarding the rest of the night together and persuaded the sheriff to lie down. Reynolds was in deep slumber when Middleton shook him by the shoulders. "Wake up, Glenn," he said. "It's four o'clock and time for breakfast."

After the meal, Middleton went to see about the stage and Reynolds conferred with Holmes about seating arrangements. Apache Kid and Hos-cal-te would be shackled, handcuffed, and placed in the front seat and not permitted to get out and walk when the party reached the grade. Reynolds took no chances on these young, notoriously cunning convicts. The other six Apaches, being older men, would be handcuffed in pairs, leaving each person one free hand.

Middleton yelled into the waiting room that he was ready. The horses were fractious and the hostlers were having trouble holding them. Middleton was in the driver's seat and repeatedly called each horse by name in an effort to quiet them. Whether the cool, crisp morning, the smell of the Apaches, or the sense of danger caused the horses to act this way is not known. Nevertheless, at a later date, Middleton wrote to Mrs. Reynolds describing this trip and said, "I never saw horses act in such an unaccountable way."

"It's too dark to sit next to those fellows," Sheriff Reynolds whispered to Holmes; but in a louder tone he said, "You ride in the rear boot, and I'll climb up in the seat beside Gene. When we get on top of the hill, we'll rearrange the load."

Holding his watch near the lantern held by the innkeeper, Reynolds checked the time. It was five o'clock on the morning of November 2, 1889, when he took his position alongside the driver.

MIDDLETON gave slack to the reins and the horses were off like a flash. Following the winding road, they raced across the country along the river's bank. Using all the tricks of his teamster career, Middleton guided the runaway team while the stagecoach swayed and bounced. Reynolds held the butt of his shotgun between his legs, and clenched the barrels with his right hand. He held tightly to the seat rail with his left hand. Holmes, riding in the rear boot, held firmly to his hat and guns. They dodged scratching catclaw and mesquite branches as best they could.

Inside the coach the Apache prisoners braced themselves and whooped it up. The ex-scouts believed that they had been punished enough by having served a term in the Ohio State prison for wounding Al Sieber. To think they were being sent to another prison for the same offense was something they did not and never would understand. The fact that they were originally tried in a court which lacked jurisdiction meant nothing to them. They were not responsible for the bobble made in the court which had illegally convicted them. It would not have occurred to them that Sheriff Reynolds was equally innocent of responsibility in that fiasco. That he was merely an officer of the law who carried out the edicts of the court after they had been tried, convicted, and sentenced would have carried no weight in his favor even had they been aware of it.

Undoubtedly, they had been formulating plans of escape if and when the opportunity presented itself. They had learned that Reynolds carried the keys to their bonds, and they knew just how many guns their guards carried. They also discovered that Holmes was not too active in his movements. They knew that Middleton would have his hands full with the stage when they arrived at the sandy grade where some would have to get out and walk. The ex-scouts had walked over this spot before, when federal officers had them in custody, but on that trip they were too heavily guarded to attempt a break. This time it might be different. Once they were out of the stagecoach into open space, their chances of escape had possibilities. They had declared previously that they would rather die as Nah-deiz-az would than be doomed to die of consumption in the Yuma prison. They were desperate, more so than Sheriff Reynolds realized, and the terrifying ride did nothing to lessen their anxiety. At last Middleton gained control of the horses and they slowed down to a trot and then a walk. The travelers relaxed and sat back in their seats.

The yellow wheels rolled off the final yards, and the bottom of the sandy grade came into view. The horses voluntarily made their customary stop. "Pretty smart horses, Gene," exclaimed Reynolds.

"Sure they're smart, Glenn. They

know it's time to lighten the load," the driver spoke. "But I don't understand why they were so disturbed when we started this morning."

"Guess they smelled the Apaches and were afraid of 'em," spoke Deputy Holmes from the rear of the stage.

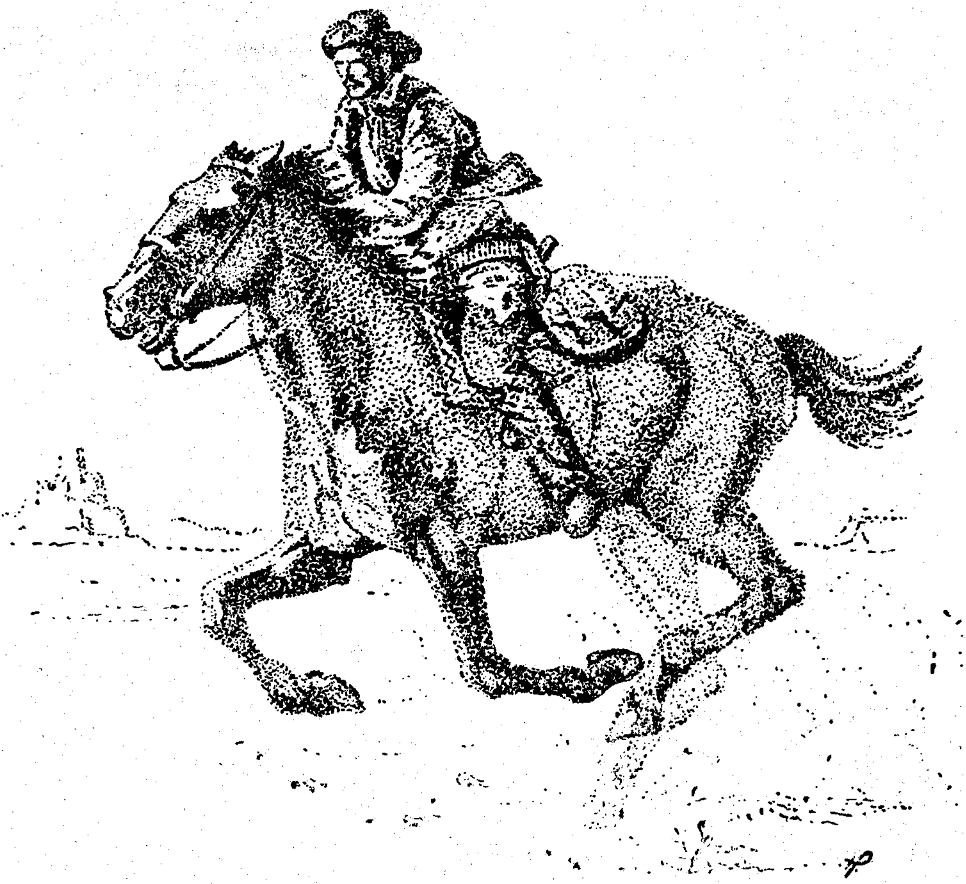
"Maybe you're right, Hunkydory," replied Reynolds, as the two officers climbed down, preparatory to unloading the stage.

"Come on, Avott, you and the rest get out," Sheriff Reynolds ordered in a level, cold voice, "except that Apache Kid and Hos-cal-te are staying in the stage."

"Are you sure these two Indians can't get out?" Middleton asked Reynolds. "It's nearly a half-mile to the top of the hill."

"Those fellows are handcuffed and are in shackles. They couldn't break loose from those irons in years unless they got the keys, and I have them," Reynolds assured him. "Pull ahead, Gene—all is well."

As the cold light of dawn broke over the Arizona desert wilds, Middleton looked back and shouted, "Watch yourselves, boys. An Apache is an Apache, so be careful! They strike hard at dawn. I'll wait for you on top of the hill." He gave slack to the reins but not before his hand dropped to his gun belt to assure himself that his own gun was in working order, obviously intending to use it if the convicts made a false move.



Sayler races to Globe with the news of the murder of Reynolds and Holmes.

THOSE ON FOOT began the ascent behind the stage, which was soon out of sight as it rounded a bend. Jesus Avott led the group, looking neither to the right nor left, but carefully picking his way along the rut made by the stage wheels. Sheriff Reynolds walked with sure, slow steps behind the Mexican. He allowed what he considered a safe distance to intervene between him and the six Apache convicts who walked behind him. Cautiously, he carried his shotgun, his fingers on the gun's triggers. The piercing cold caused him to button his heavy overcoat tightly around him, and his Colt .45 was in its holster strapped around his waist under his coat.

A little to one side and to the rear of Sheriff Reynolds came El-cahn and Say-es. Their dark, glowing eyes craftily pierced the early morning light. Directly behind them trudged Has-ten-tu-du-jay and Bi-the-ja-be-tish-to-ce-an, murderers sentenced to life terms, who progressed with bowed heads and mumbled in Apache. Pash-ten-tah and Hale brought up the rear of the prisoners' line of march immediately in front of Holmes.

Holmes walked slower than usual, probably weighted down by his heavy overcoat and guns. The march progressed, but the Apaches stealthily diminished the space separating them from the sheriff and the deputy. El-cahn and Say-es were almost touching Reynolds. The sheriff was guilty of doing a thing that he always warned others not to do; that is, "Never let criminals get behind you."

Suddenly there was a blood-curdling Apache yell and Pash-ten-tah and Hale turned upon Holmes with tiger-like speed. At the same instant, Sheriff Reynolds, apparently realizing the convicts were too close to him, whirled around and was met by the impact of two solid bodies. In one fluid movement El-cahn and Say-es grabbed his arms with free hands, in a close-up frontal attack.

Back at the rear, Pash-ten-tah and Hale kicked and slugged Holmes until he dropped to the ground. When he landed they literally mashed his head with vicious stomping. Pash-ten-tah seized his rifle and crushing, pounding, then holding the weapon in one hand, sent a bullet through the battered head. The last earthly track of Hunkydory Holmes, Arizona pioneer and trail-blazer, was made by his life's blood on the cold sand of the desert.

In the meantime, Avott, frozen with horror and terror, watched Holmes die and saw Reynolds struggling in the grip of his assailants. His impulse was to attempt to help Reynolds but the move might be misinterpreted and Reynolds might shoot him as an accomplice. In any case he was terrified of the frenzied Apaches. The only alternative was to get up the grade as fast as possible and warn Middleton. He began to run.

Reynolds continued his desperate struggle. He held firmly to his shotgun with his left hand but the closeness of his attackers made it impossible to bring this gun into play. Blind with rage he fought hard to draw his six-shooter from under his buttoned overcoat. With a quick kick the sheriff sent El-cahn to his knees. A second kick landed on the shins of Say-es, who let out an Apache oath, but they did not loosen their grip on Reynolds. They wrapped themselves around him and held on tenaciously until Pash-ten-tah and Hale rushed to their aid.

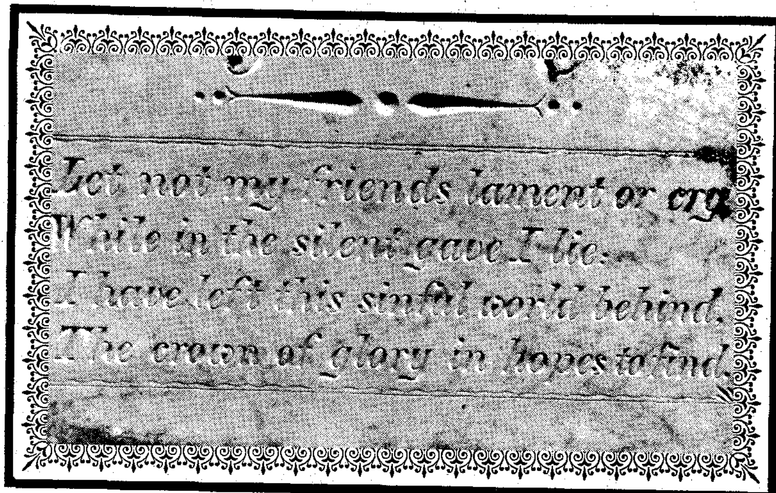
Pash-ten-tah, carrying Holmes' rifle, stopped short, took accurate aim and fired. Shot through the body, the bloody and battered sheriff fell on the spot where he had so desperately fought for his life. Pash-ten-tah ran his free hand into Reynolds' overcoat pocket and found the keys to the handcuffs, while El-cahn thrust his free hand under the sheriff's overcoat and got his .45. Pash-ten-tah and Hale quickly freed themselves of their handcuffs and tossed the keys to El-cahn and Say-es, who set about unlocking their manacles.

Suddenly Pash-ten-tah spotted young Avott running up the sandy grade. He let out a horrifying yell and bounded after the fleeing Mexican, with Hale screaming at his heels. But Avott was just out of range. The yelling had roused Reynolds and, making a final desperate effort to revive, he got to his knees. El-cahn tossed the manacles aside and, with the sheriff's own .45, fired point blank. The bullet caught Reynolds in the left shoulder and plowed downward. The lifeless form slumped to the ground in a grotesque heap. The next minute, Say-es grabbed the sheriff's shotgun and, holding it close to the dying man's head, pulled both triggers. The charge tore off part of the victim's face. Say-es and El-cahn, mad with lust for white man's blood, blazed into vicious fury. Accenting their slaughter with continuous spine-chilling yells they dashed stones against the mangled head of their victim.

(Continued on page 54)

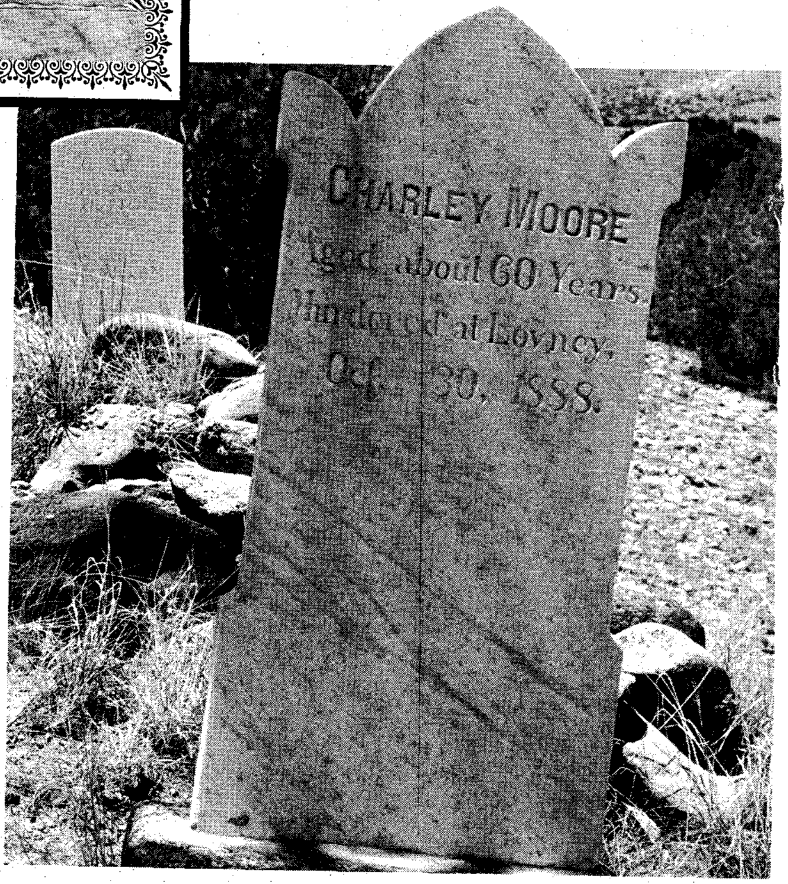
TOMBSTONE

This particular example of an error in a headstone (shown below) likely can be laid to *simple carelessness.* The stone stands in the cemetery on the hill above Knight's Ferry, California, the graveyard abounding in fascinatingly-carved monuments.

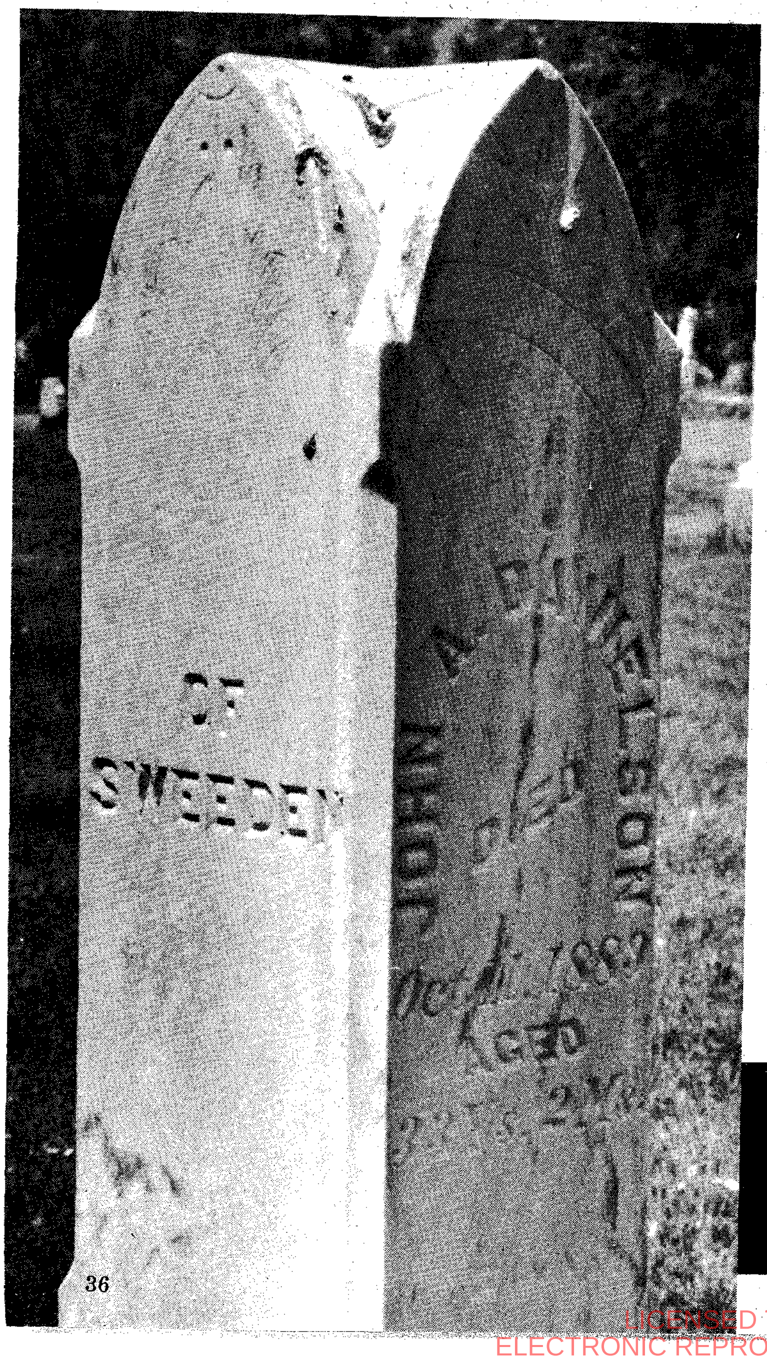

Let not my friends lament or cry
While in the silent gave I lie:
I have left this sinful world behind,
The crown of glory in hopes to find.

IN THE first printing of a manuscript the printer expects to find many errors, these called "typos," short for typographical errors. Successive corrected printings remove these mistakes on paper, but when such blunders are inscribed on enduring stone they often remain to puzzle or amuse succeeding generations. They are, indeed, so frequently noted that most courts of law refuse to admit as evidence dates or names inscribed on tombstones.

The old cemetery at Kings Valley,


CHARLEY MOORE
Aged about 60 Years
Murdered at Lovney,
Oct. 30, 1888.

Almost nothing is left of Alma, New Mexico, except the cemetery filled with victims of Indians and assorted violence. The tombstone above states that Charley Moore was murdered at "Lovney." The author has not been able to find such a place in the vicinity, but nearby was the now vanished mining camp of Cooney. The garbling of two letters transforms Cooney to Lovney.


OF
SWEEDEN
AGED

Because of space limitations, the cemetery at Ouray, Colorado, is placed about seven miles from town. The distance, a trifle now, necessitated a tediously long trip for the funeral party in the days of horse and buggy. The stone pictured at left is one of the more simple ones, interesting because of the glaring "typographical" error it bears.

By LAMBERT FLORIN

Photos by Author

"TYPOS"

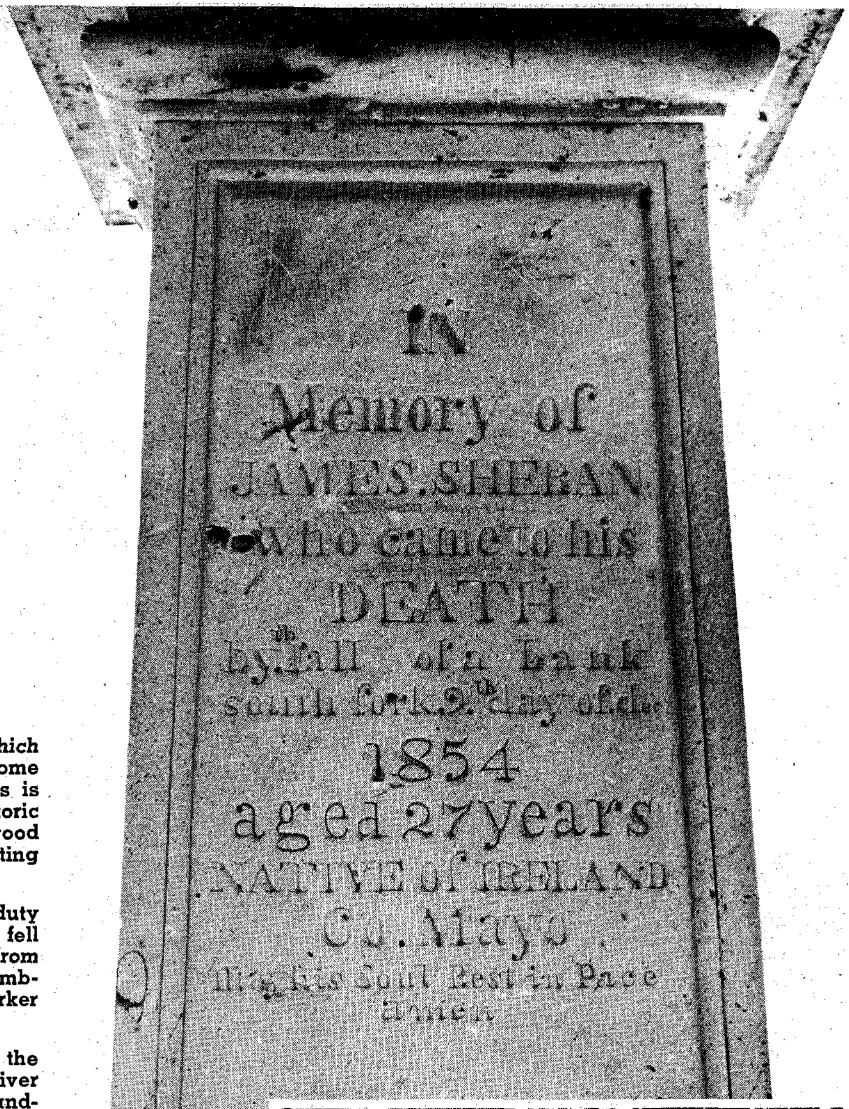
Oregon is full of interesting tombstones, relics remaining from the hectic settlement period of the larger, encompassing Willamette Valley. The town was named for Nahum King, prominent member of the famous wagontrain which stopped one night at a spot that later would be the site of the hypothetical Blue Bucket Mine. Another member was youthful Rowland Chambers, husband of one of King's daughters. Among other tragic incidents along the way west was the

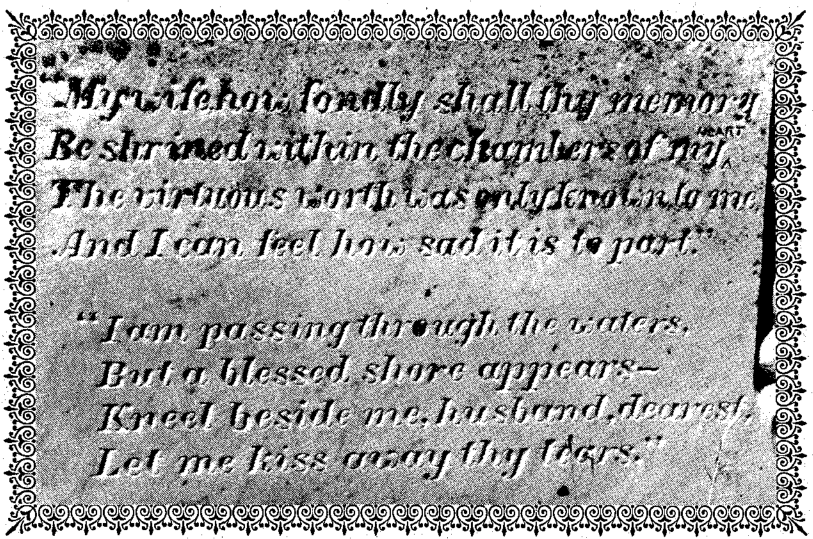
(Continued on page 68)

California's Mother Lode was full of mining camps which have now disappeared leaving no trace except, in some cases, the cemetery. North Branch near San Andreas is one of these. The graveyard is a museum piece of historic and interesting markers. The photo at right shows a good example of the then prevailing penchant for stating thereon the cause of death.

Young Lt. Garber couldn't win for losing. Assigned to duty at rainy Fort Hoskins shortly before the Civil War, he fell in love with a young Indian maiden but was torn from her arms to die in the brig. His comrades bought a tombstone for his grave (shown at far right), a stone marker which bore the name *Gasber!*

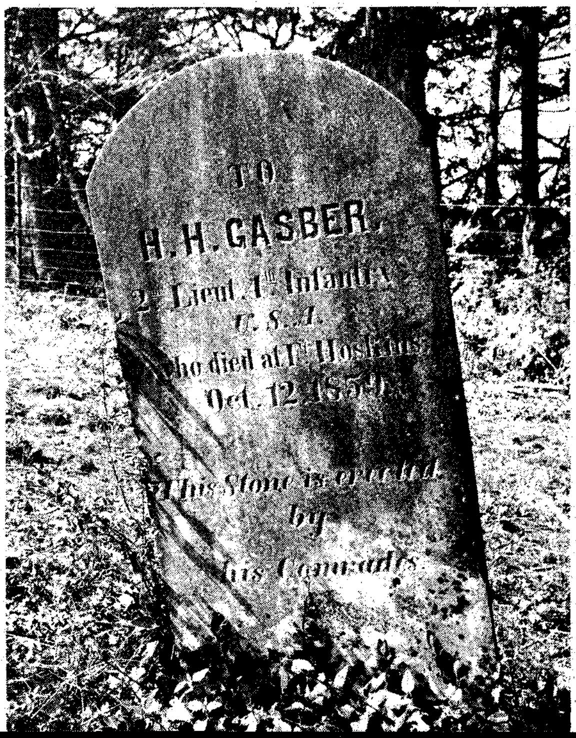
Michigan Bar, California, was a roaring gold camp in the early 1850s. Situated on the banks of the Cosumnes River in the Sierra foothills, the town soon fell victim to expanding dredging operations. Surviving is the old cemetery on the bluff above the town. One of the Chilean miners had this elaborate and tender verse (shown below) inscribed on the monument to his deceased wife. Could it have been he who first noticed the missing word, inserting his own correction of the error?


IN
Memory of
JAMES SHEBAN
Who came to his
DEATH
By fall of a bank
south fork 9th day of de
1854
aged 27 years
NATIVE of IRELAND
Co. Mayo
May his Soul Rest in Pace
amen



"My wife how fondly shall thy memory
Be shrined within the chambers of my ^HEART
The virtuous worth was only known to me,
And I can feel how sad it is to part."

"I am passing through the waters,
But a blessed shore appears—
Kneel beside me, husband, dearest,
Let me kiss away thy tears."

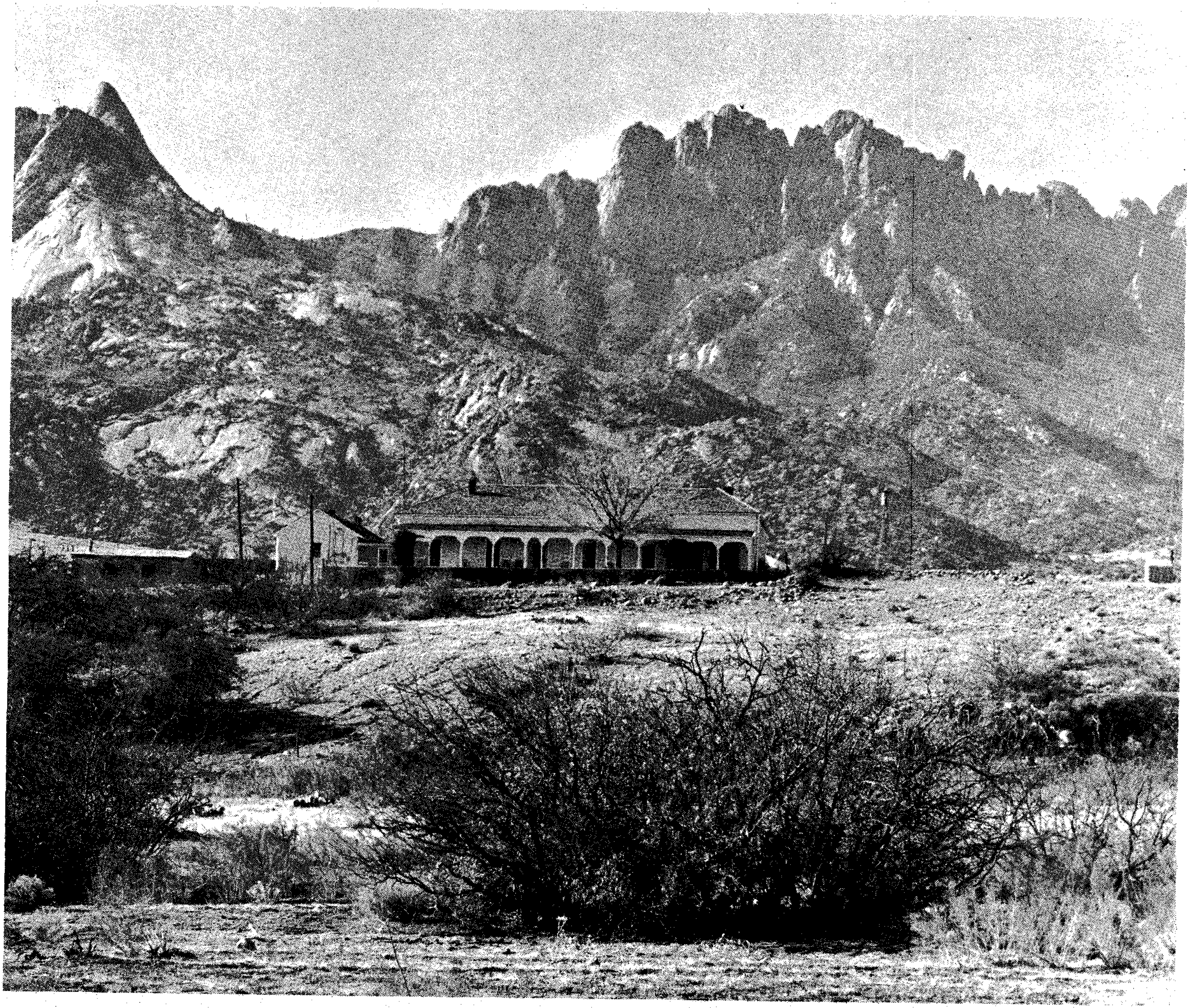

TO
H. H. GASBER,
2d Lieut. 1st Infantry
U. S. A.
who died at Ft Hoskins
Oct. 12 1859
This Stone is erected
by
his Comrades

It's too bad the tablets of the dead can't be letter perfect, but with old Saint Peter himself doing the final proofreading, maybe it doesn't make too much difference after all . . .

SAN AUGUSTINE

Its great adobe walls have enclosed—at one time or another—most every type man who ever ventured into the West. And some of the unluckier ones are still buried between the windmills

Historic San Augustine ranch house near Las Cruces, New Mexico. In the background are the majestic Organ Mountains. The ranch at one time comprised about 150,000 acres but most of it is now occupied by the White Sands Missile Range.



RANCH HOUSE

By MARSHALL HAIL

Photos Courtesy Author

SAN AUGUSTINE ranch house is old, so old its beginnings are uncertain. It stands impressively at the eastern base of the majestic Organ Mountains in southern New Mexico, a few miles from Las Cruces and just outside the White Sands Missile Range. History and legend cling like vines to its thick adobe walls.

The present owner of the house and ranch, James W. Cox, was born there seventy-three years ago. He and his wife have lived in the house for virtually all fifty years of their married life. They know from research and from stories handed down by their pioneer parents a great deal about the exciting events which took place at San Augustine when the Old West was so young it could hardly be defined.

Cox believes that ruins of several structures on the place date back to the Spanish colonial era. Certainly some of the old walls standing near the ranch house were there when the site was part of Mexico. Originally there were five sparkling springs nearby, and San Augustine Springs was a stopping place on *El Camino de Sal* (The Salt Road).

More than a century ago, Mexican traders drove their pack burros northward from Paso del Norte (Ciudad Juárez) to saline deposits near Salinas Peak in the San Andres range, western boundary of the Tularosa Basin. Salt was a medium of exchange used in *cambalache* (barter), and for a long time after the Southwest passed to U.S. sovereignty, Mexicans were free to travel the Salt Road with their burroloads without regard for international boundaries or property titles.

It was a dangerous journey through a desolate, Apache-dominated, almost waterless region. Small wonder that the salt traders stopped to rest and drink from the crystal clear springs in a grove of cottonwoods, oaks and ash at the foot of the Organs. They called the oasis a gift of the good St. Augustine.

It was here that Warren T. Shedd, a young adventurer who had ridden out from St. Louis with a party bound for Paso del Norte before the Mexican War, had encountered a group of salt traders. Impressed by the springs, the ruins of two adobe structures and miles of crumbling rock walls, Shedd questioned the traders.

"Who built all this?" he asked. "And when?"

The Mexicans shrugged. "Who knows? The trees and walls have always been here."

Shedd rode on. But he could not forget the beauty of the place or the vast grassy areas which stretched out across the basin. Some day he would return. Some day he would acquire San Augustine.

ANOTHER American also had seen San Augustine, and he would return first. He was Thomas J. Bull of Indiana who had marched into Mexico with the U.S. Army in 1846 as a civilian clerk. Shortly after the war ended he decided to seek his fortune in southern New Mexico.

Bull established himself at San Augustine Springs and succeeded in getting title to the property. As early as 1851 he was cutting lumber by whipsaw under contract with the U.S. Army for construction of Fort Fillmore near Las Cruces, which then was a tiny village. Bull also bought horses and cattle—some said to have been stolen with brands altered—and sold them to the military.

Bull prospered and expanded his interests into Las Cruces and Mesilla in the Mesilla Valley. Seeking more capital, he decided to sell San Augustine. At that moment who should reappear but the St. Louis adventurer, Warren T. Shedd. A deal was made, and Shedd took possession.

By now the old Salt Trail had become a more traveled route, and St. Augustine had become a sort of crossroads. Shedd decided to make the place a real stopping place for goldseekers, emigrants and colonists, soldiers, freighters and miners who were now coming in increasing numbers.

Shedd started on a small scale. He built an inn and commissary and sold forage and fuel. He did so well that he built a larger hotel, stage station, and large corrals. He put a rock wall around the nearest spring and sold its clear, cold water. Travelers complained that they had to pay one dollar a bucket for drinking water, and fifty cents for livestock water. K. D. Stoes of New Mexico has noted that in the late 1870s a Minnesota colony of thirty persons led by his grandfather, Samuel Herron, circled their Hannibal mules and wagons on Shedd's Rancho.

Mining booms in nearby mountains brought in prospectors with their pack trains. A gold strike at Brice west of Orogrande, a site which later became part of San Augustine Ranch, created a mushroom camp and brought guests to Shedd's hostelry. Some were rough characters and killings were not infrequent.

Still prospering, Shedd built most of the main ranch house. It was of Spanish frontier style, a solid, fifteen-room structure constructed around three sides of a patio. Another patio, with high walls, faced the Organ Mountains. A high wall with a heavily timbered gate faced the east. Wooden ladders were there for mounting the wall and the house served as a fortress against Indian attacks. The roof, supported by heavy *vigas*, was covered with a foot of mud. All rooms opened on the patios, a protection against not only the Apaches but also against roving bands of outlaws.

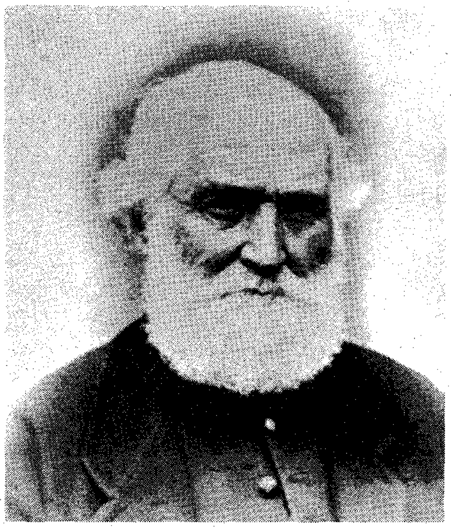
San Augustine provided a footnote to the history of the Civil War in the West. As Confederate troops under Col. John R. Baylor advanced into the Mesilla Valley, Maj. Isaac Lynde, the Union commander at Fort Fillmore, abandoned the fort and fled in a supposed effort to reach Union lines at Fort Stanton. Resting at San Augustine Springs, Lynde and his command, straggling to the rear, were surrounded by the Southerners. Lynde surrendered in the shade of the cottonwoods.

SHEDD's enterprises continued to flourish after the war. He built a large adobe dance hall and installed gambling. A building to the west of the ranch house was filled with "females who smiled at all comers." Liquor, gaming and girls combined to give the place a reputation for brawling and fatal shootings.

One night a stranger who had lost heavily at poker seized a big pot and ran for his horse. The other players gave chase, Fred Bascom of Las Cruces in the lead. "Git him, Fred!" they yelled. "Git him!" Fred's gun barked twice and the unlucky gambler fell from his horse. He was buried between the ranch windmills. On another occasion a drifter named Cardwell, having lost all night, got into a quarrel and shot another man. As Cardwell ran for his horse an employe named Al Carver shot and wounded him as he put one foot in the stirrup. The frightened horse bolted and dragged Cardwell to his death. He was buried by the roadside near the hotel.

Still later a distinguished looking man wearing the outfit of a professional gambler—black broadcloth coat with Prince Albert cut, striped trousers and top hat—got off the eastbound stage and immediately got into a poker game. An argument erupted and the stranger shot a man named William Page, who was buried between the windmills. No arrest.

One night at a wedding supper at San Augustine, a truculent gunman, Chris Logan, was seated at the table in Chair Thirteen. A young wag joshed Logan about his place at the table and dubbed him Unlucky Thirteen. Tiring of the teasing, the gunman shot the unarmed youth dead on the dance floor. He was arrested but acquitted.



Courtesy Museum of New Mexico

Major Isaac Lynde who surrendered his troops to Confederates at San Augustine Springs.

While his place was acquiring a dubious reputation throughout New Mexico, Shedd himself became the central figure in some strange stories. It was said that he assembled a group of native girls for his own pleasure, and even imported two enslaved eunuchs from Mexico to guard them. A leading New Mexico cattleman, who once had punched cattle for Shedd, recalled that Shedd was credited with having purchased a young Mexican girl in Las Cruces. A rumor had it that two of his girls talked too much, met accidental deaths, and were buried near the ranch hotel. One member of his harem, known as Doña Isidra, bore him several children. As for the women kept in a separate building to entertain guests, it was said that Shedd sold them into peonage in Mexico after they had lost their youth.

In territorial days southern New Mexico was a haven for outlaws who had departed hastily from the scene of crimes farther east. There is evidence that some of these found a welcome at Shedd's San Augustine Ranch. The July 1877 issue of the Mesilla *Independent* printed a story that a gang headed by Jesse Evans stole some fine horses from Richard Brewer on the Ruidoso River in daylight in Brewer's presence.

"Brewer got help and followed," the *Independent* related. "He learned the gang with his horses was at the Shedd Ranch at San Augustine Spring. The place has the reputation of being the headquarters and rendezvous of the worst gang of horse thieves and cutthroats that ever cursed a community. . . . Friends of Mr. Brewer found his horses —eight in all. They demanded them. The thieves refused, saying they had too much trouble getting them. And there the matter stands. Mrs. Brewer came into Mesilla and reported the theft, but they openly defy the law, knowing they would be protected from arrest."

Shedd seemed immune from prosecution for any major misdeeds. There are court records that he was charged with selling goods without a license and with trespassing, but what disposition was made of the charges is uncertain.

As he grew older, however, Shedd began to lose control of his holdings. Forster and Rose, long-time employes, acquired an interest in the property. A neighboring sheepman, Benjamin E. Davies, long had sought to buy San Augustine. Eventually, some time before 1880, Davies completed a deal which gave him full possession.

DAVIES, a Welshman, had entered the Mesilla Valley with the California Union Volunteers in 1862. He and Mrs. Davies were people of culture and refinement, and they changed the character of San Augustine drastically. The wild doings which marked the Shedd ownership ceased, and the Davies family, entertaining the most prominent citizens of the area, were highly respected. Davies was a successful stockman. Large herds of sheep and cattle grazed his ranges.

The only child of Benjamin and Julia Davies died of rattlesnake poisoning. There is a small gravestone in what is now the James W. Cox corral on which is carved the figure of a lamb. The epitaph reads: "Bertha Wales, beloved daughter of B. E. and J. H. Davies, Born October 17, 1876, died July 19, 1880. Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Davies died in the late 1880s. John H. Wilde, whose family owned property near El Paso, was named administrator and manager of the ranch. He later married Miss Jessie Davies, Mrs. Davies' daughter by a previous marriage.

Wilde's Well, eight miles east of Orogrande, was drilled by him. It was to become notable as the scene of a gunfight between famed Sheriff Pat Garrett and Oliver Lee and their men. At the time Lee was accused in connection with the alleged murder of Col. A. J. Fountain and his son, but later was acquitted.

Wilde had operated the ranch only a few years when a severe drouth decimated the San Augustine herds. Wilde moved the remaining cattle to Texas, only to meet with worse tragedy. A horse fell on him and he was fatally injured. The Davies women, unable to make a go of things, put San Augustine up for sale. William W. Cox bought it.

Bill Cox was inured to the hardships and violence of frontier life. As a youth on the Texas frontier he and his father, James W. Cox, had seen deadly combat with a gang led by the most notorious killer of all, John Wesley Hardin. James Cox in 1873 was U. S. marshal in a district which included DeWitt County,

(Continued on page 64)

Courtesy Museum of New Mexico

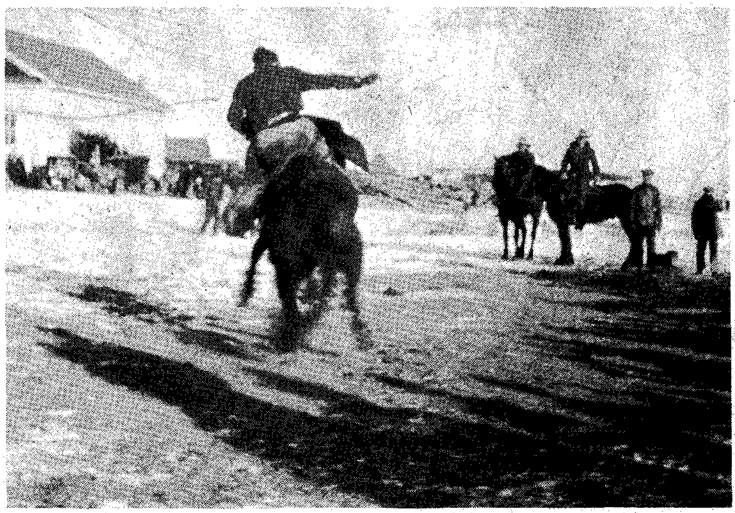
Above, Albert J. Fountain who mysteriously disappeared with his son. Sheriff Pat Garrett had a gun battle with Fountain's suspected murderers who were hiding on the famous ranch. Below, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Cox who have lived on the ranch for over fifty years.

This bronc was famous for his mournful expression but he must have had many a horselaugh out by the pasture fence after the day's ride was over!

By GEORGIA SHINER
Photos Courtesy Author

HOBO

THE HORSE THAT NEVER QUIT



Courtesy Dorsel Anderson

Buck Smith riding Hobo, 1928.

IT WAS 1928 and the folks of Dillon, Montana, were pulling off a little two-bit rodeo. The program promised nothing unusual; but when the announcer unexpectedly called an exhibition bronc ride—"Buck Smith coming out on Hobo!"—everybody sat up and took notice.

The handlers led Hobo into the bucking chutes for saddling, and the old horse sure didn't look like an outlaw bronc. He was just a big old rawboned sorrel, spur-scarred from head to foot and shaggy as a brush-frazzled saddle blanket. He stood with his right ear drooping at a forlorn angle. He was tub-footed, jug-headed, and had an air of dejection printed all over him.

Up in the stands an old Salmon River rider slapped his companion on the leg. "Josh," he said, "Buck Smith's overmatched hisself this time. Hobo'll throw him clean up into the judge's stand."

"Ten years back," Josh replied, "you'd a-been right. But Buck'll ride him now. Hobo's too old and stove-up from dragging a fresno in a open pit."

"He's dead-old," agreed Josh. "Twenty-one, they tell me. And Long John just unhooked him last night from another week in harness. But you watch; he'll hang Buck's chin on the moon!"

From the top bar of the chute, Smith slapped a bucking saddle down on the Hobo's back and the old horse didn't even flinch. Most broncs will fall back on their haunches and fight every step of the way into the chutes, then try to climb out over the top; but not Hobo, he hadn't even tightened the halter shank the chute man led him by. The rider eased himself down. Hobo didn't move. Smith rocked his saddle to make certain he was all set, then nodded to the chute man, who yanked the gates apart.

Hobo lunged out and exploded into the area, coughing and roaring like a meat-hungry lion. There was no fancy pinwheeling or rolling his belly up to the sun. Hobo didn't try to catch a man off balance. His was just hard, straightaway bucking, but the kind to beat a rider to death.

By the fifth leap, Buck Smith couldn't have found his saddle seat with a forked stick. He left Hobo in a spread-eagle dive that ended when his head slapped against an arena fence post.

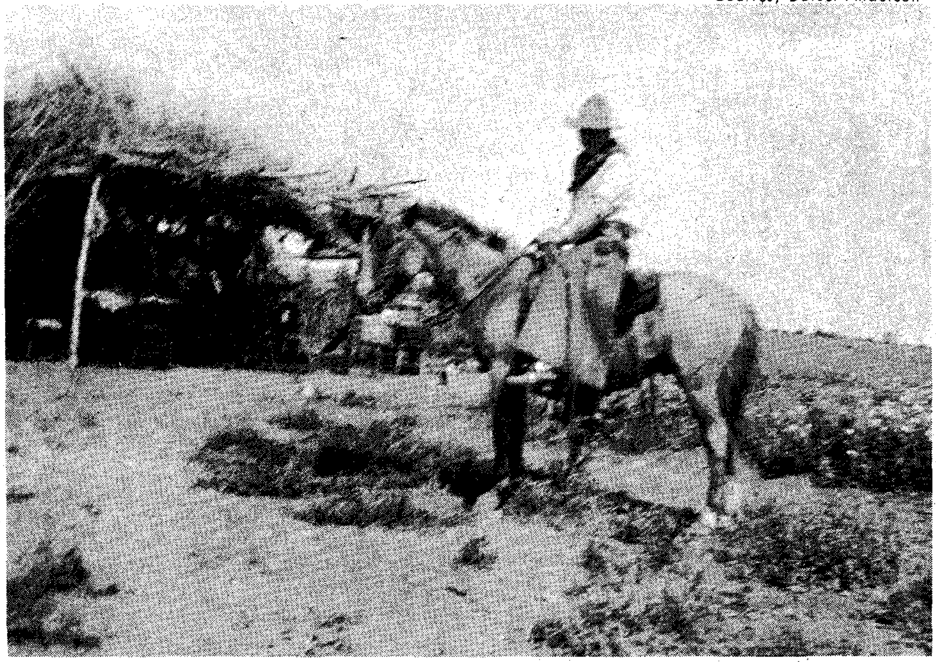
The pick-up men spurred out to cut the horse off before he could paw the unconscious man to death. But Hobo stood within three steps of the fallen rider, staring down at him with a sort of sad, worried look as if he half wished he hadn't thrown him so hard. Hobo wasn't a man killer.

They carted Smith off to a hospital, and up in the grandstand the Salmon River rider crowed to his partner. "What'd I tell you, Josh? Why, it takes a damned good rider just to keep his seat on a fence and watch that old horse pitch!"

THE FIRST TIME anybody ever paid any attention to Hobo was in Lima, Montana in 1919 when W. M. Jones, who furnished stock for the big rodeos, was

William Jones, owner of Hobo when he first began to attract attention, 1919.

Courtesy Dorsel Anderson



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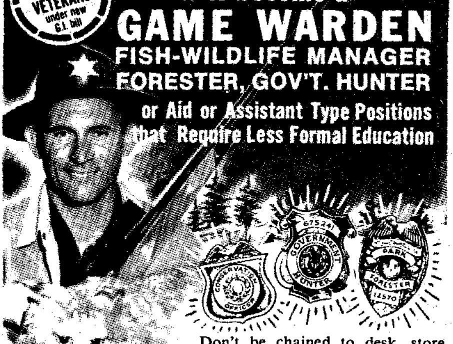

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shaping up his string of bucking horses for the coming season. Jones had twenty head of new horses from Wyoming—outlaws and man haters, most of them, wicked as sin.

Jones ordered his men to saddle and mount each one, but to quit the saddle as soon as a horse was pitching good. That way, a bronc got to thinking he was throwing his rider every time. Later, in a rodeo arena, a horse trained in such a manner would put all he had into unloading his rider.

But the first of Jones's hands to mount a big, sleepy-headed four-year-old sorrel never got a chance to quit the saddle; he was wiping up the arena with his shirttail before he knew what had happened.

Hobo made the rounds of the rodeos that year—Boston, New York, Chicago, and others not so big. Nobody paid him any particular attention. He was just another rodeo bronc, a little uglier than most, a little more comical looking, maybe. But he soon got to be a favorite of the chute hands. They could walk into a corral full of bad horses and catch him where he stood. He'd even helped them corner the others. But the minute a man threw a leg across his back to straddle him, he'd land him in the misty Beyond.

By the wind-up of his second season, it dawned on the riders that nobody had ever stayed on Hobo till the whistle blew. The fans, too, came to recognize the sorrel bronc. They liked the way he gave a rider every chance to get set before he made a windmill out of him. They liked the gawdawful roar he cut loose with when he left the chutes. Best of all, they liked the remorseful look Hobo invariably turned on a rider he'd just finished stacking up.

The busters who rode "at" Hobo, though—they felt differently about it. Whenever a man drew Hobo he knew he wouldn't be in the prize money that day.

Pete Roberts, who was a contender for the world championship for bronc riding, drew Hobo for a ride in New York, in Boston, and in Chicago. Pete was strong as a bull. He could hook one fore finger over a doorway and chin himself three times. Pete sat a bucking saddle as if it had grown to the seat of his pants. But even Pete wasn't man enough to draw money riding Hobo.

Still, age stacks up on a horse, and Hobo got so he wouldn't buck at night. The floodlights seemed to baffle him. Anytime a man mounted him in daylight, understand, there was still hell to pay. But more and more the big shows were being held at night and that finished Hobo for the big time.

JONES sold him to the Anderson cousins, Long John and Short John, who hauled ore equipment. Hobo never fought the work. He bucked with the harness a few times, then caught on. One evening when the teams plodded in, Del Lewis, a little Negro teamster, was sitting sideways on Hobo's back.

Long John stepped out of his office. "Del," he yelled, "don't you know you can't ride that Hobo horse?"

"Yessir," Del explained. "I know about that. But me'n Hobo, we's got us an understanding. I don't put no foot across old Hobo's back and old Hobo, he don't throw me!"

Watching Del ride Hobo into the barns, Long John wondered how much fight was really left in the old horse. That night he and Short John decided to put on a little home-town rodeo the following Sunday. That country was full of ranch hands, brush-poppers who'd mount any bronc just to see if they could ride it. A rodeo would furnish good entertainment for the mine workers and might make some money.

From both angles that little impromptu rodeo was a success. And every hopeful who took a hot seat on Hobo hit the dirt—some inside the arena, some out. So the Andersons put on little rodeos all over Montana for several years. They'd work Hobo in harness all week, then throw him into a bronc-busting show on Sunday. Still nobody rode him.

Two years after Hobo had sent Buck Smith to the hospital, Rocky Nef put on a rodeo at Beeville and called Long John for the use of the sorrel. Hobo was twenty-three by now; all over him were patches of white hair and patches where there was no hair at all. But shaggy and decrepit-looking as he was, the men who were to ride the bronc recognized him. Wouldn't a man feel a fool if the beat-up crowbait just happened to unload him!

They cornered Nef in his office. "Nef," the spokesman said, "you'll either take old Hobo out of the bunch we ride or we'll take out on your show!"

Well, you can't put on a bronc show without riders. Hobo was taken out. Long John wouldn't put Hobo back in harness after that. A horse twenty-three years old who could still bluff out a bunch of tough rodeo hands didn't deserve hard work. The old bronc was hauled off to the Anderson ranch on Beaverhead Creek and turned out on the pasture. There where the grass grew tall, where the water was good and shade was handy, Hobo took his ease till fall.

One day a ranch hand rode in and announced, "I guess the cowhands can rest easy now. Old Hobo has passed on."

Today none of the ranch hands want to come right out and say that nobody ever rode Hobo. But they'll just be dogged if they can recollect a man who ever stayed on till the whistle "blowed"!

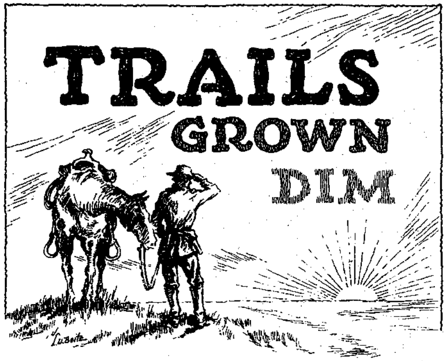
Terror On a Train

(Continued from page 22)

heightened the frightening nature of our entire trip.

At noon there was little to eat, but we felt sure Cranbrook could not be far. Then finally, we could see it! Our train pulled into the station, and my father rushed up to meet us. He looked so good —but so worried. There were others waiting, as anxious as he had been, because of the reports telegraphed ahead. They had been meeting every train, unable to tell with any certainty when their families would arrive—or if they would arrive.

I'd had a few doubts myself, but that did not matter now. We were together. The "Harvest Excursion" was over.



If you have information concerning persons referred to below, do not write to us. Communicate directly with the letter writer.

Latham Family Massacre

Beverly Latham, my grandfather, was killed in the massacre at Dove Creek in Texas between the Texas Rangers and the Indians. His brother, Arne Latham, was Captain of the Rangers and my grandfather, Beverly, was a lieutenant in the State Militia but was also a volunteer Ranger. His father, along with a family named Ray, was among the first families to cross from Louisiana into Texas and homestead. My grandfather was single at that time and was given a homestead grant of 320 acres on or near the Sabine River. I would appreciate very much any information anyone can give me concerning the Latham family. My father, P. M. Latham, lived near Valley View in Bosque County in 1886. If anyone knows anything about the massacre or the Latham family, please write me. I am 84 years old.—Mrs. Pearl (Latham) Morrison, 611 N. 6th Street, Marlow, Oklahoma 73055

Captain Henry Black

I hope there are some descendants of Captain Henry Mitchel Black who can give me some information about his last two wives, Mary Ann Palmer Black and Harriett Black, and where all three were buried. The names of Grandma Hattie's children were Eldridge, Alfred, Edward, Frank, Sam, Arthur, Hattie and May.—Mrs. Walter O. Mosley (nee Midget Black), #176, North Zulch, Texas 77872

Barnes—Berry

I am looking for relatives of my father, Robert Albert Barnes. His father was Charles Albert Barnes, whose brothers I believe were Dave and Henry Barnes. His mother was Nettie Ellen Berry, born in Frederick, Illinois January 24, 1866. Her mother was Barbara Berry, her father Jeff (?) Berry, and I believe there was a sister, Emma Berry, and a brother, Robert Berry. I do not know too much about the family but I believe they lived in Illinois in various towns. I have a book of tintypes that belonged to Charles Barnes but I do not have names for the people in it. If anyone can give me information on this family, please write.—Mrs. E. L. Peavy, Route 1, Box 386, Westwood, California 96137

Jameson of Missouri

My father, John R. Jameson or Jamison (deceased), left his home in Missouri about 1880 and never returned. He hauled freight by wagon for an outfit out of Kansas City, Missouri which went through Indian Territory into Texas. He was also in Hot Springs and Little Rock, Arkansas but I do not know dates. I have information that he was at Monroe, Louisiana in 1896. He had an Aunt Nellie and two uncles, Harrison Jamison and John Jamison, the latter of whom lived at Syracuse, Missouri. I would appreciate it if anyone having any knowledge of this family or relatives would write to me.—Russell Jameson, Camp Beauregard, Pineville, Louisiana 71360

Lulu or Lucy James

I am interested in finding out what happened to a child named either Lulu or Lucy Blanche James who was born about 1903-04 in Oklahoma Territory to Martin Luther and Katie DeWitt James. I am also interested in contacting anyone who knew these people or Henry DeWitt and who might have any information about them. Would anyone who has such information please write to me as quickly as possible.—Sue Woolf, 2401W S. Center, Terre Haute, Indiana 47809

John Cawthorn

I would like to correspond with relatives of John Cawthorn. His mother, Martha, was a granddaughter of an Indian chief and was born in Virginia about 1826. His father, name unknown, was born in Virginia and died in Tennessee before 1880, possibly at Beechgrove, Bedford County, Tennessee. All their children were born in Tennessee—William, born about 1850; Susan, about 1858; Sophronia, May 28, 1860-1914; Anna, about 1875; and John, about 1877. Sophronia (called Phronie) was married in 1880 to T. F. McMichael in Coffey County, Tennessee. About 1893 they left and went to Greenwood, Arkansas and then to Fairfield, Texas. In 1898 they came to Indian Territory. In the early 1900s John (born 1863) made many prolonged trips to Calvin, Indian Territory (Oklahoma) from his home in Alabama to see his sister, Phronie. I would like to write to any relative of the above mentioned as Martha Cawthorn is my great-grandmother.—G. W. McMichael, 4009 N. W. 27th, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73107

William Holford Jackson

William Holford Jackson, a native of Tennessee, was born around 1820. His son, Mathew Holford Jackson (my grandfather), was born about 1846 at Osage, Carroll County, Arkansas. Together they crossed the Plains by wagon-train in 1857, arriving in California in September. Another son of William Jackson (name unknown) went with them to California, but on the way the party split, part taking the southern route and part the northern route. The one brother whose name is unknown went on the southern route and was never heard from again. Can anyone tell me about this story? I would also like to know more of my grandfather's family prior to the time they settled in Spenceville, California where he was postmaster for a number of years until the post office burned. The family lived in the Spenceville, Wheatland and Grass Valley area of California. My mother, Henrietta Jackson, was born in Spenceville in 1891. Whatever happened to the train that took the southern route?—Mrs. Mary Markwick, P. O. Box 531, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho 83814

Peter Gallegher—Gray

Could someone please send me any information concerning the descendants of Peter Gallegher ("The Legend of the Circle G," TRUE WEST, December 1966). I have been told that my grandfather, Frank B. Gray, was the only male descendant and it would be most interesting to write to someone who could fill me in on this part of my family. Perhaps Mrs. McNutt in your story may know who is still living in our family. My grandfather married Teresa Maria Harding and they had one child, my mother, Mrs. Evelyn Elizabeth Gray Drasco. Frank Gray also had three sisters, Elizabeth, Margaret and another sister whose name I cannot remember. Aunt Lillie (Elizabeth) died when I was about six years old and Aunt Mae (Margaret) died when I was about thirteen or fourteen. Grandpa died December 26, 1953 and Grandma died June 30, 1968. If you or any of your readers could put me in touch with my long lost kin, I would greatly appreciate it.—Mrs. Teresa Drasco McNeil, P. O. Box 913, Weaverville, California 96093

Louisiana Ancestors

I would like information on these ancestors: Achord: came from Atlanta, Georgia to Denham Springs, Louisiana and married into the Allen family who came from Tennessee; Crittenden: came from Georgia and lived in Denham Springs, Louisiana and married into the Achord family; Harris: lived in Black River, Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana and married into the Newcomer family who may have come from Franklin Parish, Louisiana and were Pennsylvania Dutch descendants. Later Harris married into the Crittenden family.—Fred Sandquist, 4440 W. 5780 South Street, Kearns, Utah 84118

Daniel Parker Allen

Does anyone have information concerning my maternal grandfather, Daniel Parker Allen, born September 28, 1840? He fought with Hood's Brigade in the Confederate Army. On May 25, 1868 he married Margaret Matilda Wootan in or near Burnet County, Texas. Of this union there were four children: a son, Willie Daniel; and three daughters, Gracie (my mother), Pearl, and Minnie. About 1877 Daniel Parker Allen left his family and was never heard from afterward. Years later my mother heard he was living in Indian Territory but she was unable to locate him. He had a sister, Bettie Kincaid, who lived near Gail, Texas. None

(Continued on page 72)

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward.

BEST ON BASS

Wayne Gard's authentic 1936 biography of Texas outlaw, *Sam Bass*, is now available in a large paperback edition published by the University of Nebraska Press for $1.95. Bass, a horse racing enthusiast and cowboy, turned gambler, highwayman, train and bank robber, was shot by a Texas Ranger prior to a planned bank holdup at Round Rock, Texas. Sam, only twenty-seven years of age, died of the wound. Bass started a career of banditry when he joined Joel Collins on a trail drive. First, they drove to Kansas a herd of cattle belonging to a pool of Texas ranchers. The cattle brought $8,000 and the boys decided to try for Black Hills' gold before returning, but soon lost most of the cattle money to card sharps and floosies in Deadwood. They tried to heal their losses by holding up stages and when this didn't pan out they stuck up a Union Pacific train at Big Spring, Nebraska and really hit pay dirt. They divided the loot and separated but all soon were captured except Sam who later ran an outlaw gang in Texas. One of his party sent word to the Rangers about the proposed Round Rock bank job where Sam lost his life. Sam never killed a man until his last fight. A well-told tale of a badman who ran into hard luck most of his years as an outlaw.

RANGE LIFE

For those wanting pleasure reading, we recommend *Cowboys Under the Mogollon Rim* (University of Arizona Press, $6.50) by Glen R. "Slim" Ellison. It also is an excellent book on cattle and cowboys. The author grew up on the range and ranched the hard way as a working cowboy. Written in cowboy lingo, it has much of the rich terseness that characterized writing by Will Rogers and Charley Russell. A man with itchy feet, Slim's father dragged his wife and small children with him in search of illusive El Dorados that beckoned with promises of fortune that never materialized. However, Slim learned the country as the family rambled throughout the Mogollon breaks and tried farming, trapping, mining and other pursuits. Fortunately, the country was full of game which provided food and kept them from starving. As a youngster, Slim had his head set on becoming a cowboy and rancher. A grandfather gave him his first kid pony and riding gear. Local cowboys became his teachers and Slim quickly learned to break wild horses, to catch snaky cows in the brushy ranges, and to hunt game that included deer, bear, puma and upland game birds. In time, he homesteaded and started his first cattle spread. The life was rugged but it was made to order for Slim who has been able to recapture his numerous cowboy experiences and tell them in a racy serio-comic idiom that makes his book fun to read. While his own rather hairy drawings illustrate the book, they readily make the point he wishes to make.

The Cowboy (The Macmillan Co., $2.95) by Vincent Paul Rennert is part of the series, *America in the Making*, published for teenagers. The author has crammed into 117 pages of this small book the history of longhorn cattle, the Western horse, the cowboy, a bibliography and index. In addition, the book is illustrated with many pictures, some of which are reproductions of Remington paintings. Clothes, guns, horses, ranches, roundups, and trail drives are described in capsule form. Billy the Kid, one of the few bad cowboys, receives due coverage as does the Johnson County War in Wyoming. As the author points out, modern-day descriptions of the old-time cowboy are completely false. He attempts to tell what the cowboy was really like and what he did, and why many boys dreamed of someday being cowboys, too. Perhaps this brief exposure will stimulate modern young readers to explore further the truths and color of the Old West.

If you think cowboys are strictly of the past—you need to read *Little Wrangler* (Doubleday & Co., $3.25) by Nancy Wood with photographs by Myron Wood. This is a pictorial story of the Durango Kid, a waddie of few years, and his introduction to a real Western cattle roundup. Among other things, he learned that steers in a corral looked a lot different from the top of a horse than they did from the ground. This is a charming story with fabulous photographs for kids of all ages on that magic subject—cowboys.

CLASSIC PICTURES

Nature endowed the pioneers of the Northwest with a virgin forest, a legacy of beauty and immense value. *Timber* (Superior Pub. Co., $12.95), Ralph W. Anderson's latest of fifteen books on the forests and pioneering events in the Northwest, is an album of early-day forests and the variety of logging operations that brought them down. To the pioneering farmer, the giant woods were a formidable obstacle that required sweat and dreary perseverence to clear—to the potential lumberman, the immense forests were bonanzas to be converted to wealth and the luxuries associated with money. The story unfolds dramatically through a large series of classic photographs. There are many nostalgic scenes showing lumberjacks balanced on high springboards chopping huge scarves on the side the tree was to fall; several yokes of oxen and up to eight spans of horses used in dragging logs to flumes, rivers or lakes for transporting; and loggers and logging camps. Then there are tragic pictures of devastating fires that gutted Wallace Coeur d'Alene, Black Bear and other towns. This is an excellent item for conservation libraries.

FATHER SERRA

The Call to California (Union-Tribune Pub. Co., $9.50) by Richard F. Pourade is an illustrated account of the epic journey of the Portola-Serra Expedition in 1769 with particular emphasis on the story of Father Junipero Serra who won California for the flag of Castile. Fearful of English and Russian colonizing intentions in California, Spain sent the expedition to explore and exploit the area as an annex to Mexico. Serra's goal was to reinforce Catholic Spanish missions in Baja California and to create new ones in Alta, California as far as San Francisco Bay. Both sick and crippled, Padre Serra fought a winning battle for his health, founded numerous missions, Christianized the Indians and became California's patron saint. Events of Serra's dangerous and difficult journey are presented through colored and black and white maps, sketches, drawings, paintings and photographs. A page of historical narrative describes each illustration. This is an example of deluxe bookmanship on slick paper.

NAVAJO CENTER

Maurice Frink's *Fort Defiance & the Navajos* (Pruett, $2.75 in wraps, $4.00 in cloth) is based in part on the Colorado historian's residence at Fort Defiance in 1965-66. However this is not just a book about modern Fort Defiance, a bustling government town and the center of services to the Navajos. The author is a sound historian and he has given his usual careful attention to the Fort Defiance of the past. There is much on people, too—Colonel Edwin Vose ("Bull or Bullhead") Sumner, Kit Carson, Col. E. R. S. Canby, Henry Chee Dodge (first chairman of the Navajo Tribal Council and remembered by your reviewer as a distinguished American from a contact on his first visit to the reservation in 1925) and many others. The book is enhanced with a number of fine photographs (several from the Fred and Jo Mazzulla Collection) plus a few drawings by Frederic Remington; sources notes and an index. Strongly recommended.

Kay Bennett, a full blood Navajo, presents the story of her girlhood during the depression on the Navajo Indian Reservation, in her charming book, *Kaibah* (Westernlore Press, $7.50).

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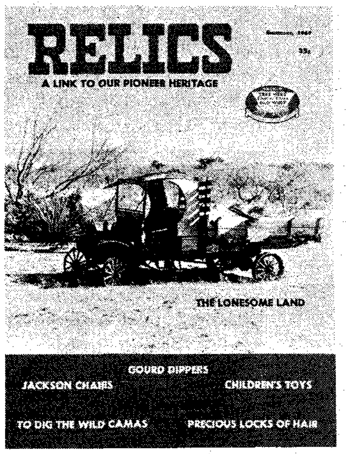

This is just a sampling of what you will find in the Summer 1969 Issue.

- **THE SAGA OF A SADDLE**
  By Joseph G. Rosa
- **CHILDREN'S TOYS**
  By Clarence T. Hubbard
- **THE LONESOME LAND**
  (Ranch Relics)
  By Ruth Camarillo
- **GOURD DIPPERS**
  By Olivia E. Myers
- **JACKSON CHAIRS**
  (Homemade Furniture)
  By G. K. Martin
- **PRECIOUS LOCKS OF HAIR**
  (Ornaments)
  By Sharon D. Watson
- **TO DIG THE WILD CAMAS**
  (Indian Tools)
  By Roscoe LeGresley

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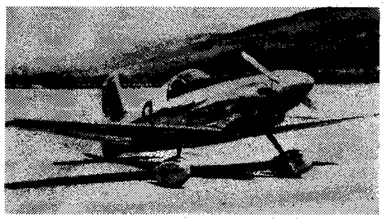

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Jesse, Frank and Cole

(Continued from page 13)

His father was the rental agent for the house where "Mr. Howard," the name Jesse went by, lived. Mr. Conell said he remembered two occasions when Mr. Howard paid the rent money to him, in the absence of his father.

As a boy, Mr. Conell attended the German Lutheran Parochial School, taught by a German Lutheran preacher. The church-school property was but a short distance from the Howard house, and the house could be seen plainly from the school grounds. At morning recess time that day they saw a number of men hurrying toward the Howard house, and he and two other boys decided to run over and see what was going on. The preacher saw them leaving, and came out ringing his hand bell, calling everyone back into the schoolroom. The other two boys turned back. It was a serious offense to step off the school grounds so Conell, deciding he would get a whipping anyhow, kept on going.

People in the small crowd already gathered said someone had been killed inside the house. Conell said the officer was the city marshal of St. Jo and a friend of his father. He told the marshal who he was, that his father handled the renting of the property and that he (the son) knew the tenant. The marshal unlocked the front door and let him look from the doorway. By that time the body had been picked up and placed on the bed. It was the body of Mr. Howard. Conell also viewed the body at the undertaker's that evening.

There is another first-hand story of this day's happenings recorded nearly fifty years ago. Fred Sutton, who played at being a lawman at Dodge City as a lad says in his book, *Hands Up*, that he was in St. Jo visiting his parents at the time Jesse was killed. He heard of it downtown, and went out to the house in the afternoon. When I moved to Oklahoma City in 1907, Fred was running a bank on Main Street in the 100 block. I am not sure when Fred Sutton left the City. I believe it was in the fall of 1911.

I SAW Frank James and Cole Younger in the spring of 1904 or 1905. I was just finishing a school year in Lawton, O. T., and I had a bad case of wanderlust.

There were three troops of cavalrymen at Ft. Sill. They were alerted for service in the Philippines and were making an effort to recruit to full strength. My hopes of joining the cavalry and getting a free trip to the far-away islands went glimmering when Dad refused to sign that I was eighteen and that he was willing for me to enlist. But the Frank James-Cole Younger Wild West Circus was coming to town, and I envisioned that as a means for a change of scenery and a paid vacation. The morning they unloaded I applied for a job. They needed brawn and took me on. I was put to work immediately—sledging down tent stakes.

I had five husky Negro companions, along with a boss. We six swung twelve-pound iron sledges in rotation. The stakes were about four inches in diameter, and I imagine they were hickory. There was an iron ring around the top of each stake to keep it from splitting under licks of the sledges. The bottom of the stakes were sharpened.

We took turns holding a stake while the next man in the circle struck it a full swinging blow to start it into the ground. By the time it was the holder's turn to strike, he had to be ready to strike a full circle. By a full circle blow, I mean you held the end of the sledge handle with both hands, swung it back, up, over, and down, onto the stake with all your strength behind it. When the sledge head hit the stake the handle of the sledge had to be parallel with the ground so the full force of the blow would be downward.

When it came my time to start one my biggest worry was in missing the stake and hitting the man holding it. Hard as the prairie sod was, by four times around, twenty-four licks, the stake was to the desired depth—eighteen to twenty inches. I had swung a sledge some on the farm in Kansas and had built fence on our claim in the Comanche country, so I knew a bit about a sledge but I had never struck in rotation, even with one person before.

I caught the rhythm quickly, and must have impressed my co-workers, for the Negroes invited me to go along when they were called to their breakfast. It must have been nine o'clock or a little after, when they got the chow-call. Circus help eat in shifts when they are setting up, so the work never comes to a standstill. I did full justice to this second breakfast. We had beefsteak (chuck), German fried potatoes, and plenty of bread, syrup, and black coffee.

I was on my way back to my sledging job when the best gang fight I have ever seen, broke right in my lap. It had showered some the night before, and small sullen clouds had been scooting over the sun and then sliding away all morning. The Indians with the show were sitting around wherever they could find something dry to sit on. Mostly they sat in man-and-wife pairs, soaking up whatever sunshine appeared. There were no small Indian children. I assume they were in government (Indian) boarding schools.

I was unaware of it at the time, but I learned during the afternoon that a feud had been brewing for several days between the Indian actors and the cowboys. A trim-built Indian lad, looking to be sixteen or seventeen years old, was headed west as I headed east back to my job. He was possibly ten feet to my left. The first I knew of trouble, the Indian boy went backwards, down on his behind, apparently from a blow struck by a cursing cowboy. It was the cowpoke's hard luck that the Indian's right hand came into contact with an empty beer bottle, for the lad came up swinging.

As the cowboy retreated, a tent guy rope knocked his hat off. His hair line was retreating, and his forehead followed closely. The boy threw the bottle and it hit the puncher above the eyes, breaking into numerous pieces and starting a flow of blood. The fight was on in much less time than I have used to describe it. Each squaw produced a baseball bat from the folds of her blanket, handed it to her man, and then the Indian women withdrew into a group by themselves.

The Indians were on the aggressive immediately. Outnumbered, the cowboys backed up along the back canvas wall of a sideshow tent. They were all wearing their .45 caliber, single action Colts—part of the show atmosphere—but the guns were all unloaded. That was an ironclad show grounds rule. The heavy Colt's revolver can be a formidable club against any enemy except one armed with a ball bat.

I was a little close for comfort, but I didn't want to miss any of the action. Only a few feet from the Indian boy when he went down, I began retreating, walking backwards, as the fight picked up tempo. A stake wagon was handy, with sideboards four feet high. I climbed up the front wheel, farthest from the action, till I could see the fracas with only my head exposed, if bullets should fly.

The fight was well joined. Weapons were being swung freely. Now and then one of the contestants went down for the count. Other than stepping over him when necessary, the victim was ignored. At this point entered Frank James and Cole Younger. It was my first sight of either man, but I didn't need to ask anyone who they were.

COLE YOUNGER was huge. He must have been all of six feet four inches in height, and his frame carried plenty of well distributed weight. His voice matched his body—commanding and vigorous. He was dressed in a tailored to measure business suit and (for then) a conservative grey Stetson hat. Like many tall men, unable to buy a cane that was long enough, he carried a sawed-off billiard cue.

Set in anger, his smooth shaven face was the meanest countenance I ever saw on a white man. I have known two Indians who could have approached him in looks—one, the Apache called Geronimo, at that time a prisoner-of-war at Ft. Sill; the other, the old Comanche-Mexican warrior Moo-cho-rook (Muchero), who other Comanche warriors said was so cruel, "He make Comanche blood run cold."

During my years on the frontier, and later in the Oklahoma oil fields, I have known many men with a command of profanity—freighters, cattle drovers, muleskinners, bullwhackers, and pipeliners. But none could approach Cole Younger's brand of invective. Nor was there anything lacking in his personal courage.

He walked into that mob of milling, fighting, angry men, cue at the ready, prepared to brain the first man who confronted him. I thought then, and have since, that the brawlers were more awed by his piercing profanity than by his physical presence or the billiard cue. The fight ended as quickly as it started. Those who were able helped those past caring to the hospital tent. Numerous bandaged heads showed up among the performers at the afternoon show.

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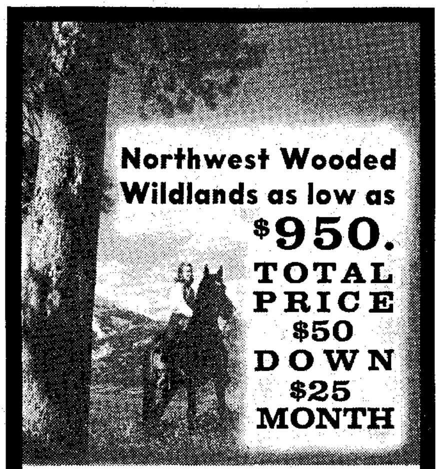

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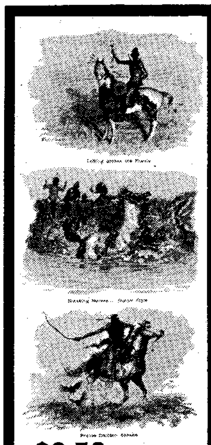

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Frank James I recall as the personification of courage and calmness. A tall man, but not so tall as Cole Younger, he too was dressed in well tailored business clothes and wore a black derby hat. His mustache was neatly trimmed and "in place." His was a dress-up cane—too light to have been of use in a brawl. He was a distinguished looking man both in looks and demeanor, and could have been a bank president on his way to a luncheon engagement with the chairman of the board.

He never opened his mouth, nor raised his cane, but he walked at Cole Younger's right side into the midst of the melee. His physical courage was as great as that of his threatening, cursing companion.

Heck Thomas was chief of police at Lawton. He arrived on horseback along with a mounted patrolman in time to arrest the puncher who had started the fight. Blood-streaked, the cowboy still wanted to fight. He had lost his .45 and, going by the table where they were slicing beef, slipped a butcher knife into the waistband of his pants and pulled a part of his shirt tail out and over the knife handle. This was the only arrest I ever saw the famous lawman Thomas make.

It turned out that this cowboy was the number one trick rider for the show, but the managers never bailed him out of jail and left town without him. This gave the stand-by trick rider, carrying the appropriate name of "Boneless Slim," his chance to perform. I saw him both afternoon and night, and he was adequate.

The main tent, or arena, was U-shaped, and the reserved seats were across the turn of the U. James and Younger rode at the head of each opening parade, entering the arena from the lower left. Each rode an excellent horse with silver mounted stock saddle and bridle. When they reached the center of the reserved seat section, they dismounted and turned their horses over to a cowboy who led their horses down the right side of the arena, still at the head of the opening parade.

An usher opened a gate to the railing, and Frank James and Cole Younger passed into the reserved seat section and took seats in the center of the front row. From this vantage point they watched attentively. The parade consisted of all the actors who would take part in the performance; trick riders, bronco busters, riders of high school horses, Indians in war paint and feathered war bonnets, along with the ubiquitous stagecoach drawn by six spirited horses. I seem to remember a few riders dressed as cavalrymen who helped in the rescue of the passengers.

Each act saluted the two proprietors. I glanced at James and Younger from time to time, but I never saw them exchange a look or a word. When time came for the Grand Finale, their horses were brought to them, they mounted, faced their horses to the reserved seat section and doffed their hats to the generous applause.

I had had all of the circus life I desired, and had my plans made. As the show started to break up, I strolled out into the darkness and kept on going. My room never looked better to me. I was thoroughly convinced that the life of a circus tent stake driver, or any other job I might find with the show, was not for me. I didn't even go by the pay window to collect my wages.

Nuggets

(Continued from page 29)

ALFRED and Walter Schwartz, twelve and ten, were the first out. They shouted for the others to follow them. They knew where to go, for this field was in the direction they traveled every day going home from school. Along with the Schwartz boys was a girl younger than they, Dorothy Smith. She dropped her pencil box and wanted to go back and pick it up. The two boys had her come with them. At last they were out on the plowed ground.

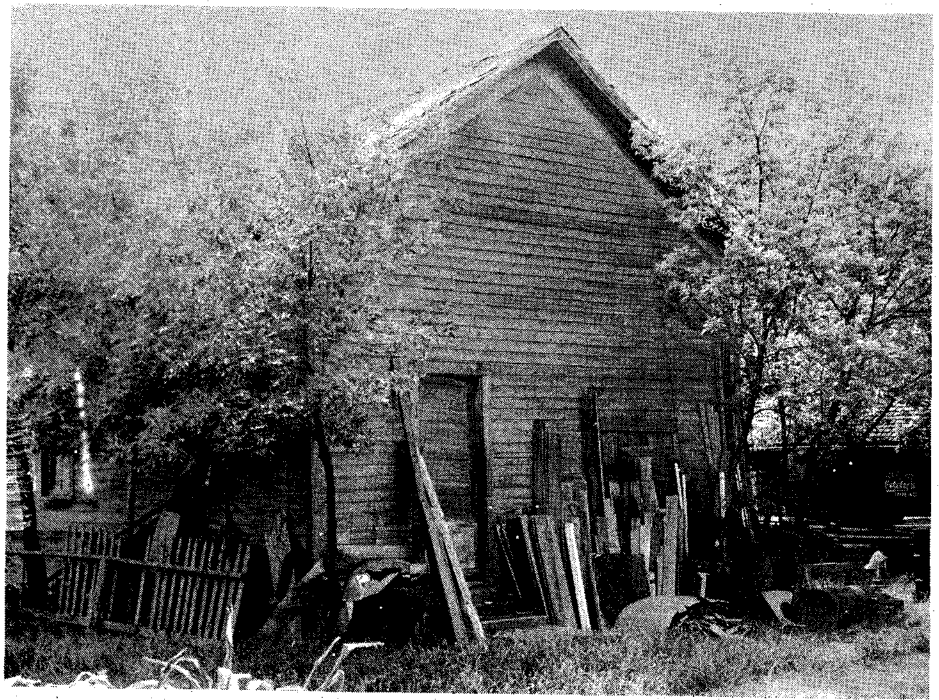
As the other children left the schoolhouse they had more trouble. Some got lost in the dense smoke. Frances Parrish, Blanche Davis, Johnny Olson and Lawrence Smith were trapped by the fire on all sides, but being desperate they continued in the right direction and jumped through flames until they found a burned-over area. They were not hurt except for singed hair and some burned clothing.

Miss Hollister and Ruth Olson, thirteen, tried to help the younger children to safety but the smoke and the heat were so intense that they suffocated. When the first farmers of the area reached the scene, all seven were on their backs and the only clothing they had left was a burning cuff or cloth still burning under their waist belts, and their shoes.

The dead and the injured were carried to the schoolhouse, which was untouched by fire, and they were laid on the floor. Sad parents came and tried to identify the badly burned remains of their children. Miss Hollister lived for twelve hours. During this time she was partly conscious, and was inconsolable because she had not made the children stay in the schoolhouse. It escaped because the yard and the area around it was so well trampled and worn down by the children in their play that its cover left little fuel for fire. It escaped too, because no flying embers happened to lodge on it, but the poor young schoolmistress had no way of knowing this in advance.

Along with Miss Hollister, who was twenty-four, and Ruth Olson, these others lost their lives: Francis Pike, seven; Rexie Smith, eight; Alfred Menge, eight; Irving Menge, ten; and Ernest Geary, eight. Frank Davis, who was one of the first farmers at the scene, took two of the children who were still alive into Belfield in his car, but his trip was in vain.

A mass funeral was held in the opera house in Belfield. The children were buried in the Belfield cemetery. Miss Hollister's body was taken back to Iowa by her brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gray, of rural Belfield. She had come out to Belfield the year before. The mass funeral was attended



Courtesy Author

Surviving a prairie fire that took the lives of the teacher and six school children, the Davis schoolhouse still stands at Belfield, North Dakota.

by hundreds who came to pay their sorrowful respects to a teacher and six children caught in one quick sweep of a prairie fire. Twenty-four schoolchildren of Belfield served as pallbearers. Pastors Thorp, Essig and Mutschnick took part in the services.

North Dakota still has prairie fires, but none that we know of has been so destructive of life as the one which occurred near Belfield in 1914. Walter and Alfred Schwartz, Dorothy Smith Epperson, Blanche Davis Horn and Frances Parrish Davis are alive today and remember the awful experience. The old schoolhouse is still in existence. It was later moved to Belfield and through the years has been used for a garage and shop, and at present serves as a storehouse, the property of the Prokop brothers.

YOU'RE GETTING ON IF . . .

By Olevia E. Myers

IF YOU CAN remember when the traveling moving picture wagon came around the country drawn by a spanking team of fat sleek horses, the harness glistening with rings of red and white and blue and a couple of little brass bells hung from the neck yoke making a lovely tinkling noise as the wagon rolled along.

If you remember running back and forth with bated breath as the "moving picture people" set up the big white tent and hung a white bed sheet at one end for the picture screen, set blocks of wood up endwise and laid heavy planks across them for seating for the audience, and set up the "moving picture machine" at the back of the tent where a man would crank tirelessly to bring forth those wonderful dramas. If you remember all this, my friends—you're getting on.

Then how about the little peddler who used to come walking across the wide prairies or the hills carrying a suitcase that was almost as large as he was? Remember the lovely bright colored silks which he measured by holding one end in his hand and stretching forth his arm? The length from his outstretched

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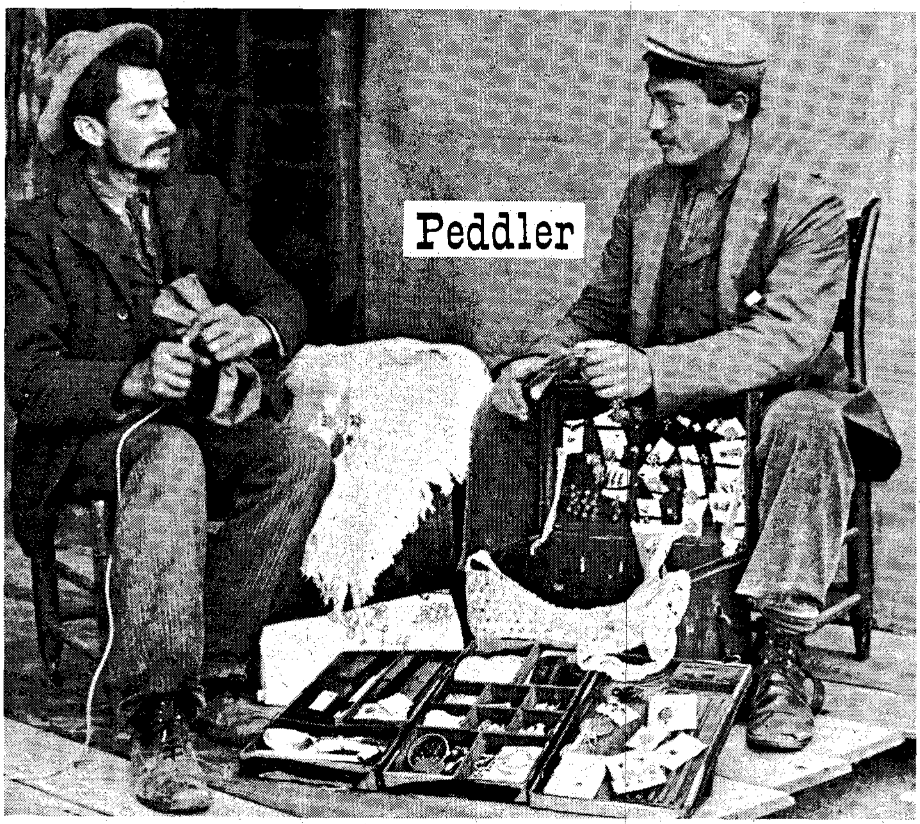

From North Dakota Outdoors, Courtesy Howard O. Berg

The peddler shows his goods to photographer Harrison who, at the same time, squeezes the bulb to take the photo.

hand to the end of his nose was a yard.

Remember the incredible assortment of things contained in that one large suitcase? There were needles, pins and thread, lace and elastic, handkerchiefs, combs of several kinds—like regular bone hair combs and fine combs and side combs and back combs for the ladies. There were straight razors which were always tested by drawing across a forearm, and sometimes a razor strap was thrown in for good measure. At the very bottom of the suitcase was always an assortment of lovely glittering beads of glass and pearl and coral. One time we put the peddler up for the night and next morning he gave Sister and me a pair of the tiny coral beads. How proudly we wore them to Sunday School.

How about when the circus came to town? Did you ever carry water for the elephants for a free pass? For that matter did you ever get up just at daylight and go visit the circus grounds hunting for lost treasures that had been left behind by the circus wagons that had silently pulled out in the darkness?

What about the old-time medicine shows? Remember the Medicine Man with his fringed leather coat and his guaranteed cures for whatever ailed you at the cost of only one dollar?

CAN YOU remember when you bought bananas from the open door of a boxcar on the siding for fifty cents a stalk? If they were over-ripe (which they usually were) you got them for a quarter, after which you ate so many that you got sick.

Do you recall when brown sugar came in sixty-gallon wooden barrels, and prunes came in wooden boxes? When all general stores (and there wasn't any other kind) held shelves of Swamp Root Chill Tonic and Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic with the picture of a fat smiling baby on the bottle? When the little round blue quinine bottle was in every home to ward off malaria, and tobacco came in big squares? Each dime's worth had a tin star or brown mule or a horseshoe on it. Papa would pry off the bright tin tag and give it to you to play with. When candy was long black ropes of licorice or the wonderful striped sticks which the grocer threw in for good measure when Papa bought a supply of groceries?

Remember when the only street sweeping service we had was the long trains of the ladies' dresses trailing behind them as they walked down the dusty street?

How about it? Did you ever walk three or four miles to town to go to the post office? Did you stand watching the postmaster shuffle through the letters to look for one with your name on it?

Remember going 'possum hunting when the persimmons were ripe and the moon was full?

Remember when the favorite games at school, where all ages played together, were Crack the Whip or Ante Over or Drop the Handkerchief?

Have you ever gotten up on a cold frosty morning and gone to milk the cows and had to get the calves from the calf lot and have one refuse to come through the gate until you chased him around and was wet half-way up your pants legs or dress tails, as the case might be; then after you had scraped your wet legs on saw briers until they were scratched and bleeding all over, the calf came in gentle as a lamb?

Did you ever plow in new ground and have the post oak runners break and slash back making big blue knots on your shins?

Remember when a buffalo nickel was a fortune on Saturday? When you had a pair of striped overalls for Sunday go-to-meeting if you were a boy or a Sunday dress and two school dresses, with an old faded patched one to put on as soon as you got home from school if you were a girl?

Remember when the baby always slept under a mosquito bar and someone had to break a green limb from the peach tree to fan the flies away from the table while the family ate?

If you can remember even a few of these things which were common everyday events, then you're just about the age to talk about the "good old days."

SUNDAY OF HORROR

By Andy A. Knox

BY 1880 a lot of people that a sheriff was *not* after had moved into the Indian Territory. My granddad, having already tried half-a-dozen "settling down" places after getting out of the GAR, wound up just west of Fort Smith, where he started sharecropping for a man who had an Indian wife. He built a shack and every kid who was big enough to work was set to cutting out the canebrakes and deadening the large trees. The younger kids always remembered dancing around the great piles of burning brush and cane and, as the joints exploded, shouting "War! War!"

The folks might have made it good if Granddad hadn't caught malaria. That really set him back. Finally he had to hire a family fresh from the Arkansas hills to chop cotton and clear land. A man named Lee Dixon, who had a wife and a baby, took the job. Later the woman's brother, Dave Smith, joined them. They set up a tent and camped by the river a hundred yards from Granddad's shack.

One Sunday morning my mother, her sister, Lillie, and her brother, George, were playing down by Dixon's tent. Mother was nine, Lillie, six and George, seventeen years old. Mother sat and watched Mrs. Dixon nurse her baby while George sported around with a neighbor boy. Then she and Lillie started back to their shack. They noticed two men on horseback approaching the tent.

As Mother and Aunt Lillie went around the house, they heard a volley of shots. Granddad and Joe, another son, were enjoying the warm sun from the front porch. Joe mocked the shots. "Bang, bang, bang! Someone's breaking the Sabbath!"

Then Uncle George came tearing around the corner, too agitated to speak coherently. To Granddad's "What's wrong?" Uncle George managed, "The worst massacre you ever heard of!" Then he went off into something that sounded like ". . . he was aiming at a squirrel!"

(Continued on next page)

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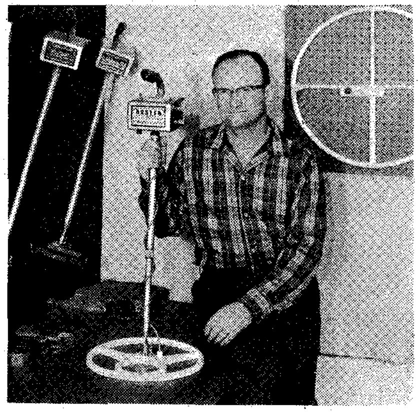

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THE whole family ran down to the tent. From Uncle George and the others, they pieced together the following sequence of events.

Two horsemen—Deputy United States Marshals Dalton and Cole—had galloped directly to the tent and yelled, "Come out, everybody!"

A shot had been fired from the interior of the tent by Dan Smith. Deputy Marshal Frank Dalton had fallen and Cole, whose first name is lost to history, had retaliated, firing methodically into the tent.

A neighbor, Will Towerly, who had been visiting the Dixons, had run outside with Lee Dixon just as Cole fired at Dave Smith, who had taken off in another direction. Smith had collapsed, mortally wounded.

Cole then had turned on Dixon and Towerly and, according to Uncle George's testimony, had fired at Dixon "like he was aiming at a squirrel" while they had their hands up.

Dixon had fallen but Towerly had fled into the brush, and kept going.

When my grandparents, my mother, and the others reached the tent, Mrs. Dixon lay dead inside, and the baby was screaming. Frank Dalton lay wounded but was making no outcry. Lee Dixon was moaning and crying for help. Smith was dead. Cole had fled back to Fort Smith to get help. Only Uncle George had actually seen him do the shooting.

Dalton was making no outcry and no one thought he was seriously injured, but he died a few minutes later. And Dixon, who was moaning, lived to be taken to jail at Fort Smith, where he later died from his wounds.

Will Towerly made good his dive for the brush but a full scale manhunt was launched and Towerly was killed the next Sunday after killing another marshal in a gunfight.

JUST WHY did Dave Smith fire on Marshal Dalton? Granddad never knew. Granddad thought the marshals were investigating a bootlegging report, and he was equally sure that there was no bootleg activity going on.

The published report in the *Weekly Elevator* stated that the officers had a horse-stealing charge against Dave Smith and were serving a warrant for his arrest. The paper also stated that Towerly shot Dalton while the marshal lay wounded and that he had fired at Cole.

But Uncle George Conner, the only uninvolved witness, insisted that Towerly and Dixon were unarmed and that Cole had fired on them after they had raised their hands. He should have known, he was there! It was evident that Mrs. Dixon was killed by Cole's blind fire through the tent. This man's rashness cost the Dixons, man and wife, their lives, plus those of Marshal Dalton, Dave Smith, Towerly and the other marshal.

After this Sunday of horror, Grandma convinced Granddad that the Territory was no fit environment for raising a family. Granddad was too weak from malaria to resist her pleas. In the spring he loaded up the family and headed north.

Until the last day of his life, the old man wondered if his hiring of Dixon and Smith, and the death of Deputy Marshal Frank Dalton, had anything to do with Frank's brothers going over to the other side of the law.

Massacre by White Men

(Continued from page 33)

some of the party were unwilling to retreat, still debating the question while others began preparing to withdraw. Captain Sansom picked up his saddle and a blanket which had been dropped by a Confederate and, with several other men, began working around toward the horses.

"We'll tie some of them here in the cedar thicket," the captain suggested, "so that they will be ready."

Dawn now shoved the gloom from the open areas and penetrated the thickets. Captain Sansom and his party pulled around to the rear of the Confederates, prepared to attack if the Southerners opened fire on the main body of Unionists.

Momentarily the Confederates laid down a volley at the Union camp, then scrambled from the cover of the thicket to charge. Captain Sansom signaled his men to start firing.

The Sansom gun was the only one which fired. All the others had damp powder and were useless.

The Confederate charge easily overran the Union camp. The poorly armed Unionists fell or scattered. In a matter of minutes, the fight was over. Captain Sansom worked back to his staked horse, saddled, crossed to the east bank of the Nueces where he came upon several of his comrades.

The fight could have ended there and it would have gone into the history books as merely another skirmish between the North and South. The Confederates lost ten men dead and forty-five wounded. Nineteen Unionists died, and nine were so seriously wounded that they could not withdraw from the scene.

Although a trained Army lieutenant named McRae was in command and directed the fighting of the Confederates, he was severely wounded and command fell to Colonel Duff, an irregular. That succession of command marked the first step in the tragedy of the Nueces. Duff ordered his men to round up all Unionists and bring them to his temporary headquarters. When this was done he summarily ordered all the wounded to be killed. Nine Unionists who were captured and brought in were shot immediately by Duff's order. He refused to permit his soldiers to bury the dead Unionists. "Leave them here as a lesson to any others who are not willing to fight for the South!" he said.

Not until August 10, 1865—three years later—were friends of the executed men able to recover what was left of their bodies and provide a civilized burial at Comfort, Texas, where a monument stands today in their memory.

Thus the viciousness of one man brought shame upon the cause he professed to serve and added a bitter page to Texas history.

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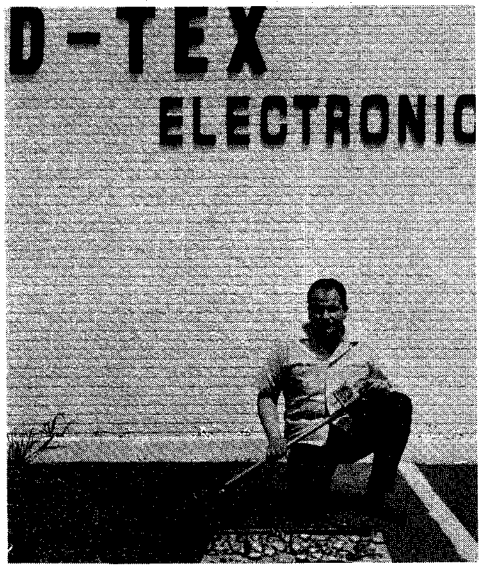

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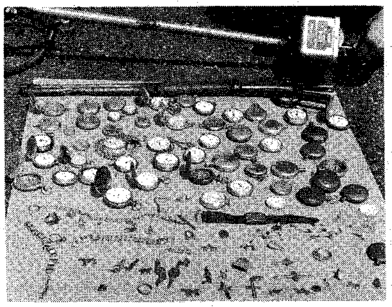

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Apache Vengeance

(Continued from page 35)

DURING these moments of ghastly carnage, the other two Apaches were actually awed by the fury of their tribesmen. They took no part in the slayings and, fearing for their own lives, had retreated to the side of the road where they had remained silent and watchful.

Now, Say-es and El-cahn, drunk with slaughter, reloaded the shotgun and checked the chambers of the six-shooter. The keys to the irons were in their possession and they ran wildly up the grade, following Pash-ten-tah and Hale toward the stage.

During the ten or fifteen minutes that it took to dispose of the officers, the stagecoach had rounded several curves and made steady progress. Apache Kid and Hos-cal-te sat sullen and moody while their fetters pressed deep on their copper-skinned bodies. Middleton thought he heard muffled reports of guns but believed the officers were merely target shooting. Again and again he glanced back, but not once did he see the figure of a man frantically running toward him. Finally convinced that he heard a voice, he stopped the stage and securely set the brakes. A moment later he saw a lone man approaching. Keenly watching the person who steadily came nearer, Middleton satisfied himself that it was the Mexican convict. Pointing his gun directly at Avott, he shouted in a loud, commanding voice, "Stop! Stop!"

"Help, *amigo*, help!" screamed the Mexican, ignoring the command and running with terror. Gasping for breath he reached the rear of the stage.

"Get in this stage or I'll blast you!" Middleton ordered.

"*Por amor de Dios*, don't shoot!" screamed the trembling Avott. "Apaches kill Sheriff and Hunky. They come kill me, hide me quick," he pleaded.

"K-killed! Impossible!" exclaimed the stunned Middleton.

Apache Kid overheard the conversation and squirmed in his seat. Without doubt he was the key figure in plotting the escape, and his dream was about to materialize if Middleton could be disposed of—but he wanted to tantalize the already terrified Middleton as much as possible, so he let out a war cry and thrust his head out of the stage.

"Get yer damn head back in that stage or I'll shoot it off!" Middleton roared, looking down and pointing his gun at the Indian. "Try and get out and you'll be a dead Apache!"

"Don't shoot! Me sit down! Me lay down—anything! Apache Kid no run away! Me good Indian," he cried out, flopping back in his seat and doing as he was bidden. As far as there is any evidence, official or otherwise, this was the last command that Apache Kid took from a white man and these were the last known words he ever spoke to a paleface.

Meanwhile Avott, who had not relaxed for a moment, kept his eyes fixed on the trail behind him. He spotted Pash-ten-tah taking aim with the slain Holmes' rifle. "Look out, Middleton!" he screamed. "Apache shoot you!" Instantly, the Mexican turned and dashed through the bushes.

The dazed driver had barely heard Avott's warning when there was the crack of a rifle and a bullet cut through Middleton's neck and he toppled from the driver's seat to the ground. Near the right front yellow wheel of the new Concord, its owner lay in a pool of blood.

An instant later more shots were fired as Pash-ten-tah cut down on the fleeing Mexican. Bullets whizzed past Avott, who rapidly put distance between himself and the frenzied Apache killer. Increasing his pace, he ran through the brush and over and around rocks until he came to a clump of bushes, where he hid.

By the time Pash-ten-tah got over his anger at not hitting the fleet-footed Avott, Hale, El-cahn, and Say-es had reached the stage. During the preceding tense moments Apache Kid and Hos-cal-te, inside the coach, had maintained a neutral silence. The arrival of Hale, El-cahn, and Say-es confirmed the complete success of the coup and Kid rent the air with an Apache yell.

The murderers leaped into the stage and quickly liberated Apache Kid and Hos-cal-te. During all this commotion the horses had nervously stamped and twisted about, but their tight reins and set wagon-brakes prevented them from taking off.

With wild cries the Indians jumped from the stagecoach. El-cahn drew Reynolds' six-shooter from the belt he had strapped around himself and pointed the weapon toward the prostrate form of Middleton. Apache Kid saw the move and probably recognized the hated Reynolds' gun, for he jerked the .45 from El-cahn's hand and stuck it in his own belt. It can only be supposed that he had considered Middleton already dead and was momentarily engrossed with the triumph of possessing his enemy's own weapon. At any rate, the incident saved Middleton's life.

APACHE KID, Hale, Say-es, Pash-ten-tah, and El-cahn set about robbing the bodies of their victims. Rolling Middleton's body over and over, they took his coat and personal effects. Racing down the road, they came to the mangled body of Sheriff Reynolds. Apache Kid's long, bony fingers reached into the dead man's vest pocket and found the gold watch and chain. He straightened up. Standing in the early morning light, his black eyes flashed with gratification as he gazed upon the sheep and cattle figures engraved upon the gold case. The crooked W tattooed upon the center of his bronze forehead turned to a dark crimson as deep in color as the blood-soaked sand upon which he stood.

Satisfied, now that he had in his possession the gold watch and chain that he had so long desired, Apache Kid glanced anxiously at his partners who, apparently, had paid no attention to their leader's loot. They were busy stuffing their own booty into their ragged pockets. Removing the overcoat from the body of the slain sheriff, Kid searched each pocket until he grasped that which he was seeking. From an inner pocket, he took the money pouch containing about $350 and the prisoners' commitment papers.

Hale and Pash-ten-tah bent over the body of Holmes and systematically plundered it. With a cry of joy, Hale ran a few yards behind the dead man to where the deputy's cowboy hat lay. Jabbering excitedly, he threw his old straw hat into a cactus patch and donned the new headgear. At this point Apache Kid missed his other Indian brothers and called out in a loud, clear voice, "Has-ten-tu-du-jay, Be-the-ja-be-tish-to-ce-an!"

Fearful for their lives, these convicts had kept out of the slaying. However, at the call of Apache Kid, they came from their hideout and joined their tribesmen without complaint, as did Hos-cal-te, who also did not participate. Apache Kid told them that he would lead them back to their homes on the reservation, and seeing the leader's calmness and confidence, and undoubtedly awed by the incredible turn of events, they willingly followed.

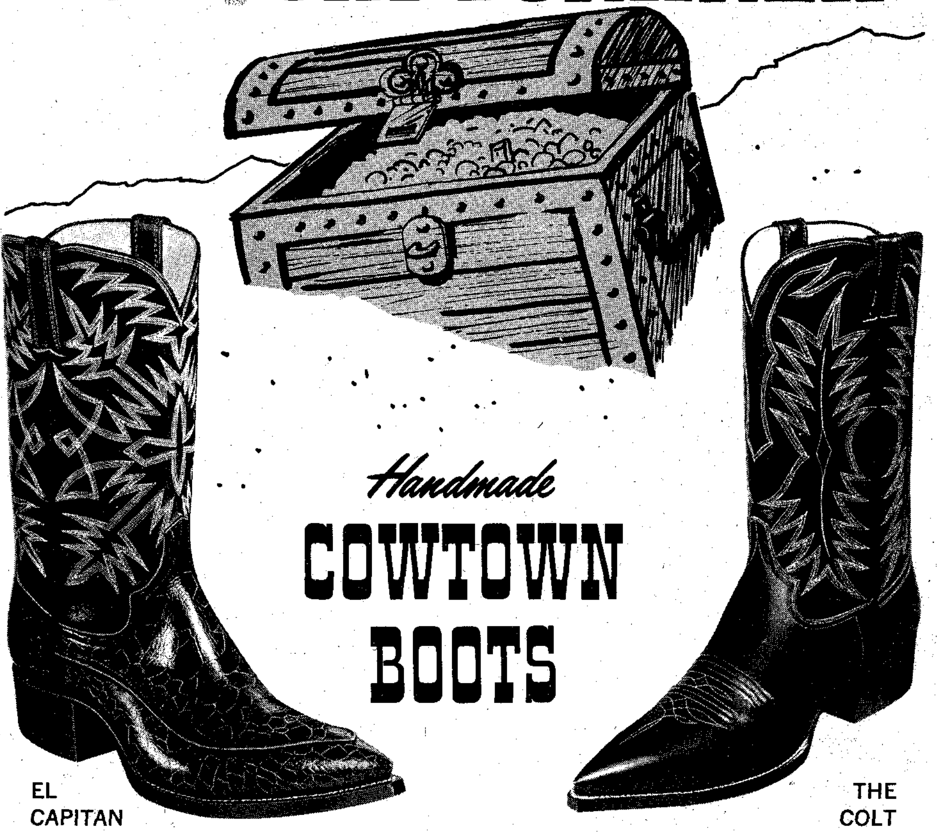
MIDDLETON, although suffering untold agony, had not lost consciousness and had only feigned death during the ghastly affair. Convinced at last that the danger had passed, he opened his eyes. The wound in his neck bled profusely and he was getting cold, the escapees having robbed him of his coat. Somehow he would have to get help. Suddenly he heard footsteps and hopefully forced his head an inch or two out of the bloodsoaked sand. To his horror he saw two of the Apaches directly in front of him and coming toward the stage. He had a shuddering sensation as if every hair on his head stood on end. Lying helpless on the ground, he realized the time had come for him to meet his Maker. He closed his eyes and waited for the end.

To his intense relief the killers passed by him and climbed into the stage. They had dropped the keys to the handcuffs when they freed Apache Kid and Hos-cal-te, and had returned for them in order to free the two Apaches who had retreated to the side when Holmes was attacked. After removing the handcuffs from the bony wrists of the last pair, the eight escapees, led by Apache Kid, scampered away and disappeared from sight into the desert waste.

Middleton lay quite still, unable to believe he had escaped death and the mutilation which was the trademark of an Apache killing. Recounting the grim tale later he said, "I was so sure I was a goner that it was a shock to discover I wasn't! Then's when I knew I had to get back to Riverside if I had to crawl all the way. It's what I'd been spared to do."

He slowly raised his arms and took hold of the yellow wheel spokes, painstakingly pulling himself to his knees. With effort he removed a handkerchief from his pants pocket and tied it around his wound. Breathing heavily, he finally got to his feet and leaned against the coach. Eyeing the high box of the driver's seat he knew he could never handle the four horses and jolting stage over the hazardous road back to Riverside.

COMFORT BONANZA



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Middleton started down the grade on foot and stopped beside the battered and mutilated body of the slain sheriff. He fought a rush of nausea and somehow kept on his feet. All the old fear and a new hatred of Apaches surged through him with such intensity that it gave him renewed strength.

Staggering onward he came upon Holmes' lifeless bloody body; Hunkydory Holmes, whose dream of striking it rich again had vanished—this time forever. Again Middleton felt a strange resurgence of strength. All fear had left him. He stood there by the gruesome thing that had been a man with dreams, and whispered, "Everything is hunkydory for you now, old man." Then (he recounted later), as he stood there, he seemed to hear once more Reynolds' final words spoken not more than a half-hour before, "Pull ahead, Gene—all is well." At that moment Middleton knew he could make the four miles to Riverside.

Meanwhile, Avott still hid in brush near the summit. From an elevated position, he sighted the stagecoach standing out against the brown desert. He sensed that the danger of being killed had passed and decided that he should report the incident. It would require hours to walk some thirty miles to Florence, the nearest town to the west. He would do better if he had a horse to ride, and cautiously he made his way down to the stage. Approaching with utmost stealth he saw that Middleton was gone. Only a large red stain in the sand near the vehicle, and blood spattered on the right front wheel marked the place where he had last seen the stage driver's body. Perplexed but cheered, the Mexican convict (who later received a pardon for his gallant action) swiftly unhooked one of the lead horses and jumped upon his mount. In a matter of seconds he was sitting back on the ground, pitched off. Unfortunately, he had selected the only animal not broken to ride.

As he picked himself up off the ground, he wondered what to do next. Scanning the surrounding hilltops he saw a figure driving horses about a half mile away. These were saddle horses from the Zellewager Ranch, attended to by Andronico Lorona, the wrangler.

When these frisky range horses scented the stage horses, they neighed, pricked up their ears, and raced down to the stage where they rubbed noses with the harnessed blacks. Lorona followed his herd and met Avott, who rapidly explained the whole affair. Catching a gentle horse from the herd, Avott mounted it and started for Florence. Lorona returned to the ranch and reported to his foreman, who sent cowboys to the scene of the killings to guard the bodies.

UNAWARE of all this, Middleton continued steadily on his way to Riverside. There were times when he would barely move. When his wound reopened with the movement of his body and blood gushed out, he stopped the bleeding with pressure of his fingers applied to the injury. Barely able to put one foot in front of the other he at last came in sight of the station. He could see passengers getting into the Globe-bound stage, but was unable to raise his voice above a whisper.

It was then that the driver, Sayler, stuck his head into the coach to check his load and asked, "Is everyone here? We're ready to pull out."

"No, wait!" responded a passenger, pointing up the Casa Grande road. "There comes someone. Guess he wants to catch this stage."

Sayler looked behind him and his keen eyes recognized the stumbling figure. "Good grief, Gene, what's happened?" he shouted as he ran to meet Middleton.

Staggering into Sayler's arms, Middleton mumbled, "They got us, Shorty! They got us!"

"They got who?" cried Sayler.

"Those convicts! Those murdering Apaches! The dirty devils killed Reynolds and Holmes and thought they killed me!" Middleton gasped as he fell in Sayler's arms.

Passengers carried the wounded man into the hostelry, put him to bed, bathed and dressed his wound. With one accord, they volunteered to remain at the station and care for Middleton while Sayler rode into Globe for help.

Reynolds' own horse, Tex, had been left at Riverside and in a matter of minutes a hostler had him saddled. After a night's rest the powerful and speedy Texas horse was ready for the hard pace Sayler would have to set. The forty-mile route wound over mountains and rough ground all the way, but by changing mounts at Pioneer he hoped to reach Globe by noon.

Sayler followed the south bank of the Gila River until he came to the crossing. Sure of his mount, he held his feet high in the stirrups and Tex plunged into the swollen river, crossing without mishap. In a brief time he spotted the mail carrier, who was on his way to the station. Reining in, he stopped long enough to shout, "Sheriff Reynolds and Deputy Holmes have just been killed by Apaches and Gene Middleton badly wounded! Better warn the ranchers on your route that eight Apache killers are at large!"

Sayler pressed Tex to the utmost, alternately spurring and talking to him. By mid-morning they had reached Pioneer, the halfway mark. Pulling up sharply Sayler dismounted and shouted, "Get me a fresh horse! Reynolds and Holmes have been murdered by Apaches!"

Just as a crowd will appear as if by magic at any street accident, so suddenly nearly everyone in camp gathered round the bringer of this startling news, asking for full particulars. Anxious to get going again, Sayler broke away from them, seized the bridle reins of the fresh horse, and started up the long grade that led into the Pinal Mountains. His mount was not the horse that Tex was and he had to stop frequently to rest him. At one such pause, Sayler beheld the beauty and peace of the wooded mountainside, so vividly contrasted with the scene in the valley behind him where carnage had been committed.

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The horse had ceased blowing, and Sayler spurred him on. They reached Pioneer Pass and started the twelve-mile down-grade stretch to their destination. As they neared the tollgate the gatekeeper heard the pounding hoofbeats. From past experience in the territory the keeper knew that a rider on horseback approaching at that speed meant some kind of trouble and he ran out to the road. Sayler slid his horse to a stop and told his story in a few terse words. "I'll open the gate, and don't take time to pay the toll now!" cried the gate attendant, as he swung the gate wide.

HOLDING to his course, Sayler rode hard and fast down Pinal Creek. Rising in his stirrups and shouting in the horse's ear, Sayler urged it to still greater efforts, and the horse gave all it had. Its body was covered with lather, its muscles trembled and it was barely able to stand when Sayler pulled up at the rail in front of the sheriff's office. It was just past noon when he finished telling Deputy Jerry Ryan the ghastly story as reported by Middleton.

"Those dirty cowards!" cried Ryan. "Glenn and Hunkydory! I can't believe it. I'll get every last one of 'em if it takes me the rest of my life."

Ryan went into action by first notifying Mrs. Reynolds of the tragic affair, after which he notified members of Middleton's family, who quickly left for Riverside with Doctor Largent. He then telegraphed to Captain John L. Bullis at San Carlos, and to Sheriff Jerry Fryer at Florence. Since the massacre had occurred in Pinal County, Sheriff Fryer undoubtedly would be charged with spearheading the investigation.

Within a short while a telegram came from Sheriff Fryer stating that Avott had reached Florence and reported the murders and escape of the other prisoners. He told Ryan that a coroner's jury and sheriff's posse were proceeding to Riverside.

Captain Bullis notified Ryan by wire that his troops would be sent into action as soon as orders came through. He also informed Ryan that General Miles had been notified of the slaying of the law officers. Within a few hours a message was received from the general stating that he had informed the adjutant general's office in Washington, D. C., of the reported slaying of Sheriff Reynolds of Gila County, Arizona, by eight Apache convicts. Thus the federal government was brought into the case with unprecedented speed. It must be remembered that in the year 1889, the southwestern frontier still was inclined to regard with wonder the invention of the telegraph.

The reckless sending of many telegrams and the miraculously swift replies added to the excitement which already was at a high pitch in Globe. Even grief-stricken Gussie Reynolds acknowledged a momentary thrill when she received a personal telegram from relatives in Texas informing her that a kinsman was setting out for Globe.

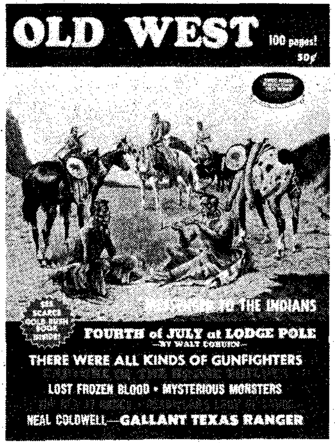
The Gila County Board of Supervisors, stung into headlong action, met in special session and issued the following broadside: "On motion it was ordered that the sheriff be authorized and he is thereby directed to offer a reward of fifty dollars, to be paid by the County of Gila for the apprehension of each of the following named Indian convicts, to wit: Has-ten-tu-du-jay, El-cahn, Hos-cal-te, Kid, Hale, Say-es, Pash-ten-tah, and Bi-the-ja-be-tish-to-ce-an, if arrested alive, or upon duly authenticated evidence of their having been killed by any officer or person attempting such arrest or capture."

The posting of this reward was telegraphed to every post, town, and community in Arizona for newspaper publication. It was an open invitation for all to take part in catching the outlaws.

The adjutant general's office had received General Miles' message. By mid-afternoon of November 2, 1889, the War Department, with commendable promptness, notified every military post in central and southern Arizona. Troops from Forts Thomas, Grant, Lowell, McDowell, Apache, Huachuca, and San Carlos were ordered in the field. Sheriff's Deputies Jerry Ryan and Floyd Blevins led a civilian posse to Riverside.

With literally hundreds of military under orders and every civilian in the area alerted, the greatest manhunt in the history of Arizona Territory began.

IN THE commanding officer's headquarters at San Carlos, Captain Bullis briefed his commissioned officers on the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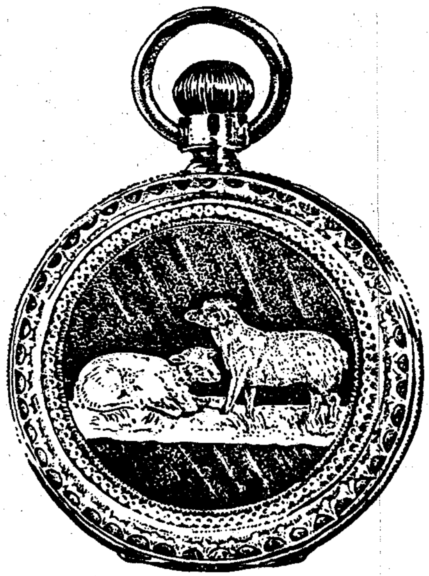
As we go to press, a late note from Sheriff Reynolds' daughter:



I well remember Eugene Middleton and, of course, Sheriff Jerry Ryan although I was just seven years old when all this happened. I am the only member of my family living and I am 86. I wear the ring Papa had on when he was killed. He had on gloves and the Indians did not take his gloves off. His watch was found on a dead Indian in the Sierra Madre Mountains in old Mexico and we are quite sure that this was the Apache Kid as he was never captured. I remember him as he would talk to me when I would be making the rounds in the Globe jail with my father. I was a tomboy and always at my father's heels. Jerry Ryan was drowned six months after my father's death while trying to rescue a young lady who had fallen into a lake at a picnic.—Bess Reynolds Hollowell

manhunt. Less than three weeks before, San Carlos troops had assisted in the roundup of most of these fugitives. These officers well knew the difficulty they would encounter in tracking down the crafty Indians. Now that they had committed even more spectacular crimes and were at large with guns, the soldiers could expect them to be more desperate and more cunning.

The San Carlos troops not only knew the eight renegades by sight, but were more or less familiar with their habits, and were, therefore, better equipped for the chase than soldiers from the other forts. Bullis reminded the troops of the vast stretches of uninhabited land to comb, and warned them not to be overly optimistic about an early capture. However, he was confident that diligent maneuvering and scouting on the part of his soldiers would lead eventually to the capture or killing of all eight of the escaped convicts.

Lieutenants Wilder and Hardeman were instructed to take fifty men of Troop G, Fourth Cavalry, and move in the direction of Riverside and to points where the fugitives might possibly be intercepted. Lieutenants Watson and Clark were ordered to take thirty men and watch strategic trails, springs, and campgrounds.

Finally (and indicative of Apache Kid's reputation for strategy), Captain Lewis Johnson was detailed to take sufficient troops and concentrate on capturing Kid. Their destination would be the valley along the San Pedro River, which heads in Mexico. The army believed that this cleverest and wisest of all Apaches might double back toward the upper San Pedro and slink into Mexico, as he knew every inch of this territory, previously having been with expeditions that captured Geronimo.

Meanwhile, Dr. Largent arrived at the bedside of the wounded stage driver at Riverside. He found Middleton extremely ill, with high fever, and only partially conscious. An examination disclosed that a soft lead bullet had ripped a gaping hole in the lower part of the face and neck, barely missing a vertebrae. Taking every precautionary measure, the doctor had his patient moved to a hospital at Florence, where he eventually recovered, but Middleton always had a stiff neck and wore an ugly scar.

Late in the afternoon on the day of the slaying, a coroner's jury held an inquest and returned the obvious verdict that Sheriff Reynolds and Deputy Holmes were murdered at the hands of Apache convicts. The bodies then were released for removal to Globe for burial.

Just before dark on the same day, Jerry Ryan and his posse arrived at Riverside Station. Sitting in the station room which, only the night before, had been used as a jail where three men in line of duty had guarded the Apache convicts, the combined posses from Globe and Florence mapped out their plans for the chase.

Early the following morning, the posses, led by Ryan and Sheriff Fryer of Pinal County, rode to the scene of the killings to pick up a trail, which, by now, was some twenty-four hours old. The first clue found was a pair of blue pants and white drawers which had been taken from Holmes' suitcase. This evidence was placed in a burlap sack carried by Ryan. The next clue discovered was bits of paper strewn along the trail. An examination disclosed these papers to be the prison commitment papers, which had been torn into shreds. Holmes' hat was discovered about seven miles out on the trail. A few miles farther on, the trackers came to a place where a steer had been crudely butchered. A part of the beef had been taken for food, and some of the hide stripped off. The trackers concluded that the fugitives used the hide to wrap around their feet to leave a moccasin-type footprint which would be hard to follow. Their wrapped feet also permitted them to cover the ground over cacti and rocks with greater quietness.

True to their expectation, the posse picked up peculiar tracks leading away from this spot. Throughout the afternoon the hunters' ceaseless search took them across many miles of desert, and they eventually came to the Gila River and rode up its banks. Heading into a ranch, the posses were confronted by a man who stepped out of concealment and lowered the rifle with which he had covered their approach. As he dropped the weapon he shouted, "Thank God you're white! I thought 'twas them Apaches come back."

TIRED AS they were, the men were instantly alert, and Ryan quickly dismounted to get the man's story.

"Yesterday," the rancher began, "the mail carrier told all the ranchers around here about a gang of Apache killers being on the loose, and that they had shot a stage driver and killed two men."

"Yes, yes, we know that. What place is this, and what happened here?" asked Ryan impatiently.

"I ain't the owner of this ranch. It belongs to the Cunninghams," the man replied. "Only it belongs just to Mr. Cunningham now, because Mrs. Cunningham is dead. Them damn Apaches caused it!"

"Did the Cunninghams kill any of them?" asked Ryan.

"Nope, all three got away. Like I was

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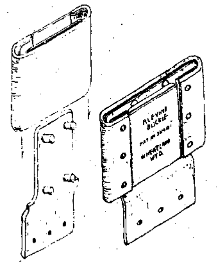

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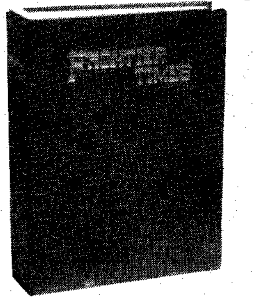

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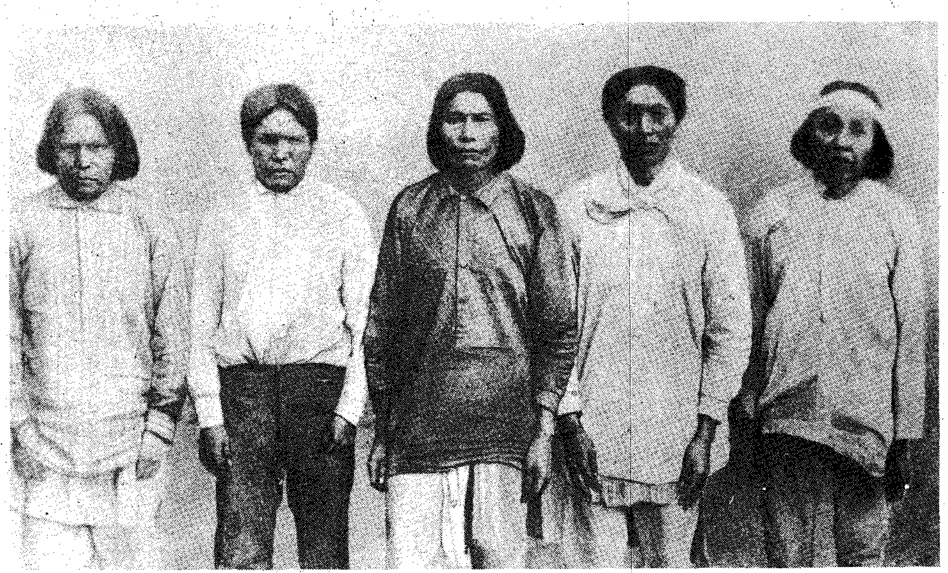

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Members of Apache Kid's gang who were hanged for the murder of Reynolds and Holmes.

telling you, the mail carrier told about the Indians being in this vicinity, and I reckon Mrs. Cunningham forgot about it when she went into yonder mesquite thicket to gather some firewood. Nothing happened to her until she looked up and saw them coming toward her. She dropped the wood and ran like all-get-out, yelling, 'Indians! Help! Indians!' By the time her husband ran into the house and got his rifle, Mrs. Cunningham reached the porch and dropped dead."

"Literally scared to death!" exclaimed Ryan.

"Yep," answered the rancher. "Her husband shot at 'em but they were too far away. They ran up the river, and you can still see their funny-lookin' footprints in the sand. Want to see 'em?"

"No, thanks," Sheriff Fryer broke in. "We won't have any trouble tracking them in the sand. It's my hunch they have split up and have scattered all over this country."

Remounting, Ryan and the officers thanked the stranger for the information and decided to split the posses, the Pinal County unit going back down the Gila River, and the Gila County unit proceeding up the river in the general direction of Dudleyville, where a store was located.

Before Ryan and his men had gone far, clouds gathered, and it began to rain as darkness approached. It was nearly dark and the driving rain had practically obliterated all footprints when the Gila County officers climbed onto higher and rougher ground among the low hills, which in the distance were dotted with ranches. They put up for the night at one of these ranches within two miles of Dudleyville.

During the night, the horses, which were corralled a hundred feet away from where the officers slept, became disturbed. Deputy Sheriff Ryan sat up in bed and listened. "The horses!" he whispered. "I bet those Apaches are up to their old tricks. By golly, we don't want to be left afoot."

He moved silently to the other men, and after awakening them, each man got in a shooting position while Ryan sneaked toward the corral. The tense silence was broken suddenly by an outburst of laughter when Ryan shouted, "It's a skunk!"

UNBEKNOWNST to Ryan, Lieutenants Wilder and Hardeman had led their troops toward Dudleyville and pitched camp on the outskirts of the little desert village in a different direction from where Ryan had stopped. Dudleyville was located on the San Pedro River, some three miles from its confluence with the Gila.

The possemen were in their saddles at daybreak. Ryan ordered a spread formation and directed each of his five companions to look for sign and head in the general direction of the store, where they would stop for breakfast. Within a couple of hours or so, Ryan rallied his men, and they rode to the settlement and went into conference with Lieutenants Wilder and Hardeman.

"We've had several good clues, but none has materialized in the capture of a single fugitive," Ryan reported.

"They've outsmarted us so far, also," Wilder said, "and now, with this rain, we will have to look harder."

"We found a fresh trail but they eluded us by taking to the rocks in the foothills around Saddle Mountain," Hardeman explained, pointing northeast to a towering blue mountain in the shape of a saddle.

"Lieutenants Watson and Clark, with their San Carlos soldiers, and troops from Fort Thomas and Fort Apache have a good chance of catching them if they move back to the reservation," informed a scout.

"And by now, Captain Johnson should have made contact with troops from Forts Grant and Lowell, moving in from the south," spoke Wilder. "He has orders to catch one in particular."

"Which one of them?" asked Deputy Sheriff Floyd Blevins.

"The Apache Kid," replied the army officer. "Johnson knows that fellow like a book. He's familiar with any trail Kid might take leading into Mexico. Give him time and he'll probably capture that outlaw."

"I hope you're right, Lieutenant," Jerry Ryan said. "I'd like to bring him in myself, but all that matters now is that the killers are all caught."

"Lieutenant Overton and troops from Fort McDowell should have reached the Pinal Ranch at the west end of the Pinal Mountains by this time. They are under orders to guard the passes along the Globe-Silver King Trail," Hardeman told Ryan. "The army has plenty of men in the field, so why don't you civilian officers return to Globe?"

Ryan wondered if it would be right for him to leave the search, but he realized there was great need for him in the sheriff's office also. Thanking the army men for their consideration, Ryan and his men quit the search.

Night had fallen when the posse rode into Globe. As the tired, unshaven men slipped from their saddles, a crowd quickly gathered. Flanked by people of various races—white, Negro, Chinese, and Indian—the manhunters were besieged with questions about the latest developments. They were bitterly disappointed when Ryan notified them that the murderers of Sheriff Reynolds and Deputy Holmes had, so far, evaded capture. The following day a double funeral was conducted in the Methodist Church to pay final respects to the slain officers.

A few days later Ben Reynolds, brother of the late sheriff, arrived to give assistance to his sister-in-law, nephews, and nieces. This was the same brother who had come to Arizona two years before, but who went back to Texas without seeing his relatives because of the confusion caused by the Pleasant Valley War.

Mrs. Reynolds held anything but happy memories of her experiences in Arizona, and promptly turned her property over to Attorney E. H. Cook for liquidation. Accompanied by her brother-in-law she took her four small children and left immediately for Albany, Texas where she lived until her death.

Within a year, seven of the fugitive Apaches had been accounted for—only Apache Kid remained at large. What happened to the Kid is still a matter of dispute. The "true" accounts of his exploits and death are so numerous and diverse that he stands in peril of becoming a legendary figure.

Sheriff Reynolds' watch was eventually recovered by General Kosterlitsky's rurales from the body of an Apache killed in a running fight. It was later returned to Mrs. Reynolds. Was this Indian the Kid? If so, it was never proven. If one chooses, some significance may be attached to the fact that Kid's true name was Haskay-bay-nay-ntayl, which in Apache means "He is brave—he is tall—he will come to a mysterious end." In the records of the Gila County courthouse at Globe, the last official entry in the case of Apache Kid still stands—"whereabouts unknown."

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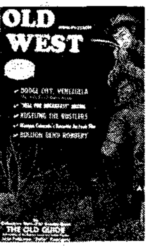

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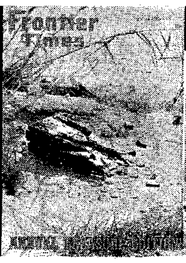
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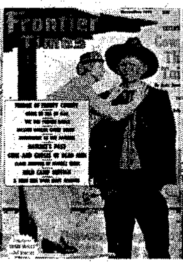
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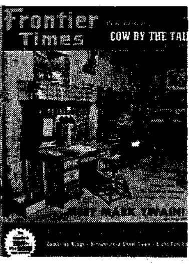
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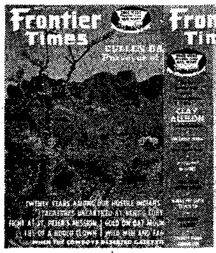
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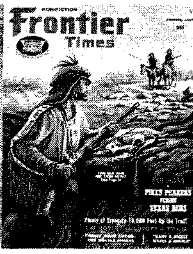
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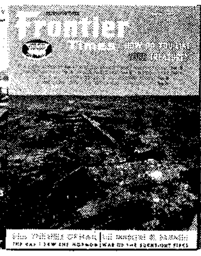
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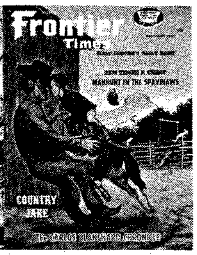
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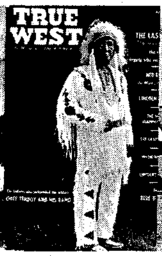
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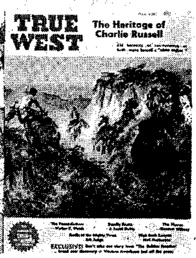
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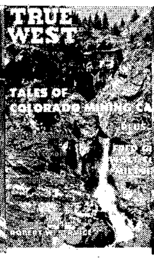
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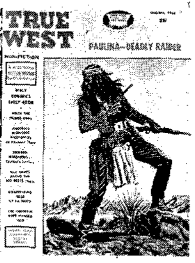
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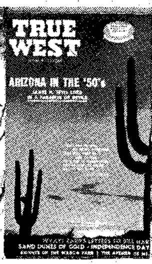
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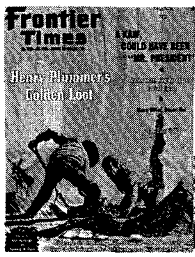
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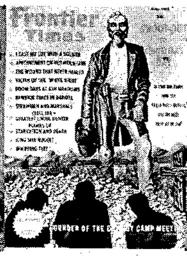
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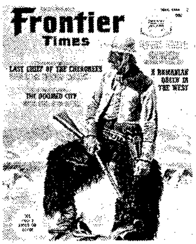
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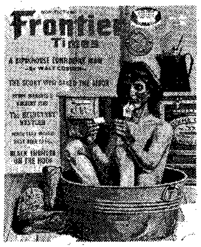
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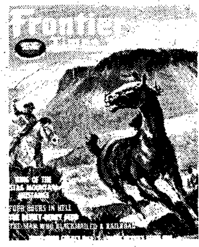
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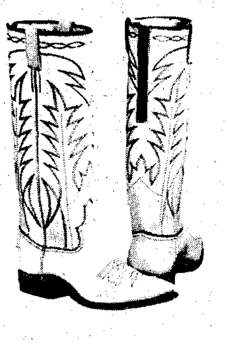

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San Augustine Ranch House

(Continued from page 40)

headquarters for Hardin and his desperadoes, who had been ravaging small settlements, burning out homesteaders, robbing wagontrains, driving off thousands of cattle, and murdering travelers. With warrants for the arrest of the entire gang, Cox set out with a posse to make the arrests.

Riding ahead, Marshal Cox and a deputy, Jake Christian, ran into an ambush and were riddled with bullets. Other members of the posse fought a running battle with the bandits but were outdistanced. Bill Cox, then only a teenager, found the bodies of his father and Deputy Christian. The body of the elder Cox held fifty-eight bullet wounds. Tall and mature for his age, and fearless, young Bill Cox felt that his mission was to avenge his father's death. Thereafter he rode with sheriff's posses and engaged in battles with the Hardin gang.

The posses succeeded in scattering the gang, but Hardin escaped. Later Bill Cox and Hardin met in an exchange of gunfire, and both were wounded.

DeWitt County became a hotbed of feuds and political warfare. A district attorney, voted into office with the aid of friends of Hardin and his bandits, obtained indictments against young Cox and others who had helped to suppress the outlawry. It was soon evident that the boy was to be tried by a packed jury. A cousin of his was slain from ambush. Cox decided to get out. He was not physically afraid—he was merely being sensible.

Skipping bail, which he later repaid to his bondsmen, Cox went to the Big Bend where he became a ranch foreman. In 1888 he, his wife and her sister, Winnie Rhodes, migrated to New Mexico. While looking for pasturage for a San Antonio friend, Cox and family lived temporarily in a dugout and lean-to in Bear Canyon at Los Alamos Springs at the southern end of the San Andres mountains. It was there that he got to know the San Augustine ranch and began to dream of owning it. In 1893, after a few years of sheep raising in Luna County, he was able to swing the deal. San Augustine has been in the hands of Coxes ever since.

BILL COX and his wife and children loved San Augustine. They were comfortable in the commodious old ranch house, and enjoyed its setting beneath the fluted peaks of the inspiring Organ Mountains. The springs, which eventually would dry up, were still bubbling, and they irrigated a flourishing vegetable garden. The view from the ranch house was magnificent. Across the vast Tularosa Basin to the east were the lofty, pine-covered Sacramento Mountains. To the north were the dazzling white gypsum dunes now known as White Sands National Monument. And to the northwest was the impressive barrier of the San Andres range.

Of the Warren Shedd regime there were many reminders, including the main house and nearby structures. In an abandoned mine tunnel was a space sealed off with iron bars—a temporary jail used in more violent days. The Cox children could explore the mine tunnels and search for buried treasure and loot which legend said was buried there.

Shedd himself was still around, known as "Old Man Shedd." After hitting the skids he had lived for a while in Las Cruces with some Mexican friends. Then he moved into a makeshift hut high up in the Organs, from where he could look down on the ranch where he once had reigned like a sultan. He wandered aimlessly around in the hills, working various mining claims and always hoping to strike it rich. Mrs. Cox provided him with food. Eventually relatives appeared and took Shedd back to his native Illinois where he died.

Bill Cox had started at San Augustine with sheep brought from Luna County. He purchased 2,000 more and drove them all the way from Presidio County, Texas. The herds increased and Cox prospered. Then he sold off all his flocks and restocked with Hereford cattle. Gradually he expanded his ranges to a total of 150,000 acres.

Cox was held in high esteem by all who knew him. He was elected treasurer of Dona Aña County twice without opposition. For twelve years he was president of a Las Cruces bank. Prominent persons often dropped in at San Augustine, invited or uninvited. These included governors of the Territory and later of the State of New Mexico; Sheriff Pat Garrett, already famous as the slayer of Billy the Kid; Thomas B. Catron, Republican boss; Albert B. Fall, then a prominent lawyer and later secretary of the interior who went to prison for his part in the Teapot Dome scandal; Eugene Manlove Rhodes, the writer of superior Western stories; and State Senator Oliver Lee, a central figure in one of New Mexico's most famous mysteries, who was to become Mrs. Cox's brother-in-law by marrying her sister, Winnie Rhodes.

Jim Cox, one of three sons, was born at San Augustine February 7, 1895. He still has two bullets to remind him of Pat Garrett and an incident which took place at the ranch house when he was a boy of five. One day in 1899 when his father was branding calves in a corral, a travel-worn stranger rode up, dismounted, and without saying a word began to help with the branding. Although Cox did not need an extra hand, the stranger made himself so useful doing chores around the house that he was kept on. He gave his name as Reed.

Before long Sheriff Garrett and a deputy name José Espalin appeared at San Augustine armed with a warrant for one Norman Newman, who was wanted in Oklahoma on a murder charge and for whom a reward was offered. Garrett had been told that Reed fitted the description of Newman.

Entering the house, Garrett saw Reed washing dishes in the kitchen, and barked: "Throw up your hands or I'll kill you." Reed whirled. According to the officers he started for an adjoining room where, it turned out, the Coxes kept a gun on a shelf. At that moment a dog belonging to Albert B. Fall jumped through an open window and began biting the two lawmen. Garrett and Espalin fired at the same time. One bullet went through Reed's body and another lodged in a wall. The one shot finished Reed.

It was not determined which officer fired the fatal shot, though Espalin took the credit. Oklahoma authorities refused to pay the reward, claiming lack of identification. Reed was buried on the ranch and it was never determined whether he and Norman Newman were the same man.

Those two bullets from an old gunfight epitomize the drastic changes Jim Cox and his wife have witnessed—for in 1945 the U. S. Government filed suit to condemn many thousands of surrounding acres, including San Augustine ranch, for military purposes. The suit was finally settled with the Army agreeing to leave the old headquarters house and nine per cent of the land in possession of the Coxes.

From their front porch, not far from White Sands Missile Range, they can watch fantastic projectiles blast off where once the six-gun barked.

Gold-Filled Safe of Knight's Ferry

(Continued from page 17)

never did; he died the following year.

Recently I went back to Knight's Ferry. Other information and more recent accounts had finally interested me in the gold-filled safe. Driving up on the hill overlooking the highway I searched for two hours in the hallowed pioneer cemetery for Go'long's grave.

The day was hot and I gave up, stopping at a little wayside inn. Sitting at the bar was an old man, his once black hair streaked with white. He was dressed in dirt-stained overalls and a battered straw hat. In a curious voice he asked me if I had been looking for the grave of a relative. He had seen me in the cemetery while driving by in his stock truck.

When informed that I had been seeking Claude Prathers' last resting place he grinned broadly. "Old Go'long!"

"Would there be anybody around here who might remember him from over forty years ago?"

"Nobody but me. I've got a fruit, grain and stock ranch between Oakdale and Modesto. I just come over here once in awhile for old times' sake. But Go'long, now. I'm the one who buried him back in the hills, about three miles from here. Grave ain't marked but I can find it. We'd have to walk most of the way."

Considering the blazing heat outside—115°—I shook my head. Then I asked if he, or anyone else that he knew of, might have a picture of Go'long. The answer was negative. Continuing in a reflective voice he said, "He spent many years hunting for a lost safe filled with gold. Newcomers around here tell visitors that it's that safe down by the old jail. It was found some place, empty. You heard that yarn yet?"

I admitted that I had, and that I knew the safe by the jail wasn't old enough

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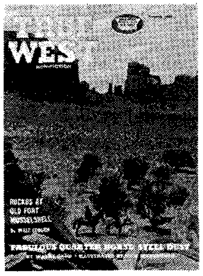

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Hardly a mail goes by but that we get letters saying "I missed this or that issue of TRUE WEST or FRONTIER TIMES." . . . By golly, many of 'em are now unavailable. So-o-o-o-o . . . bend your good ear forward and . . .

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or of the same type as the lost one. Hearing my story concerning it, the man laughed indulgently.

"Well," I remarked, "according to part of the account book Go'long showed me, there should be quite a sum of money in it. Today those assayers' slugs would be worth several thousand dollars each."

Getting very quiet he studied me intently. "So far as I know I'm the only man he ever showed that book to. My name is Mason—Rick Mason."

"You're the man who took me to his shack back in 1926!"

"Well, I'll be—" he stopped and drew a deep breath. "The once *young* writin' feller!"

After Go'long's death Mason had actually settled down, acquiring a wife and a California-type ranch. For two solid hours he talked about Go'long. He was of the opinion that a few weeks before he died Go'long actually had found the safe. Mason believed so because the old man practically said so. It was uncovered (if it happened at all) in a remote and unlikely place, one where searchers never once thought to look.

Go'long had said reflectively, "I can't do nothing now with a fortune like that. Can't go much longer without playing out my string. Got no heirs. You come see me one day soon. Got something to show you."

The shack was demolished and the area cleaned off. In the ground beneath where the sheet iron stove once stood was found a leather sack containing gold nuggets and twenty $50 assayers' slugs. Mason believed Go'long found the safe, taking only that much from it. He had died before Mason could visit him again.

"He aimed to show me that safe, sure as shootin'," Mason declared firmly.

Bars and business places line the road through the town that is today a very much alive "ghost"—Knight's Ferry. Wherever you stop newcomer citizens launch into the legend of the lost safe filled with gold. Treasure hunters arrive regularly. Indeed, before I could get on my way, a party had parked near the covered bridge, unloaded metal detectors, and hiked down to the river below it.

There is occasionally just enough mentioned in publications to tantalize researching treasure hunters. An old issue of the Sonora *Herald* contains a report on the devastating flood. But there is nothing in the records of either Stanislaus or Tuolumne Counties concerning the lost iron box. I searched them.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 5)

it across the ice-cold Cossatot.

After failing to start a fire from the rain-drenched wood and grass, the trio pulled on their shoes and socks and let the mineral rod lead them to a spot with a rock as a marker which has a symbol resembling US scratched on the surface.

The trio had carried a shovel and machete with them, and indeed these came in useful as tree roots were interwoven in the gravel and dirt of the river bed. Very litle digging was done the first trip. The men knew if they were to find a road into the spot, they had to start walking. By following a logging road, they found a way to get their car within ten feet of the treasure. So by avoiding a farm house and walking on to their car, they kept their secret until they could return.

On the second trip in, the men asked permission and received the go-ahead to cross the farmer's land. The trio started the work of unearthing what could be a fortune. As the work progressed, one noticed a rock which was not river-worn. It still retained its sharp edges. By cleaning off dirt and clay, they decided it was ore and broke it with the pick to find that it was low-grade silver ore. Here rises a question: Did this prove what some had said, that the Spaniards had only one smelter in the state of Arkansas, or in a vast area of this country? Some of the old-timers who had tried to run down some of the Spanish history of this area have stated that only one smelter existed for a very large area and it is said to have been at the mouth of the Arkansas River. The Spaniards transported all their ore by burros to this smelter.

This second trip was one of the greatest let-downs, as the trio realized that instead of silver bars the treasure was low-grade silver ore. It is possible that this ore came from the southwest part of Arkansas.

The men had planned to take pictures and tell the world of a great find in treasure, but as the dream faded, the desire to take pictures and even the desire to write of it vanished. So that is the reason for no pictures with this letter. The marker rock is now at my home.

The third trip was made February 16, 1969. The trio dug to a depth of four feet and there found the low-grade ore. On today's market, it is worthless. The only value for this find is just to add to the history of Polk County, Arkansas.

I am the eldest of this trio, and we have not given up hope. We are now seeking another treasure of this area. So maybe sometime in the future we can bring you a story of success and fortune. —James A. Atkins (Address withheld at writer's request)

Lonely Grave

Dear Joe:

Down in the sandhills about midway between Lockhart and Stairtown, Texas, the stench of oil assails one's nostrils. Slush pits, sump tanks, horsehead pumps, and—in the midst of this messed-up scenery—a grave which puzzles me mightily. The marker reads:

Joseph Koonsen
Pvt.
17th Texas Inf. C.S.A.
Sept. 4, 1841-March 1891
Let not the deed forgotten be,
Lest men forget that they must die.

Fifty years of age, a Confederate soldier—yet he didn't die in the war. What was the "deed" that was not to be forgotten? Something dastardly, no doubt, because of the death warning in the last of the inscription. Something really rankled in someone's heart or they would never have gone to the effort of erecting this gray granite monument. Jim Nichol's hand-written journal of this area at this period of time makes no mention of any Koonsen. Maybe some of your readers will have information.—Christine Love, Stoneheap, Fischer, Texas 78623

Ghost Town of Chitwood

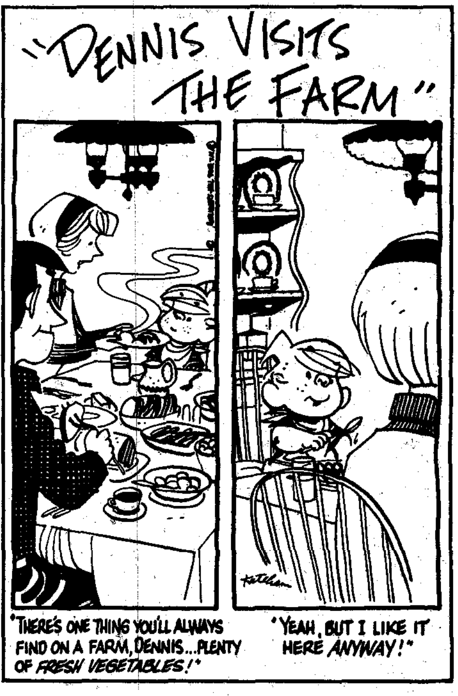
Dear Sirs:

Sometimes I see letters from older people who have lived in Oregon all their lives and I got the idea that you might help me by including a letter in that department of your magazine. There is an old town in Oregon named Chitwood—my maiden name—and I would like to learn anything I can about it—who started it, named it and where they came from and if there is anyone at all living there anymore. It is in the western part of the state. I saw a few pictures of it in a book of ghost towns of the West. I have wanted to go see it but have not done so as yet.—Mrs. Amber Jackson, 1406 Riverside Drive, Susanville, California 96130

Ostrich Ranching Poem

Hi, Joe!

After I read the story, "Eyeballing An Ostrich" (March 1969 FRONTIER TIMES), I recalled a poem I had read at one time titled, "The Ostrich-Punching of Arroyo Al," about a cowboy who had tried working on an ostrich ranch in Arizona. The poem and your story seemed to go hand in hand. It is from a book entitled *Out Where the West Begins, and Other Western Verses* by Arthur Chapman, printed in 1917 by Riverside Press, Cambridge, Massachusetts. I have checked many libraries in this area and cannot find another copy so readers who might try finding it will have a hard time. Besides my copy, I know of no others. The book contains fifty-eight poems on various subjects, so anyone who sends their needs to me, I will gladly try to help them out.—C. G. Curtis, 4807 Orcutt Rd., Santa Maria, California 93454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"THERE'S ONE THING YOU'LL ALWAYS FIND ON A FARM, DENNIS...PLENTY OF FRESH VEGETABLES!"
"YEAH, BUT I LIKE IT HERE ANYWAY!"

Jesse and Frank's Home Restored

Dear Editor:

Being a friend of the James family and a constant visitor at the farm for many years I have become acquainted with circumstances contingent to changes in the farm atmosphere over the years.

Robert James, son of Frank, who passed away in 1959 and his wife May who is now in a nursing home near there, kept the farm's financial condition under control. But since 1959 the farm has been placed in debt and the house has been allowed to run down. Speculators saw a chance to turn the place into a carnival with fake advertising if concession rights could be purchased. Had it not been for the generosity of a relative who contributed a sizeable amount of money toward the restoration of the property to the rightful owners, the James family, it no doubt would have fallen into unscrupulous hands. This relative also contributed money for the repair of the home place located on the farm.

Robert only charged fifty cents to visit the home, but the irony of the thing was that people wanting to visit couldn't find it. Most of them visited the house in St. Joe where Jesse was killed and thought they had visited the place where he and Frank were reared and where Jesse was born.

Fortunately, the court awarded the custody of the farm to a niece and nephew of May James, Mr. and Mrs. Virgil Bade of St. Louis. They live in a trailer house on the farm and have done a good job of restoring the place to its former state. The structure will be as it was when Jesse's mother lived there. The back part of the house has been closed for many years due to its poor condition; this will be opened in the near future. The furniture in the house is original and the rooms are filled with pictures of the James family. The wallpaper is original but in extremely bad condition. Whether this is to be replaced hasn't been decided.

Jesse's grave in the front yard can still be seen surrounded by a small iron fence. His mother had him buried in the yard rather than a graveyard. When she passed on, Jesse's remains were exhumed and buried beside his wife and between his mother and step-father. The grave is adorned with a new flat stone. When his bones were moved to the Kearney Cemetery, the imposing headstone was also moved and placed at his grave. But souvenir hunters took hammers and broke the stone down until all that remained was a nub. They did this to three stones.

Mrs. James, Jesse's mother, sold the front part of the house which was originally two stories, to promoters who dismantled it and shipped it to Chicago to the World's Fair, commonly referred to as the Columbian Exposition. This was held in 1892 and '93. She then built on the one-story front as it is today. She left off one story and didn't rebuild the fireplace.

In my possession I have a book of this fair and in it is advertised the original

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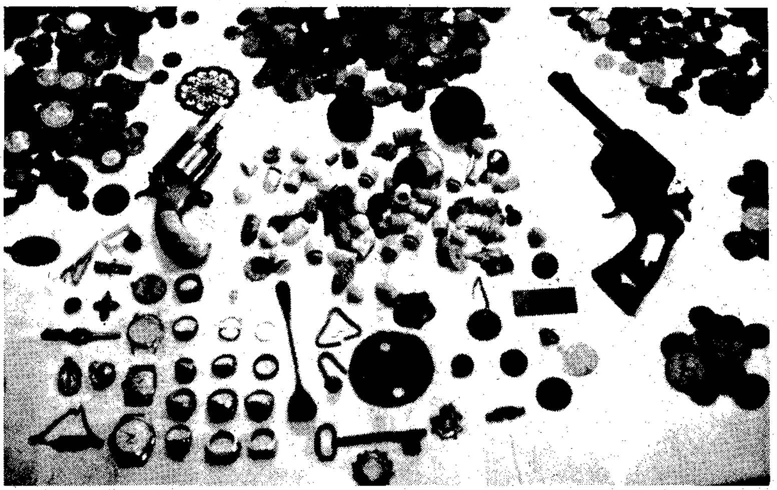

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home of Jesse and Frank James. I understand promoters realized a small fortune from this display. I am also the proud owner of a handmade chest of drawers presented to my wife and me many years ago by Robert and May James. This chest of drawers once belonged to Frank and Jesse's mother.

Frank's grave was never bothered. His wife Ann and he are buried in Kansas City, Missouri. People reading the name Frank James never give it a second look, naturally under the impression that he is buried in Kearney along with Jesse.

When Frank and Ann were married in Leavenworth, Kansas, the clerk asked Frank if he were the infamous outlaw by that name. He replied that he was and the clerk laughed, thinking it was a great joke.

A story appeared in newspapers a while back claiming the house was in a rundown condition and was open for the strict purpose of collecting money from visitors. They do have a charge, as does every place of this type in America, but this operation is under the strict supervision of a judge of the county. Mr. and Mrs. Bade are both highly respected people, and the judge was well aware of his responsibility when he awarded the restoration and the property to them.

The farm home of Jesse and Frank James lies about twenty miles north of Kansas City, Missouri and is five miles north of Kearney, Missouri, highway 169. Belief that the railroad runs through or near the farm is false. Also untrue is the story that the railroad made outlaws of Frank and Jesse by trying to steal the farm. The railroad runs about six miles from the farm.—Wayne Montgomery, 780 Delaware Street, Leavenworth, Kansas 66048

Stopping Bullets

Dear Editor:

"Is it possible to stop a killer's bullet before it leaves the muzzle? It sure is!" I quote from Stookie Allen's story, "The Greatest Shot" in the January 1969 FRONTIER TIMES.

Well, it *is* all right. It has happened *before*. In fact, there was a somewhat similar case—long before W. W. Pitman of Wharton, Texas fired that lucky shot at the bandit.

At the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition in Seattle, Washington in 1909 the United States Government had on display a rifle which had been found on a Civil War battlefield. Midway along the barrel was a considerable bulge and a crack an inch or so long where two bullets had met. This gun was on display also at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in San Francisco in 1915.

Of course both cases came about by sheer accident and against astronomical odds. As a "Believe It or Not" item it could be that the Civil War gun would rate even stranger than Mr. Pitman's gun because it is likely that the range of the oncoming bullet was much greater under battlefield conditions.

That Civil War gun must be in existence somewhere. Certainly it is a rare museum piece. I hope Stookie Allen will be interested in finding it and will give us another story like "The Greatest Shot" along with some more of his wonderful drawings.—E. C. Hall, 320 Second Avenue, Laurel, Montana 59044

Tombstone "Typos"

(Continued from page 37)

death of Chambers' wife, occurring just after entering the portals of present-day Oregon, the longed-for Promised Land. Her grave was to serve as a starting point in subsequent searches of the source of gold nuggets reputedly picked up at a camp two night later. Having at last reached the Willamette Valley the party broke up, the families of Chambers and King settling in the valley of the Luckiamute, tributary of the larger stream. Young Chambers soon married a sister of the wife he had lost along the way out.

In the nearby burying ground are to be seen the graves of these early pioneers. Nahum King is there, also Rowland Chambers and the numerous progeny of both. Close by is another grave, marked by a simple marble slab. Here lies a soldier of the Fourth Infantry, United States Army, a victim of singular frustrations—the final one lasting into eternity in the lettering on his tombstone.

Indian troubles in western Oregon came to an end with the surrender of Old John, one of the most persistent mischief makers. The chief was the last to come to the treaty grounds on the Rogue River. He set his gun against a rock during negotiations and at one point grabbed it to shoot down the officer reading the terms. Subdued by soldiers he was later sent along with other Indians to the reservation at Grande Ronde, not far northeast of Kings Valley.

Neighboring farmers soon complained that the ground there was "too good to be wasted on redskins; they ought to be thrown out so we can farm it ourselves." The Indians were then transferred to the Siletz Agency near the coast and a fort was ordered built at the western gate of the reservation, not so much to protect the settlers from Indians as to guard the Indians from being debauched by the whites. In this lofty aim the authorities were less than entirely successful.

THE SITE selected for Fort Hoskins was on the bench of a gently rising hill near the lower part of Luckiamute Valley. The land was at the southern boundaries of Kings Valley on property owned by Rowland Chambers who sold it to the government willingly enough.

Hardly had the newly erected fort buildings been manned than complaints poured in to the commander, Captain Augur. His men, the neighboring farmers bitterly grumbled, were anything but circumspect in their behavior. One letter was strongly worded, stating, "The garrison at Fort Hoskins has a strong predilection for wine, women and song. Details are so indelicate that they will not bear repeating." The report concluded with the statement, "The soldiers are a menace to the peace and prosperity of the community."

Understandably, Capt. Augur became sensitive to all reports—even minor incidents perpetrated by his men—and when he heard rumors concerning "misconduct" on the part of Second Lieutenant H. H. Garber he acted promptly. The reputedly extremely handsome young Garber had met an equally good looking Indian girl from the reservation. The two soon became lovers. At first their meetings were conducted in the seclusion of a nearby forest, but then one of Oregon's famous rainy winters set in. The girl began visiting Garber in his quarters, at first surreptitiously, later on a near-open and steady basis. Although this state of affairs was apparently tolerated (and concealed) by Garber's fellow officers, the situation was exposed when the girl's parents complained, not so much on moral grounds but because her help was needed at home.

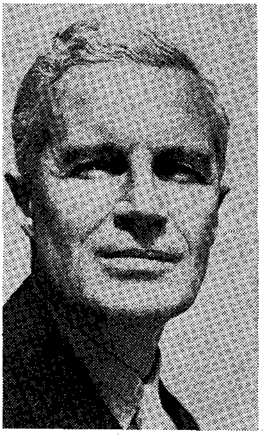
Captain Augur had no tolerance for this sort of thing, especially when it had become a matter of public knowledge. He promptly had Garber transferred to Fort Vancouver. Augur had even less understanding of the Indian girl's feelings for her young lover. She promptly started walking. After wrangling a canoe ride across the Columbia, she soon was able to rejoin her lover.

Garber, returned and placed on the carpet, was dressed down by Captain Augur. He agreed to repulse any further advances made by the dusky maiden. This conference was supposed to end the matter, but a short time later the girl was discovered hiding in Garber's bed, presumably reported by a soldier delegated for the distasteful duty of watching for just such a development.

This time there was no fooling around with the young soldier. He was immediately sent to the log structure which served as a brig. Sentenced to a six-months' stay there, the lieutenant at first seemed reconciled to his fate. After a couple of months, though, he sickened from some undisclosed cause, refused to eat, and soon died.

Garber's comrades, men and officers in lower echelon who had all along been sympathetic to Garber and his unhappy love affair, pooled their money to buy a proper tombstone for his grave. The monument was ordered, and in due time arrived at the nearby town of Kings Valley. Taken to the grave in the community cemetery the stone was found to bear the name *Gasber* instead of *Garber*. In spite of the error the stone was erected on Garber's grave. It still stands there a monument to a young, inauspicious love affair.

Though some well-educated men went West in those early times, many others had little book learning, and some were entirely illiterate. Most could write after a fashion, though with little regard for spelling or even legibility. When an order for a tombstone was sent to the nearest city having a stonecutter, it had to be accompanied by a written statement of the inscription desired. If the stonecutter were baffled by an illegible scrawl he merely did the best he could—and thereby added another fascinating touch to the old burying-grounds of the West.



I'd like to give this to my fellow men . . .

while I am still able to help!

I was young once, as you may be—today I am older. Not too old to enjoy the fruits of my work, but older in the sense of being wiser. And once I was poor, desperately poor. Today almost any man can stretch his income to make ends meet. Today, there are few who hunger for bread and shelter. But in my youth I knew the pinch of poverty; the emptiness of hunger; the cold stare of the creditor who would not take excuses for money. Today, all that is past. And behind my city house, my summer home, my Cadillacs, my Winter-long vacations and my sense of independence—behind all the wealth of cash and deep inner satisfaction that I enjoy—there is one simple secret. It is this secret that I would like to impart to you. If you are satisfied with a humdrum life of service to another master, turn this page now—read no more. If you are interested in a fuller life, free from bosses, free from worries, free from fears, read further. This message may be meant for you.

by Victor B. Mason

Out of the thousands who read this message perhaps only you and a few others will have the vision and the intuition to realize that it may be intended that you read this page at this time—that the coincidence of holding this magazine in your hands may shape your destiny, may guide you to lots of independence beyond the dreams of avarice.

Don't misunderstand me, I am not speaking of mysterious laws of nature that will sweep you to success without effort on your part. That sort of talk is *rubbish*. If this message is intended for you, you are the kind of man who knows that anything worthwhile must be earned. If the earlier development of your karma has revealed to you that there is no reward without effort, you may now be ready to learn and use the secret I have to impart.

Please don't misunderstand this statement. I am not a philanthropist. Frankly, I am going to charge you something for the secret I give you. Not a lot—but enough to convince me that you are a little above the fellows who merely "wish" for success.

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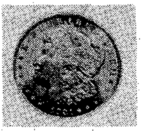

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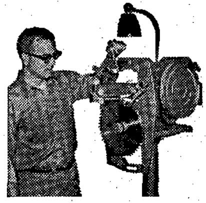

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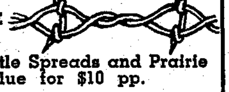

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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 43)

of the children is now living. Anyone having information concerning Daniel Parker Allen or his descendants please write.—Dee Tonn, Box 81, Colorado City, Texas 79512

Elbert Hicks

I would like information regarding Elbert Hicks, born in Indiana in 1835. He and his family lived in Webster County, Missouri in 1870, came to Texas in 1880, but returned to Missouri soon after. He and his wife had a child, Louisa, and perhaps other children after 1870. Mary, his mother, is buried probably around Greenville, Missouri. Elbert is a brother of my grandfather, Jason Smith Hicks. They had cousins, Jack Breedlove and Leonard White, but I have not been able to find the connection between these families.—Byrna Dean Moore, Box 631, Marble Falls, Texas 78654

John Hillburg

It is very important that I find my friend, John Hillburg. Anyone knowing his address, please contact me.—Edward Zeal, Box 72, Indianola, Oklahoma 74442

Altmiller Family

I would like to hear from anyone by the name of Altmiller, Altmuller or Altmillar or Altmullar and also from anyone with information on a Mary M. Altmiller who lived in New York in 1950 at 125 Christopher in Manhattan or Gerald N. Altmiller of 4820 Roblee Drive, Washington, D. C. in 1962.

Does anyone have any information about Frank S. Altmiller or Constantia and Jacob Altmiller who were all born in Germany or Austria and came to America about 1882? After landing, I believe, in California, they came directly to Idaho. I am looking for the place where they were born. Frank had a sister named Constance who married Rupert Schupfer. They had a daughter named Ottillia. Jacob had three brothers and one or two sisters in Germany. Jacob's wife Constantia was a widow with one or two daughters and two or three sons. They were all left in Germany. I would like their names, dates and places.

Does anyone have information about John Risse (or Reisse or Riesse) who married Victoria whose maiden name could have been Zepher or Zephar? She was related to Frank Altmiller. They lived in California around 1925 in Dixon. I do not know how many children they had. I would like to hear from any living relative. Frank's grandfather was named Joseph. Frank had a half-sister, Louise Marie, born May 10, 1883 in Germany. She also came to the U. S. with them. Does anyone have any information about Daniel Wegner who lived and died in Michigan? He was the grandfather of Frank's wife and died in Illinois around 1900.

Who were the parents of Delilia Phipps, wife of George Washington Carper? Who were the parents of Emiline E. Simons, wife of Menzer Fairchild Doud? Who were the parents of John Paschel Womack? Who were the parents of Joseph Crocker whose wife was Mary?

The Altmiller line goes as follows: Altmiller, Wegner, Plueman, Jantzen, Risse, and Zepher. My father's lineage is Carper, Doud, Womack, Hightower, Crocker, Worker, Phipps, and Simons. —Mrs. Barbara Altmiller, Route 2, Box 71A, Orofino, Idaho 83544

Clinton Parks Harness

My father's name is Clarence Keith Harness, born in California. His parents were Nancy Keith and Emery Harness, born in Indiana. Nancy's father was Charlie Young Keith. Nancy and Emery had all their children but one, my father, in Texas. His brothers and sisters, as far as I know, are John S. "Slim" Harness of Porterville, California; Wren Elliott of Desert Hot Springs, California; Lola Bosworth of San Ardo, California; and a brother, Clinton Parks Harness, whereabouts unknown, who may be using an alias or only part of his full name.

I would like information that would lead to a reunion of Clinton Parks Harness with his family. I would like information also on the family of Grace Agatha Harness whose parents are Johnnie E. Avilla of Portugese descent and Mable Simpson Avilla of Alpaugh, California. Mable Avilla's mother's first name was Salome and her father was Lawrence Simpson.—Robert E. Harness, 315 Alabama Avenue, Coos Bay, Oregon 97420

Opal Irene Conner Johnson

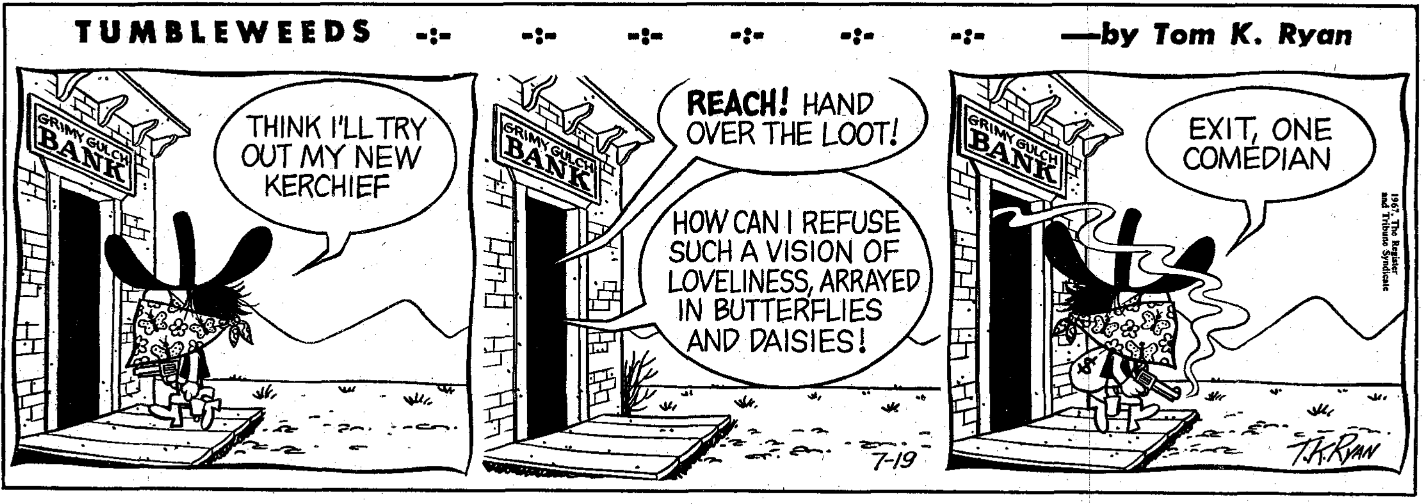
We are trying to locate my sister Opal Irene Conner Johnson or anyone who might have any information or know her whereabouts. Her parents were Myrtle and Earl Conner of Halfway, Oregon. She had four brothers, Albert, Bob, Don and Clifford and a sister, Martha. Her birthdate is March 17, 1915. Opal had four sons, Jackie, Danny, Billy and Delbert. She was last seen around March '38-'41 in Baker. I have found all four of her sons and they want to find her. Her mom and dad are dead and Danny and Delbert are in the Army. All four boys are sons to be proud of and are happily married with families.—Clifford Bennett Conner, 960 East Main Street, Hermiston, Oregon 97838

Reverend Lindsley

I am seeking information on a Reverend Lindsley who was a sort of missionary and peacemaker during the Indian wars in Oregon and southern Washington where Walla Walla is now. At that time this was probably Washington Territory and Oregon Territory. I asked L. D. Lindsley (90 years old) of Seattle, Washington about this fellow and he said he thought it could be one of his uncles. L. D. Lindsley is one of the last of the pioneer photographers of the Northwest and is still working after more than 75 years of taking photos of all kinds. His files are a gold mine of historical photos.—Walt Thayer, Box 75, Wenatchee, Washington 98801

Charles Carroll

My grandfather Charles Carroll married Sarah Jane Bourn (my grandmother) and there were four daughters, Irene (my mother), Eva, Bell and Hazel. They are all dead now. My grandfather was sheriff in Vernal, Utah about 1890. The family later moved to Burnt Fork, Wyoming where my grandfather had a ranch. When I was very young, one of my aunts told me that my grandfather was involved in some trouble and that he was shot and killed. I would like to hear from anyone who might remember the Carroll or Bourn family.—Mrs. H. P. (Hazel) Thompson, 481 Twin View Boulevard, Space 96, Redding, California 96001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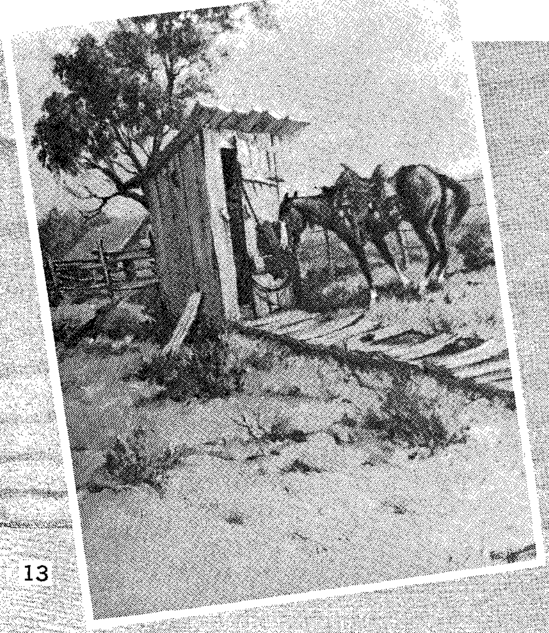
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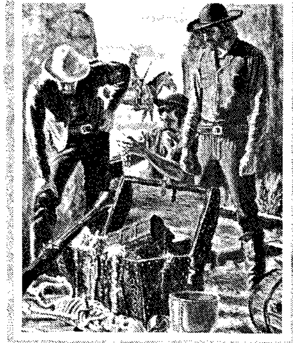
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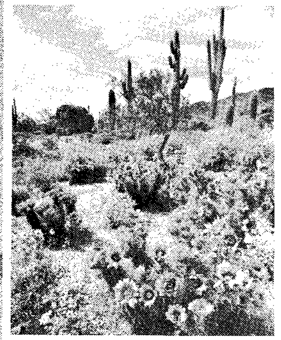
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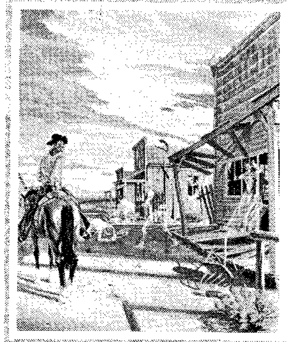
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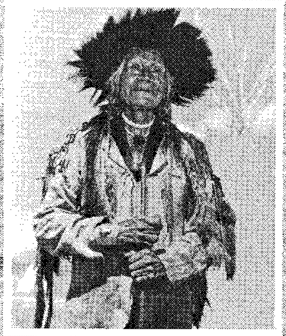
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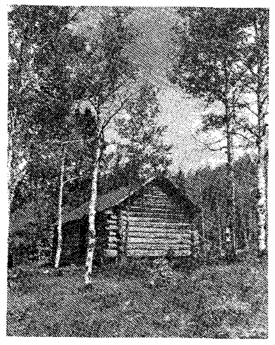
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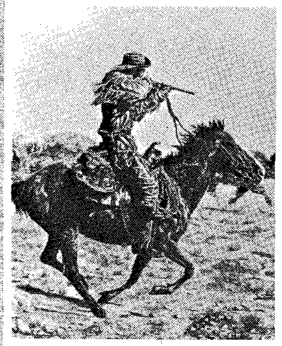
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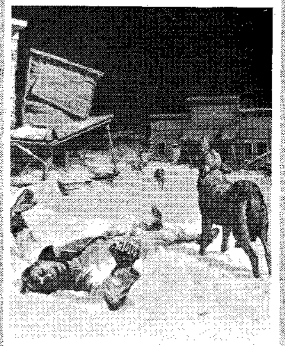
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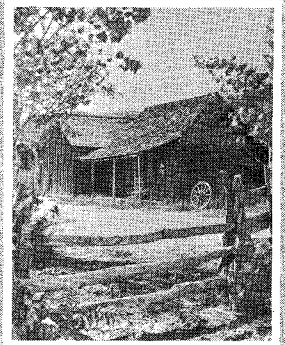
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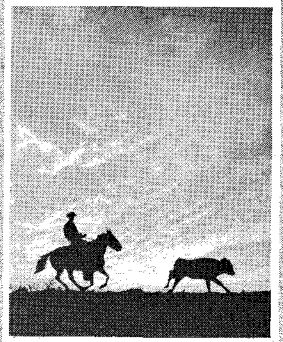
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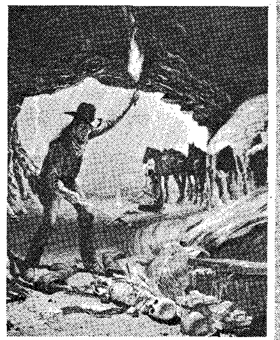
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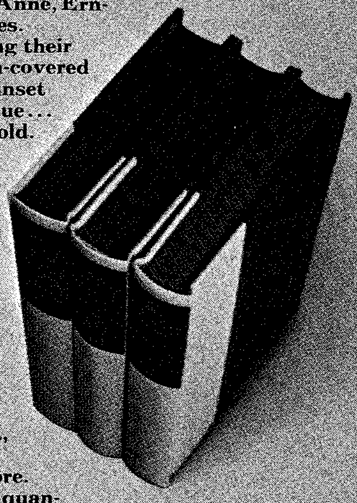

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